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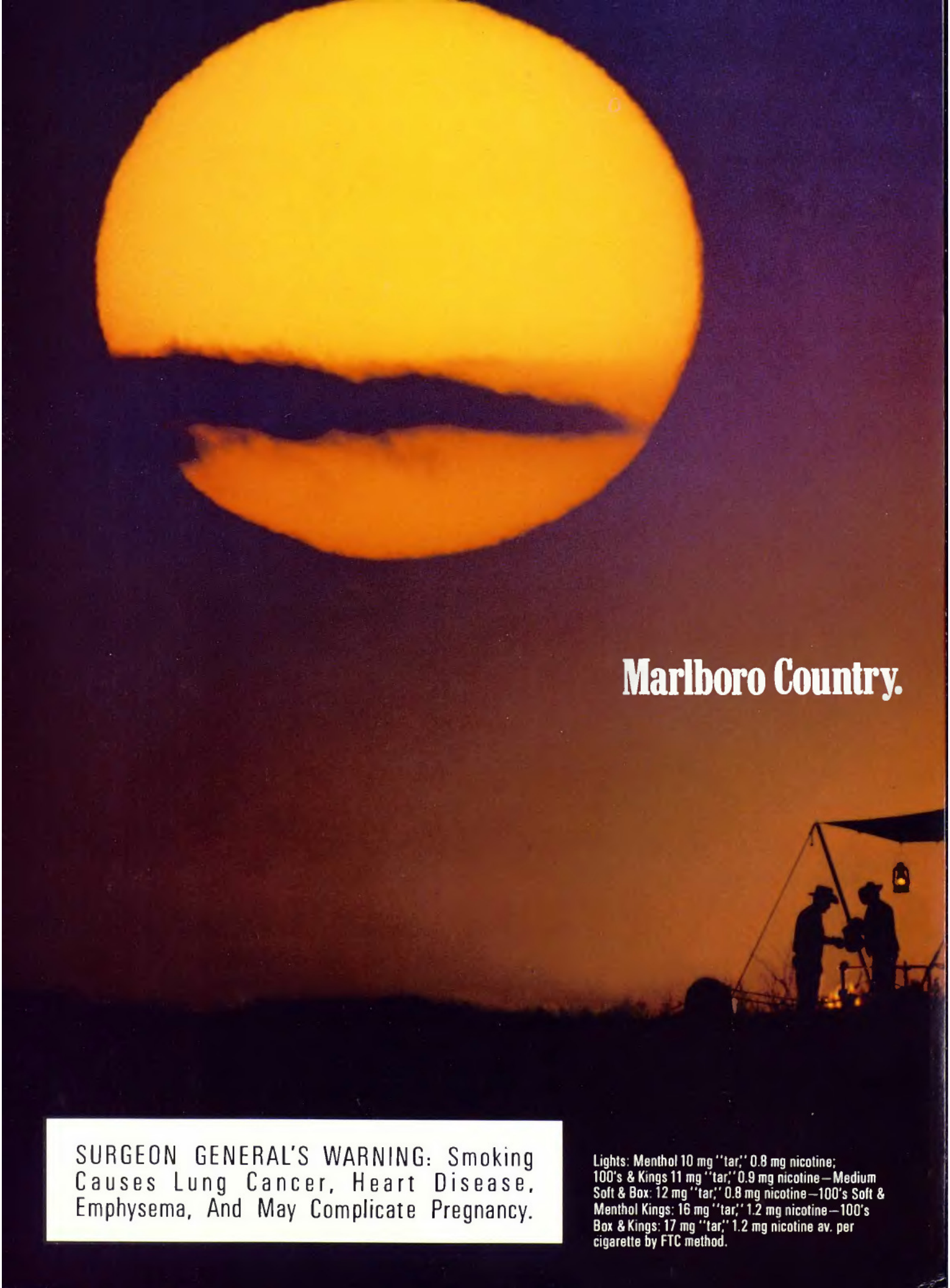

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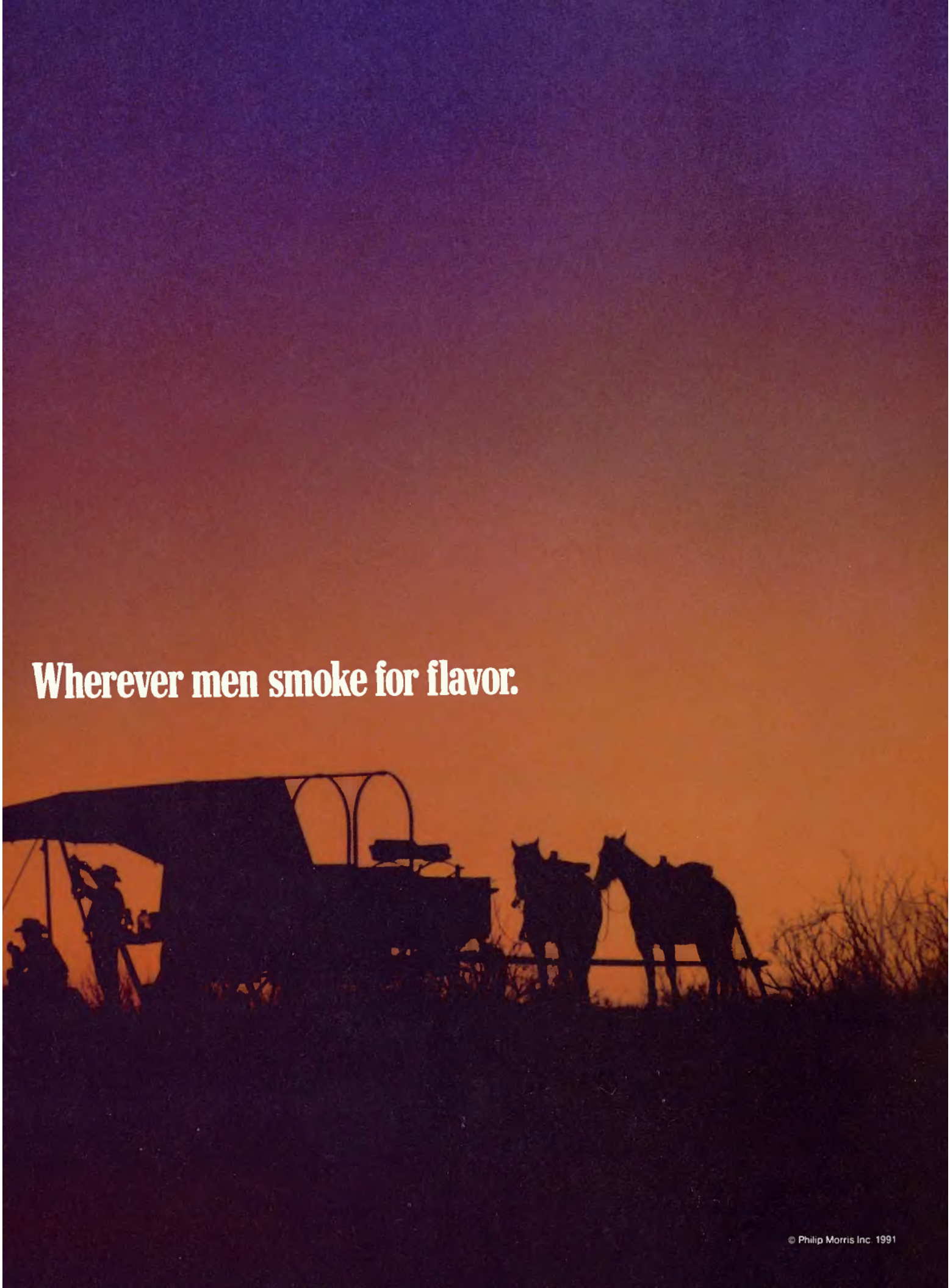
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IT'S FEBRUARY AGAIN and, in 1992, you can't help wondering: Will this be a good year for the people who sell valentines? Can it be politically correct or even decent to send a romantic message when it might, in the wake of **Clarence Thomas** and **Anita Hill,** be construed as a U.S.A.? That's U.S.A. as in unwanted sexual advance. In *The Thinking Man's Guide to Working with Women*, Contributing Editor **Denis Boyles** cuts to the chase with a wit and a wisdom that will leave you wondering why, in this age of communication, men and women still can't read one another's signals. Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen's** *Viewpoint*, "Mixed Company," suggests ways to distinguish office pest from office prude; **Robert Scheer,** in his *Reporter's Notebook*, "Putting Sex in Its Place," visits the front lines of the workplace, while *Men* columnist **Asa Baber** provides covering fire in his reflections on life in a time of sexual inquisition.

Richard Lewis may have found fame and fortune in his role as America's favorite neurotic, but is he happy? Does a man even deserve happiness when he's sent off to Rome to shoot a movie with **Sean Young,** the woman who gave new meaning to limo liberalism in her *No Way Out* encounter with **Kevin Costner**? In *My Roman Holiday*, Lewis stocks up on condoms for a philosophical—and libidinous—prowl through the city that gave us *La Dolce Vita*.The illustration is by **Blair Drawson.**

Donald E. Westlake returns with a tale of courtship in the cash-poor Nineties, *Love in the Lean Years*, with a painting by **Martin Hoffman.** When a three-time widow and a stockbroker with a coke habit take their true romance to the altar, are they motivated by love, money or the double-indemnity clause?

Supermodel **Rachel Williams** combines startling beauty with a razor-sharp intellect. Both qualities are celebrated in **Sante D'Orazio's** photographs and **Glenn O'Brien's** profile *Rachel, Rachel* (in which we learn that Rachel's favorite season starts with M). Other lovely ladies are, as ever, in abundance this month, among them actress **Jennifer Jason Leigh,** who has staked out the steamy professional turf in hookerland. In a provocative *20 Questions* with Contributing Editor **David Rensin,** Jennifer talks about the eroticism of bad-girl roles.

Our *Playboy Interview* subject makes it her professional business to find out the private business of the very famous. She broke the story of the impending **Trump** divorce, just one of the scoops that have made **Liz Smith** the queen of dish. Contributing Editor **David Sheff** has a most titillating conversation with this compelling journalist.

More than four decades after his brutally violent send-off, the legend of **Ben "Bugsy" Siegel,** the man who invented Las Vegas, lives on in **Warren Beatty's** movie. Author **Pete Hamill** takes a look in *Bugsy Siegel's Fabulous Dream*.

In *The Conspiracy That Won't Go Away*, writer **Carl Oglesby** checks in with veteran conspiracy theorist **Jim Garrison,** former New Orleans D.A., to update the conventional wisdom about the assassination of **John F. Kennedy,** the subject of **Oliver Stone's** new movie. Is it America's most notorious cover-up? **John Thompson** provided the illustration.

Our fashion pages feature a guide to dressing for success in second lines by top designers. In *Playboy's Automotive Report*, Contributing Editor **Ken Gross** and a panel of judges pick the hottest cars in a dozen categories—from sports car to luxury. Don't miss our Car of the Year. The envelope, please.

Playboy's World Tour '92 takes you across more-distant horizons in a pictorial featuring some of the international stunners from our many foreign editions, proving—as if we didn't know—that beauty knows no borders. Nor does Playmate **Tanya Beyer,** who's traveled the globe as a model. The man who wins her heart must be very romantic. Send her a valentine.

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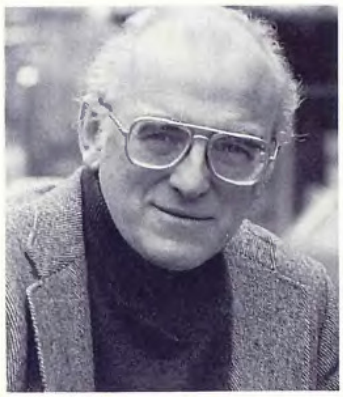
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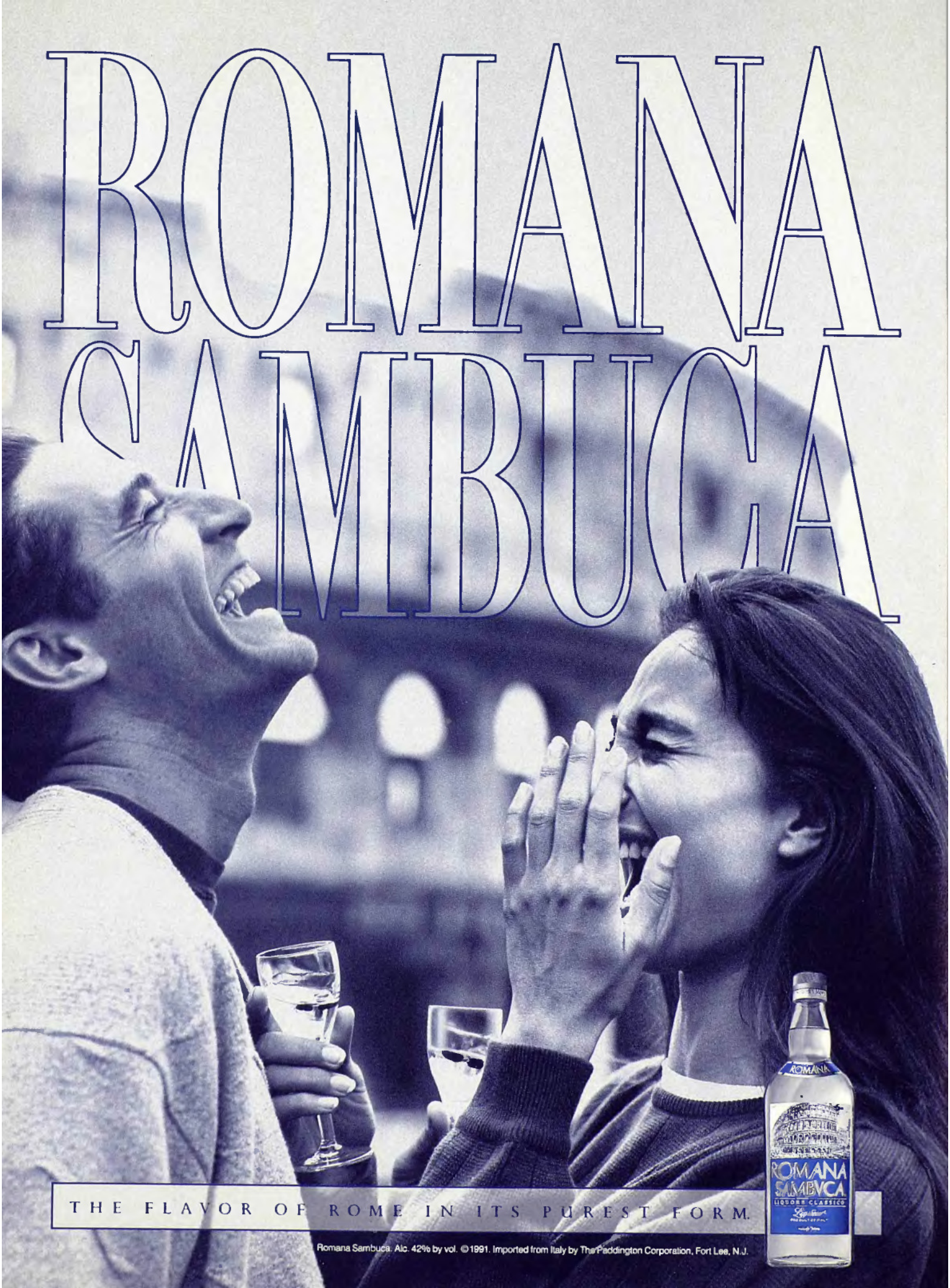

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PLAYBOY®

vol. 39, no. 2—february 1992

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		3
DEAR PLAYBOY		9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		13
MEN	ASA BABER	32
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		35
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		37
REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK: PUTTING SEX IN ITS PLACE—opinion	ROBERT SCHEER	46
VIEWPOINT: MIXED COMPANY—opinion	JAMES R. PETERSEN	47
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LIZ SMITH—candid conversation		49
LOVE IN THE LEAN YEARS—fiction	DONALD E. WESTLAKE	62
RACHEL, RACHEL—pictorial	text by GLENN O'BRIEN	66
THE CONSPIRACY THAT WON'T GO AWAY—orticle	CARL OGLESBY	74
SECOND TO NONE—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	80
MY ROMAN HOLIDAY—article	RICHARD LEWIS	86
TRAVELS WITH TANYA—playboy's playmate of the month		90
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		102
BUGSY SIEGEL'S FABULOUS DREAM—article	PETE HAMILL	104
PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT—article	KEN GROSS	106
PLAYBOY COLLECTION—modern living		112
THE THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO WORKING WITH WOMEN—article	DENIS BOYLES	116
PLAYBOY'S WORLD TOUR '92—pictoriol		120
20 QUESTIONS: JENNIFER JASON LEIGH		132
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		161

Playboy Tour P. 120

Lean Love P. 62

Model Playmate P. 90

Car Talk P. 106

COVER STORY

Supermodel Rachel Williams steps off the runway onto the pages of *Playboy*. You've seen this beauty in the fashion magazines, but not the way you'll see her here! Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, styled by Paul Cavaco and shot by Sante D'Orazio. Hairstyling was done by Kevin Mancuso and make-up by Fran Cooper, both at Pierre Michel salon, the Plaza. As for the Rabbit, he knows how to feather his nest!

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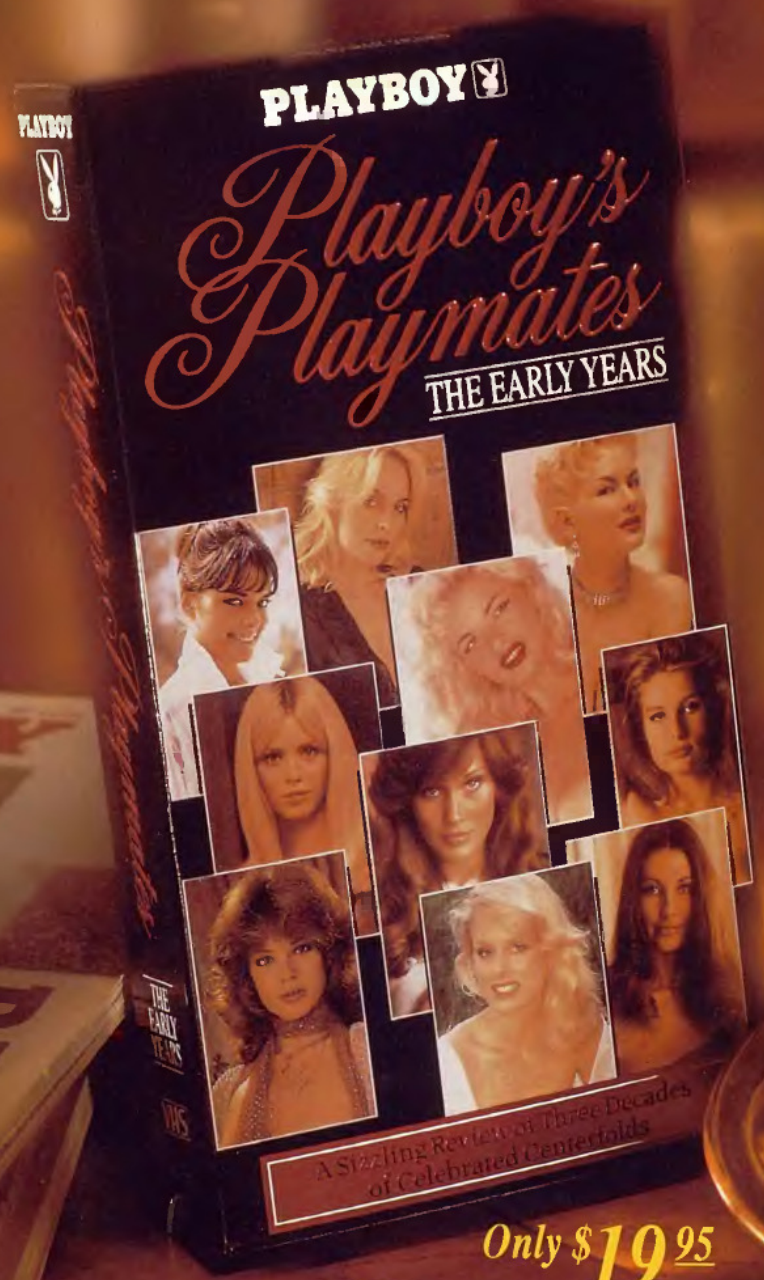

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SEAN PENN

Having been an avid reader of *Playboy* since 1975, I have enjoyed many of your interviews, most of which reinforced my opinion of the featured personality. Such was not the case with either the subject of your November *Playboy Interview*, Sean Penn, or the subject of your November *20 Questions* with Julia Roberts. Although I'd been a fan of Penn's and have been known to quote his character Spicoli—indeed, I had assumed that he had an upbeat sense of humor as seen in his performances in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* and on *Saturday Night Live*—I found him to be, in his interview, an overly opinionated intellectual wanna-be.

Conversely, Julia Roberts had always left me bored. Her characters never interested me. Yet in her *20 Questions*, she is delightful, coming across as a well-spoken, pleasant and comfortable-with-herself type of woman.

So to Julia I say, "It's nice to see you in a different light," and to Sean I say (with Spicoli in mind), "You *dick*!"

Joe Wasser
Rockville, Maryland

I enjoyed your interview with Sean Penn. After all the articles I've read about his brawling with photographers, I think it comes down to one simple fact: He has a right to his privacy. If Penn doesn't want his picture taken, he doesn't want his picture taken. Often photographers and journalists step too far out of line in the name of freedom of the press.

Bryan Warren
Goshen, Connecticut

I sat in row one, seat one to see Sean Penn do *Hurlyburly* at Westwood Playhouse and saw one of the best fucking actors in the business. If, as suggested in your interview, Sean Penn no longer cares to be one of the best fucking actors in the business, I am looking forward to his becoming one of the best fucking directors in the business.

Mike Downey
Sports columnist, *Los Angeles Times*
Los Angeles, California

"KILLER OF A DEBATE"

In his *Reporter's Notebook* titled "Killer of a Debate" (*Playboy*, November), conservative-phobe Robert Scheer shows the customary ignorance of the American far left. Three times he refers to "conservatives," but not once does he give any rational argument why opposition to abortion is conservative rather than liberal. Why can't humanists find abortion degrading?

It is an uncritical assumption to take for granted that to see abortion as unjust somehow makes one conservative. One can be a liberal humanist like myself and still say that no one has a moral right to kill fetuses.

Lee Slater
Vancouver, British Columbia

The November issue has brought us one of the most eloquent and salient pieces ever written on the issue of abortion, and Robert Scheer should be commended for it. The questions he raises are pointed, provocative and infuriating because we all know which people are having their cake and eating it, too, regarding this subject.

Scheer states that "the situation is getting critical," and it is. Our government is not growing "kinder and gentler," as President Bush would have us believe, but is slowly and surely denying its neediest citizens their most fundamental rights. The abortion issue is simply a sad and glaring reflection of that. Scheer's article should be required reading for every pro-lifer in this country.

James Lerman
Weehawken, New Jersey

Although it was the Supreme Court and not President Bush that upheld the

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gag order regarding counseling in government-supported clinics, I partially agree with Robert Scheer's melodramatic analysis of the abortion debate.

I believe wholeheartedly that government should stay out of the business of legislating morality. Indeed, in a broad sense, the "new federalism" suggested and realized by Ronald Reagan recognizes that abortion shouldn't be controlled by the central government but rather by state and local officials.

After catastrophes such as the Iran-*Contra* affair turned the masses against conservatism, why would we ever want to disturb the sleeping giant of abortion? We [conservatives] might wind up losing ten states in 1992 as a result.

Eric T. Houghton
Ewing, New Jersey

LA TOYA

I want to thank *Playboy* and La Toya Jackson for the strength that I gained through her memoir (*Free at Last*, *Playboy*, November).

I, too, was raised a Jehovah's Witness, and even though I left the religion 14 years ago, I continue to struggle with what others think of me. As La Toya says, it's all about control. Some religions, and this one in particular, take away our right to make personal choices. In short, it's a form of brainwashing.

I couldn't stand it anymore and ran away from home. I knew I had to make my own decisions.

Well, as soon as I was able, I subscribed to *Playboy* and have been a subscriber for

years. It was one small way I could get back at the religion that made me feel so bad about myself. Posing for *Playboy* has, naturally, always been one of my fantasies, and so I understand perfectly why La Toya, given the opportunity, took it. So to her I say, "Way to go! Here's to being in control of our own lives!"

Cat Dragon
North Hollywood, California

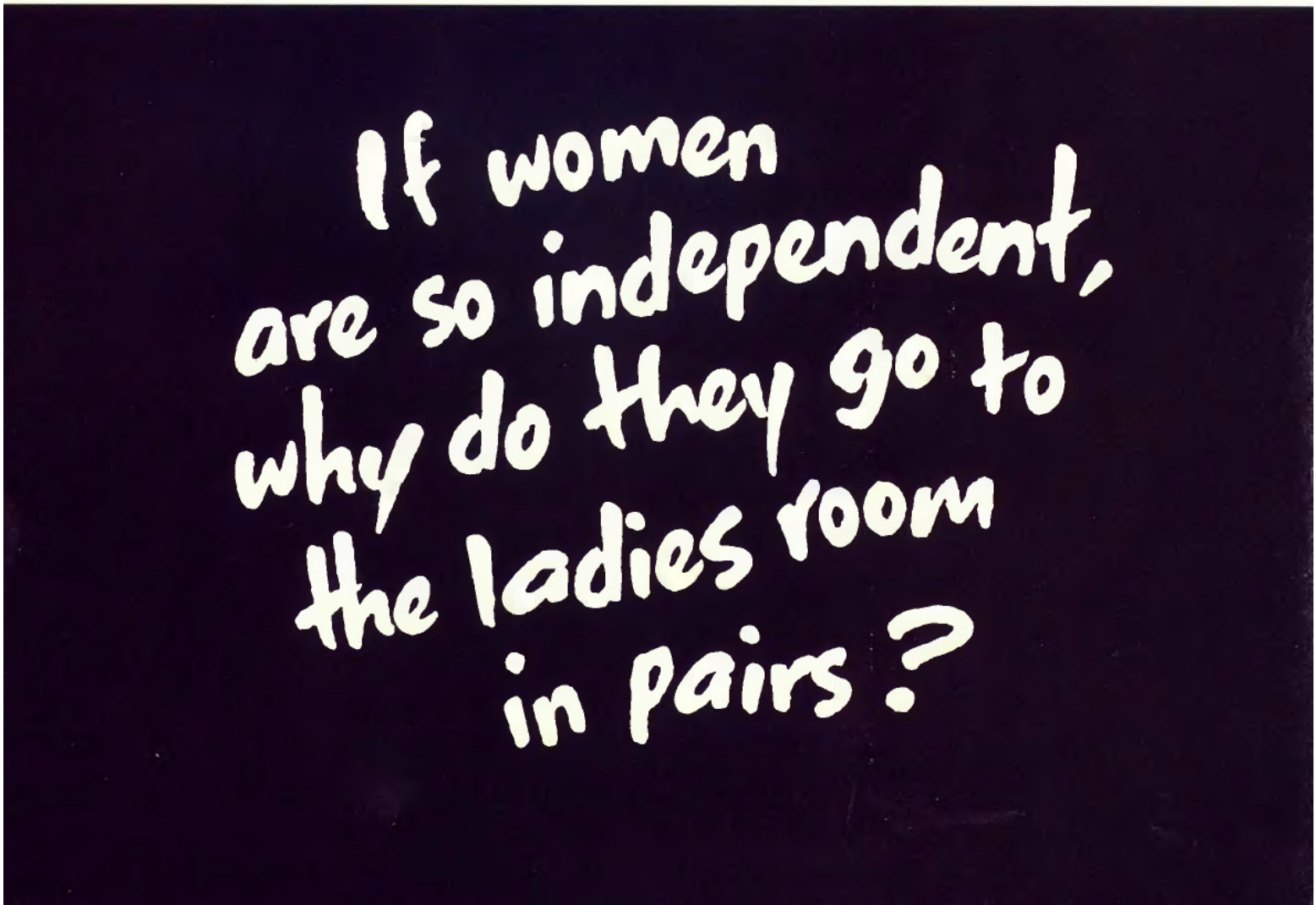
La Toya Jackson's shallow, ridiculous writing reveals more than the overhyped pictures, which only suggest that she and Michael shop at the same new-face deli.

Joseph Gorman
Cincinnati, Ohio

I've just finished admiring your photos of La Toya Jackson. It's hard to believe that someone so hauntingly lovely could have endured such hellish brutality at the hands of her father, with the tacit acceptance of her mother.

I watched La Toya subject herself to a full hour of scorn, ridicule and verbal abuse on *Donahue* a few weeks ago and felt as if I were watching someone—albeit famous and beautiful—fighting to save her own sanity in a world ruled by cynicism and deceit. She looked so forlorn and miserable on that stage that I really believed her.

Despite the stunning beauty she displays in her photographs and in person, anyone who saw her on that talk show should have been able to feel the searing pain emanating from her soul. I cannot



understand why so many people are questioning her version of events in her family. It is shocking that none of her siblings has, to date, publicly corroborated her book or endorsed her honesty and courage. I think La Toya should be proud of herself for what she has done, and I hope she can overcome the tragic secrets she has chosen to reveal. I look forward to seeing her again in *Playboy*.

Steven Gurian
Toronto, Ontario

AN ENTIRELY MAN-MADE DISASTER

Denis Boyles's *An Entirely Man-Made Disaster* in the November *Playboy* misses a most important point. In the period 1960–1990, the population of Africa more than doubled, from 280,000,000 to 642,000,000 people. It is expected to do so again in the next 30 years.

When populations in nonindustrial countries double in 30 years, there is no chance that democracy, peace or respect for human dignity can survive.

Populations can be kept in balance with the resources (agricultural resources, in this case) to support them either by limiting the number of births or by increasing the number of deaths. Those who oppose the birth-control solution are the promoters of famine, pestilence and genocide.

Boyles's article, by pointing the finger at the symptoms (political corruption, tribal wars, etc.), distracts readers from the root cause of the problem, the population explosion in Africa.

From 1960 to 1990, despite famine, dictatorship and civil war, Ethiopia managed to double its population; it is expected to do it again in the next 30 years. Who will feed all those people?

Noel de Nevers
Salt Lake City, Utah

IN THE GRIP OF TREACHERY

Richard Behar's "conversation" with Nicholas "The Crow" Caramandi (*In the Grip of Treachery, Playboy*, November) is so shocking in its naked revelations that it reads like bad fiction. Still, I have no problem in accepting it as the truth—in essence, if not in detail. Seeing what people do to one another daily, it's impossible to deny the dark, Caramandian aspect of our society. But I would like to know: How might I enjoy the sex life of a mafioso without being one?

Charles Downing
Lacey, Washington

There are only four sure-fire methods that we know of, but they all have drawbacks. (1) You could publish the best-selling men's magazine in America, but that's already been done. (2) You could become a U.S. Senator, but that's time-consuming and you'll probably have to make a public apology for your behavior sooner or later. (3) Become a popular television evangelist. Here again, you'll eventually have to make a public confession. (4) Become a rock star, but you may go deaf at an early age. Try just being yourself.

SEX IN CINEMA

I'm sure that, like myself, many of your readers adore small-breasted women, and two of the loveliest I've seen are pictured in *Sex in Cinema 1991* (*Playboy*, November). They are Erika Anderson in *Zandalee* and Maria de Medeiros in *Henry & June*. Thanks for including them.

Bruce Egloff
Grand Island, New York

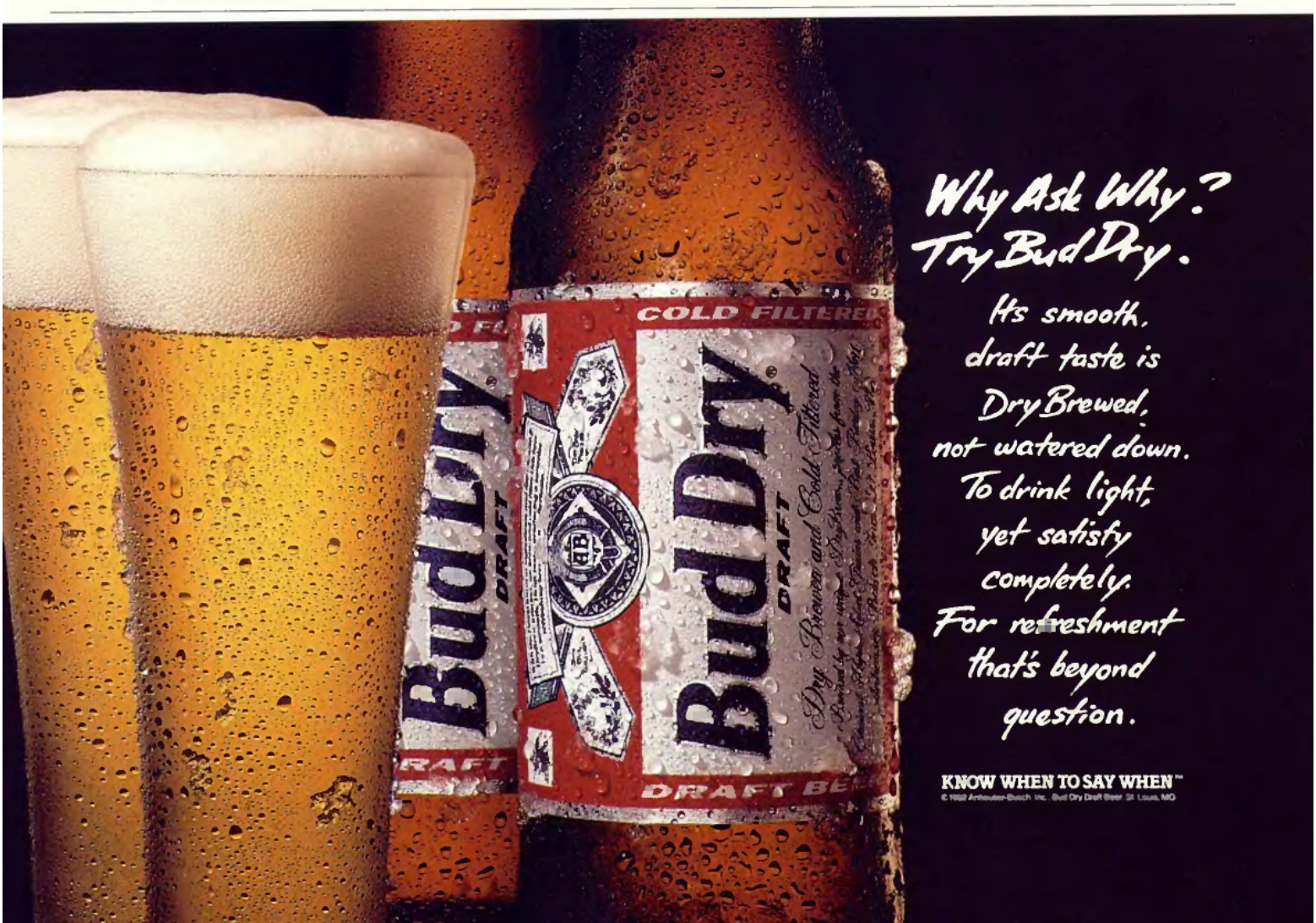
I was very pleased to see the coverage given my directorial debut, *Naked Obsession*, in November's *Sex in Cinema 1991*, but the film's lead actress, Maria Ford, is misidentified as the masked stripper in the photo on page 143. The name of the masked dancer is Elena Sahagun.

Dan Golden
Los Angeles, California

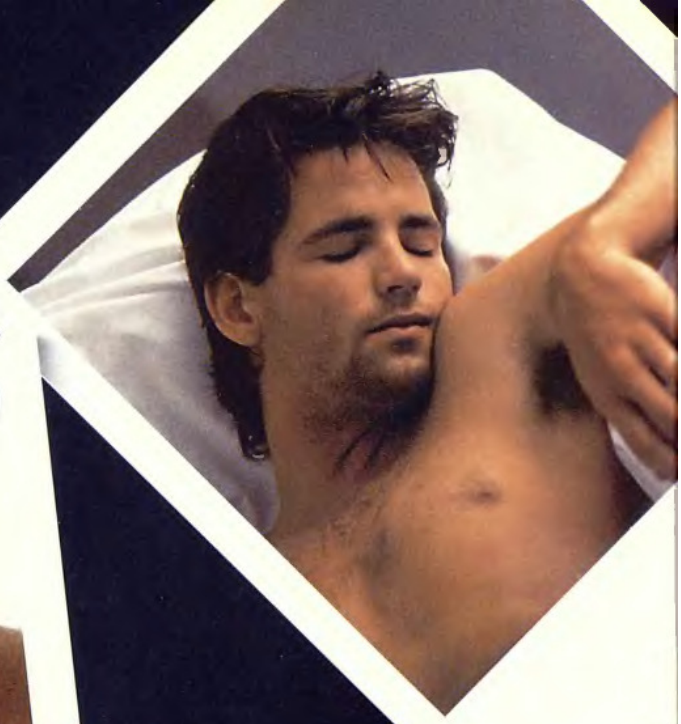
TONJA CHRISTENSEN

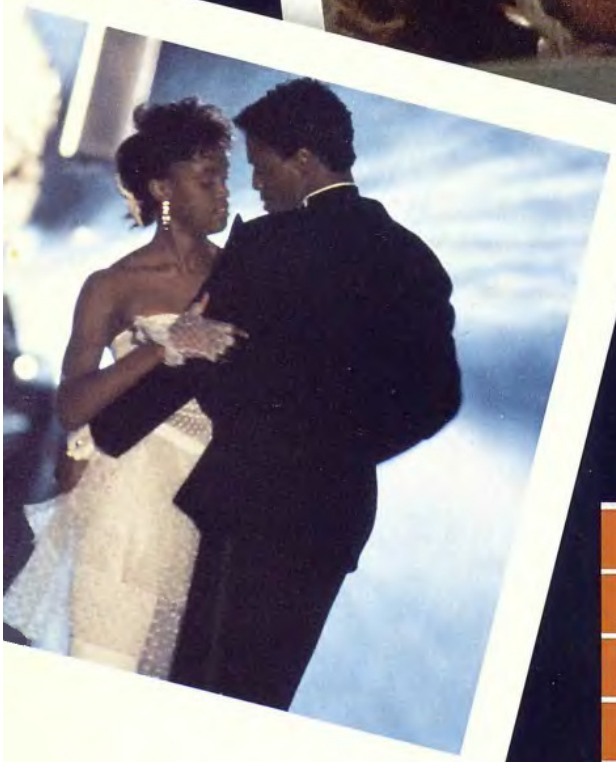
Playboy has outdone itself with November Playmate Tonja Christensen (*A Blonde in Barcelona*). There is no justice if she doesn't become Playmate of the Year for 1992.

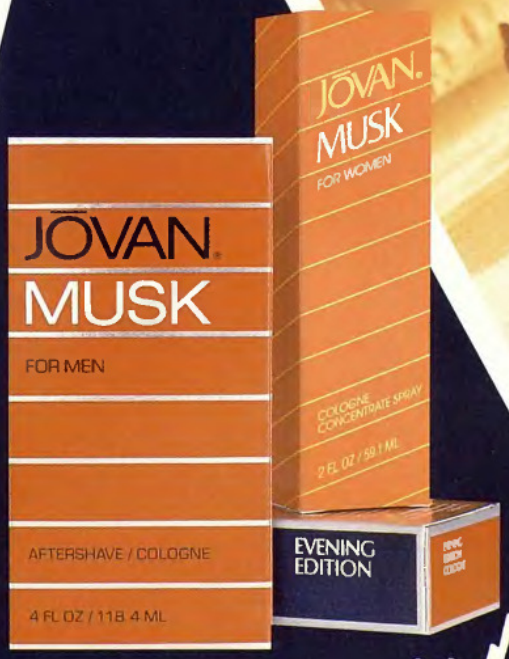
Eric Collins
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania


Why Ask Why? Try Bud Dry.
It's smooth, draft taste is Dry Brewed, not watered down. To drink light, yet satisfy completely. For refreshment that's beyond question.
KNOW WHEN TO SAY WHEN™
COLD FILTERED
Bud Dry
DRAFT

What is sexy?







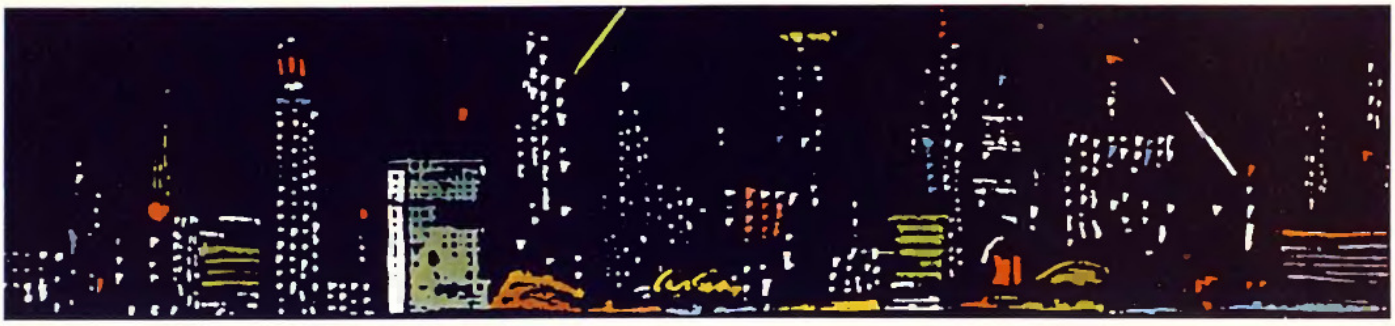
©1990 Quintessence

Jōvan Musk

Available at chain stores everywhere.

What sexy is.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



VOTING GUIDE '92

Of this you can be sure: Among all the dithering ideologues, single-issue zealots and party hacks running for office in 1992, it's unlikely that one will address the *real* issues—those countless, tiny impediments to happiness that infect our daily lives. For once, we'd like to see a candidate brave enough to stump for such useful legislation as:

Urban Gridlock Relief Act: Any motorist blocked by a double-parked commercial vehicle for longer than five minutes may lawfully confiscate said vehicle and its contents.

Artistic Nuisance Abatement Act: A $5000 annual tax will be levied on Elvis impersonators, prop comics or street mimes. It will also be illegal for anyone of predominantly Caucasian extraction to perform rap music for personal gain.

Commercial-Free Video Act: Any rental video tape that contains commercial messages preceding the feature film will automatically become property of the renter.

Restaurant Comfort Act: No menu shall be larger than 15 inches by 12 inches, nor any pepper mill larger than a wine glass. Any menu item for which no price is listed shall be free. No server shall volunteer personal information.

Athletic Surtax and Humility Act: The gross annual income of pro athletes above $500,000 will be subject to a surtax of 90 percent. On all uniforms, the player's name and number will be replaced by the player's salary in bold numerals, followed by an exclamation point.

Cinema-Hype Honesty Act: All film clips used to promote new motion pictures shall display the following disclaimer: "These scenes are probably the best parts of this movie. The rest of the film is likely to suck."

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At a gala concert celebrating the Chicago Symphony's centenary season, patrons of the world's best orchestra were invited to an exclusive preconcert dinner at which they were given souvenir clocks. Evidently, nobody noticed that the clocks' alarms were programed to go off at 9:15 that evening, which happened to be just around the time Daniel Barenboim and Sir Georg Solti were warming up that thick soup known as Tchaikovsky's *First Piano Concerto*. When the sea of clocks beeped relentlessly with few patrons knowing how to turn them off, the musicians had a hard time concentrating and the first movement was a mess. Next time the symphony wants to gift its patrons, perhaps it should consider mufflers.

•

"And what *is* sex?" asked master monologist Spalding Gray, as he quizzed a female employee of a sex-toy store during a San Francisco performance of his new interactive show, *Interviewing the Audience*. Her provocative response? "It's butt plugs . . . and feelings."

CABLE HOOKUP

"Tired of dancing with Richard Simmons," reads an ad placed by a 43-year-old woman interested in animal rights. A "sensational" lady is looking for a "well-built, well-endowed gentile male . . . with minimal chest hair." Welcome to the newest trend in home shopping: *Prime Time Personals*, the first cable TV show that lets viewers respond to dozens of ads from the safety of their living rooms.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

"This abolishes the waiting time associated with personals in print advertising," says David Gottschalk, the brains behind the show. The ads must be "proper," he notes—whether they're loaded with mild innuendo ("Let this 32-year-old Chinese . . . engineer . . . do to you what spring does to cherry trees") or cultural requirements ("Wanted: rebel with a job. White female . . . seeks grown-up . . . man with earring and ponytail, or moral equivalent"). The show has expanded to several major cities, and $50 buys an ad of up to 50 words. Potential suitors are invited to leave a message on a private phone extension for $2.70 a minute. Funny—that's about how long it would take, and how much it would cost, to send a beer to the girl at the end of the bar.

•

We were left marveling at the implications of this listing in the *Chicago Tribune*: "*The Miss Vagina Pageant*: A parody of a beauty pageant, presented by Metraform, Inc.; Annoyance Theater. Open end." We assume more information is available at the box office.

NO DUDES NEED APPLY

While stuck in traffic, we got an earful of what today's single girl looks for in a man, compliments of an L.A. Gear radio spot. If you think you fit the bill, think again. She has standards. You must:

- Shoot a mean game of pool, go to the gym, have a brain, be yourself, know how to kiss, bring me flowers, like my bod, put the toilet seat down, believe in education, not do polyester, own a suit. . . .

No problem, right? Read on.

- Have a tattoo, like cats, hate television, love cartoons, look good in a wet suit, wear sexy undies, not give me a stupid nickname, don't do drugs, be into Zen. . . .

Still in the running? Not so fast.

- Burn your little black book, not call

© 1992 B&W T Co

TOTALLY.

Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

Must run in the family: "The more killing and homicides you have, the more havoc it prevents."—RICHARD M. DALEY, MAYOR OF CHICAGO, COMMENTING ON HIS CITY'S RISING MURDER RATE

BABY ON BOARD

Number of women in U.S. Navy crews: 8600. Percentage of women on U.S. Navy sea duty who get pregnant each year: 16.

TRICKLE DOWN

Ratio of top executive's salary to that of typical worker at an average U.S. corporation, 53 to 1; at a Japanese company, 17 to 1.

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Current ratio of the salary of the chief executive officer of ITT to that of typical ITT employee, 600 to 1; in 1980, 87 to 1.

NOT-SO-HARD DATA

According to a study of 80 men in *Facts and Phalluses*, the number who had flaccid penises measuring two to three and a half inches in length, 40; number whose penises measured from four to four and a half inches, 40.

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Age at which a boy's penis reaches adult proportions: 17.

•

According to the most extensive survey on penis size (in the flaccid state), the length of the smallest penis among Caucasian men, one and a half inches; the largest, six and a half inches; average, four inches. The length of the smallest penis among African Americans surveyed, two and a quarter inches; largest, six and a quarter inches; average, four and a half inches.

BETHANNE ANDERSEN

FACT OF THE MONTH

An estimated 15,600,000 American women own a rifle, shotgun or handgun.

ANIMAL HOUSES

Number of Division I-A and I-AA college football teams named Tigers, 13; Wildcats, nine; Bulldogs, eight; Bears, eight; Eagles, seven.

BOOM BOOM

Amount of worldwide military spending during the Eighties, $1 trillion; in 1990 alone, $900 billion.

•

In 1991, number of countries involved in arms sales, 66; number of countries under some form of military rule, 64.

GOOD SPORTS

The salary for the University of Illinois president in 1990, $149,767; for its football coach, $229,950; salary for University of Nevada–Las Vegas president, $147,400; for its basketball coach, $203,976 (estimated total package, $600,000).

FREEDOM TO REPRESS

Percentage of Americans in a recent survey who would prohibit reporters from criticizing the military, 23; from reporting national-security stories without government approval, 45; from editorializing about political campaigns, 28; from reporting classified material, 48; from keeping sources confidential, 64.

CURRENT AFFAIRS

In a University of Michigan study of sexual jealousy, 202 men and women were asked which event would trouble them more: (A) if their partner had intercourse with someone else; (B) if their partner had formed a deep emotional attachment to someone else. Percentage of men who picked A: 60. Percentage of women who picked B: 85. —PAUL ENGLEMAN

anyone dude, be in a band, own an island, sport nice biceps, not be afraid to cry . . . *and never tell me what to wear.*

OK. How about where to go?

INK, INCORPORATED

Hard times forced *Manhattan, inc.* and *M* to merge into the publication *M inc.* With the publishing industry still in a choke hold, what will the next consolidation be?

Outside Parenting: The monthly for sperm donors, surrogate moms and premature ejaculators.

Muscle and Fitness Prevention: The couch potato's bible.

Ellesquire: The magazine for men, edited by women.

Bride's Business Week: Profitable trends in gift registration, dowrymania, marrying up.

Car & Ammo: For L.A. drivers.

Self & World Report: The hair, clothes and personal growth trends associated with each week's international crises.

Golfer's Bazaar: The first fashion mag devoted entirely to plaid pants.

Popular Geography: For American high school grads uncertain about which state Europe is the capital of.

Working Mother Travel & Leisure: The cruelest magazine of all.

THE COLOR OF VEGGIES

On a mission to find the most expensive produce stand in America, we headed inland from the race track at Del Mar (an immaculately scrubbed beach town two hours south of Los Angeles), drove past miles of golf courses and polo fields covered with guys on horses who looked just like the Ralph Lauren logo, until we came to an arrow-shaped sign pointing to THE VEGETABLE SHOP. About half a mile down the road, a large number of Range Rovers, late-model Mercedeses and Volvo station wagons were parked around a freshly painted stand. The kind of people who never stand in line for anything were queued up as classical music wafted through the air. Signs for sale items did not exist. Money was not discussed.

The Vegetable Shop is the latest secret among the Golden State's power elite, who refer to it as the Chino Farm. The bulk of the veggies sold wind up for use at the restaurants that have come to define California cuisine, such as Chez Panisse in Berkeley and Spago in L.A. The produce is grown without the use of pesticides, herbicides or anything else that might make it imperfect. Among the primo inventory are pale white carrots, striped tomatoes in various hues, beans of a dozen colors and sizes, melons so aromatic you'd think you'd gone to honeydew heaven. And the prices are staggering. Fifty-six dollars bought a bag and a half of stuff—just enough to tide us over until this fad passes.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

WHEN *Billboard* computerized its album charts to reflect cash-register action rather than unverified store reports, bizzers discovered that many metal records, for example, hit so fast they zoom instantly to number one. They also found that many new country records sell as steadily as old best-ofs, which now have a chart of their own so as not to embarrass the fresh product. This means that country has been bigger than we thought for a long time—but not like Garth Brooks's third album, **Ropin' the Wind** (Capitol), an instant number one.

Brooks is a neotraditionalist only by association. Though his arrangements are generally spare and his sentiments often hardscrabble, he digs James Taylor as much as Lefty Frizzell and shows off by borrowing a song from Billy Joel. Covering the bases is his specialty. What makes his voice remarkable is less its personal grain than its facility in negotiating the range of honky-tonk grit and twang. Although *Ropin' the Wind* was launched by Brooks's two earlier (and still top-50) multiplatinum entries, its Nashville-styled pop craft will give it stronger legs than either. From the cheerful marital hostilities of *We Bury the Hatchet* to the feckless regrets of *Burning Bridges* to the well-wrought soulfulness of that Billy Joel number to the overwrought meaningfulness of *The River*, it has hits for anybody who ever hated synthesizers. That's not a pop majority. But from Natalie Cole to Skid Row, the biggest pop audiences rarely are.

VIC GARBARINI

The trouble with **24 Nights** (Reprise), Eric Clapton's first live recording in more than a decade, is not that it's a terrible album. The problem is, it's often bland and unenergetic—and that's even more frustrating. Clapton himself has been ambivalent in the press about the quality of these 15 songs, which were culled from his annual two-dozen-night stand at London's Royal Albert Hall. Considering the recent trauma Clapton has undergone—his son was killed in an accident and his close friend, Stevie Ray Vaughn, died shortly after a joint concert—it's a marvel he could get anything out at all. Still, *24 Nights* often finds Slowhand merely sleepwalking through his own clichés. His guitar's muffled tone trims even more edge off the lackluster solos, reflecting the album's over-all want of bite and emotional fervor. Cream classics such as *Badge* and *White Room* feature fresh, if unexciting, new arrangements and competent, yet half-hearted, solos. The brace of generic pop songs culled from his recent studio album add nothing to the flimsy originals, while the side featuring full orchestral backing could delight only *Spinal Tap* fans waiting for those "acoustic numbers with the London Philharmonic." The blues material, featuring Robert Cray, Buddy Guy and Johnnie Johnson, is easily the most vital material here, though still not quite up to his best work. Understandably, the man's heart seems elsewhere. It may have been too much to expect Clapton to throw himself fully into the emotional demands of a live project, considering the events of the past year.

Garth ropes the wind.

An instant number one, hip-hop's true auteur and Phil Spector goes *Back to Mono*.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

Even if Warren Zevon's name didn't appear in parentheses after the song titles, his fans could still recognize his work. He uses plot to define character better than most screenwriters do in two hours. The typical Zevonian character is either an innocent bystander who has stumbled into evil events or a guilty perpetrator who sets evil events into motion and who then delights as innocent bystanders get swept away. Take **Mr. Bad Example** (Giant) for a taste of the latter. Mr. B. E. starts out as altar boy stealing money from the Children's Fund. Several verses and one chorus later, he is running an employment agency for aboriginal opal-miners—and attaching their wages. To tell all the song's outrageous events would take the rest of this review (or perhaps a novel) while Zevon requires only 3:22 to tell his story over a rollicking chord progression.

Another thing Zevon gets right is emotional depth. His love songs transcend the usual unrequited crap. Take *Finishing Touches*. It's about the rage to hurt when a relationship turns ugly: "You can screw everybody I've ever known/But I still won't talk to you on the phone." It says something about him, it says something about her, and he doesn't call her a bitch. What else can you ask of a love song in 1992?

NELSON GEORGE

Marley Marl is one of hip-hop's true auteurs. As a producer, he has put an indelible stamp on this rebel music. Marl

GUEST SHOT

WITH SEVEN *gold albums, two Grammy awards and a million-selling single to his credit, jazz pianist* **Ramsey Lewis** *needs other worlds to conquer. So these days, he also hosts the ACE-nominated "Bet on Jazz," Fridays and Sundays on Black Entertainment Television, as well as a highly rated Saturday-night slot on Chicago's WNUA-FM, where he's been spinning several tracks from "Beneath the Mask," by the Chick Corea Elektric Band.*

"It's an album full of up-tempo, happy songs. Some may even be danceable, if you can think of yourself dancing to Chick Corea. With other Corea albums, the subject of dance rhythms wouldn't come to mind, but this is one that I would put on at a party. I expect some exploration from any Corea album—musically and instrumentally—because he experiments with all the new keyboards that come out. And that's especially true of this album. It reaches a broad section of the audience—particularly on the song that everybody seems to take to, *One of Us Is Over 40*—but maintains its musical integrity."

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Garth Brooks *Ropin' the Wind*	8	7	8	4	8
Eric Clapton *24 Nights*	6	7	7	5	5
Marley Marl *Marley Marl in Control, Volume II: For Your Steering Pleasure*	4	6	7	6	7
Phil Spector *Back to Mono*	7	10	9	10	10
Warren Zevon *Mr. Bad Example*	6	7	6	7	9

OH, GIVE IT A REST DEPARTMENT: An organization called The Spirit of Elvis Foundation hopes to use the advanced technology of molecular biology to reconstruct the King of Rock and Roll. Don't ask us for more information: Write to P.O. Box 5633, Chicago, Illinois 60680-6533.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Madonna** is reportedly after a role in *The Baboon Heart*, directed by **Tony Bill.** If she gets it, she'll be playing a blue-collar New Jersey waitress. . . . **Tom Waits** will be joining **Gary Oldman, Winona Ryder, Keanu Reeves** and **Anthony Hopkins** in **Francis Ford Coppola's** version of *Dracula*. Waits has also been recording a new album of non-movie-related material. . . . Although he's still interested in making movies, **Robbie Robertson** says he hasn't done any since *The Last Waltz* because most of the offers that come his way are to play "some wonderful actress' boyfriend." He's still waiting.

NEWSBREAKS: We like to bring you monthly examples of moronic censorship just to keep you up to date on how far some communities will go. If you happen to be wearing a rock-and-roll T-shirt, stay out of the Harrisonburg, Virginia, 7-Eleven. A customer was given a ticket for wearing a **Soundgarden** T-shirt that said LOUDER THAN FUCK on the back. A conviction will be considered a sexual offense. . . . Look for a short **U2** tour this month, then a much longer outing next summer. . . . According to a 1991 survey of the record-buying public, people over 25 bought the most music, males bought more than females and rock rang up the largest percentage of sales. . . . **Smokey Robinson** has launched a fragrance called, appropriately enough, Smoke. . . . **Paul Kantner** is talking about reuniting the musicians who played on his 1970 *Blows Against the Empire* album for a large-scale theatrical production similar to *The Wall*. Kantner hopes to stage it and tape it for cable. . . . **Michael Nesmith** is in the studio working on an album—his first in 12 years. He's even considering a tour. All of this on the heels of the holiday release of a **Monkees** boxed set. . . . So what's with the shades? The sunglasses like the ones worn by **Vanilla Ice** in his movie *Cool as Ice* have gone on sale for the incredible price of $395. The glasses, officially known as Cazal 958, have round mirrored lenses in gold-plated frames that resemble railroad tracks across the eyebrow line. Why do we think the shades will do better than the movie? . . . Here's an unabashed plug: Get **Buddy Guy's** *Damn Right I've Got the Blues*. Guy's currently on the road. Cheer yourself up and go see him. . . . Wanna know why megatours carry such high-priced tickets? **Paula Abdul's** Under My Spell tour has more than 90 musicians, dancers, technicians and crew members. They travel in nine buses, while 11 tractor-trailers carry the stage, lighting and sound system. Another 100 staffers in each city work for 12 hours to set up the stage. How about just singing the songs? . . . And, finally, here's the damn-with-faint-praise award of the month: **Huey Lewis** heard a well-known groupie say on a tabloid TV show, "Huey Lewis is the biggest and **Peter Frampton** is the smallest." Although Lewis was slightly appalled, a friend reassured him, "It could have been worse. Think how Peter Frampton feels."

—BARBARA NELLIS

is credited with using the first James Brown drum samples back in 1985; with launching the careers of Big Daddy Kane and Biz Markie; and with reviving LL Cool J with his production of *Mama Said Knock You Out*. Marley Marl defines hard-core hip-hop: dusty, dirty samples from Sixties and Seventies soul, augmented by shrewdly placed keyboards, guitars and sounds blended into a thumping, gritty concoction that is often imitated.

His second album carries the long-winded title ***Marley Marl in Control, Volume II: For Your Steering Pleasure*** (Cold Chillin'/Warner Bros.), and the recording suffers from no shortage of music. On 20 cuts of various lengths and quality, the Marl aesthetic grinds through your speakers. Twenty-plus performers, including big names—Chuck D, Big Daddy Kane, Heavy D and LL Cool J—make guest appearances. Kool G. Rap's brilliant rhymes on *The Symphony Part II* provide one of the recording's high points. For those craving noncrossover rap, Marley Marl is the man.

Voyceboxing (GRP) is an unusually tasteful take on the current revival of girl groups. Instead of collecting a gaggle of pubescent singers, producer Lenny White recruited three seasoned singer-songwriters—Candy Bell, Jean McClain and Tina Harris—to create an adult, sexy and occasionally bittersweet view of romance. *Pain*, *No Comment* and *Perfect Match (Reprise)* are a few of the strongest efforts on a 12-song package.

DAVE MARSH

Phil Spector's ***Back to Mono (1958–1969)*** (Abkco), a four-CD boxed set, is an argument for greatness as cleverly contrived as Neil Young's *Decade* or Bruce Springsteen's *Live*. It presents Spector's work as a unified drama that extends from the Teddy Bears' *To Know Him Is to Love Him* to the Checkmates' *Love Is All I Have to Give*; their titles summarize the message Spector inserted in every important record he ever made. They're all here: the Ronettes' *Be My Baby*, the Righteous Brothers' *You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'*, the Crystals' *Da Doo Ron Ron*, Curtis Lee's *Pretty Little Angel Eyes*, Ike and Tina Turner's *River Deep–Mountain High*, Darlene Love's *A Fine, Fine Boy*, Spector's one great pre-Beatles album, *A Christmas Gift for You from Phil Spector*, and a host of others.

Spector hasn't had an original hit in two decades, and he's the ultimate backroom boy, a producer and songwriter who rarely performed. Spector's genius was for singles. But Spector's wall of sound remains a fertile concept: The layered soundscapes of hip-hop, like Public Enemy's *Bomb Squad*, are now Spector's truest successors. That's a legacy as everlasting as any in pop culture.

Black Velvet® Blended Canadian Whisky, 40% Alc. By Vol. (80 Proof) © 1991, Heublein, Inc., Hartford, CT.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE HARD-EDGED ***Rush*** (MGM/Pathé) is based on a novel by Kim Wozencraft, adapted by Pete Dexter and directed by Lili Fini Zanuck. You might expect a kindler, gentler film from Zanuck (a co-producer with her husband, Richard D. Zanuck, of *Driving Miss Daisy*), who makes her directorial debut with this harrowing saga about two undercover drug investigators (Jennifer Jason Leigh and Jason Patric) who get hooked simultaneously on narcotics and each other. Based on actual events about a couple of cops sinking into their own psychological hell, *Rush* mirrors 1975's stoned reality with depressing accuracy. The detectives and the characters in the seedy gang they try to infiltrate (among them, the music world's Gregg Allman as an elusive dealer) are indelibly portrayed—a rogue's gallery of louts and losers. ¥¥¥

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There are substantial glimpses of a damned good grown-up movie in ***The Prince of Tides*** (Columbia). Barbra Streisand's shrewd direction of the other actors—and her own performance as a New York shrink named Lowenstein—amount to major assets for an ambitious, handsome movie version of the best seller by Pat Conroy. Adapted by Conroy himself, in collaboration with Becky Johnston, *Tides* gets murky after the first hour or so when Streisand's superstar persona starts to overshadow her judgment. She's fine as the doctor trying to help Nick Nolte, who is a screwed-up, unemployed teacher from the South, moving north to investigate his sister's suicide attempt. Melinda Dillon plays the sister; Blythe Danner is Nolte's wife back home who has a brief fling of her own as Nolte begins to get interested in the psychiatrist.

Despite some lapses into lurid melodrama, it's an engrossing tale of two families in crisis. Nolte's neurotic siblings can trace some of their angst to their mother, played young and old with biting brilliance by Kate Nelligan. Dr. Lowenstein has an unhappy teenaged son (well played by Streisand's own son, Jason Gould) and a jealous husband (Jeroen Krabbé) who's a famous musical conductor. She also has an obvious craving for affection, and the movie goes a bit haywire when she gets it; in slushy, self-indulgent sequences with Nolte. At that point, Barbra turns *Prince of Tides* from a royal flush into an egotistic flash. ¥¥¥

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Probably more admired in France than it will be here, ***Madame Bovary*** (Samuel Goldwyn) has the choppy feel of a film trying too hard to remain faithful to Gustave Flaubert's literary classic. Adapter-director Claude Chabrol gives cinematic elegance to the story of a small-town doctor's wife so exquisitely bored with her dull husband (wonderfully played by Jean-François Balmer) that she drives him into debt, sleeps around (Christophe Malavoy is her most provocative *amour*) and finally destroys herself. The book is an acknowledged masterpiece about an idle bourgeois woman's destiny. The movie has lots of literal voice-over narration and often seems little more than a series of fine illustrations, with Isabelle Huppert—normally one of France's most mesmerizing stars—too detached to stir much sympathy for the shallow Emma Bovary. ¥¥

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The old war story about American troops and their German counterparts caroling together at a distance on Christmas Eve is merely an incident in ***A Midnight Clear*** (Interstar). Director Keith Gordon's modest but eloquent version of the novel by William Wharton follows a GI patrol somewhere in Europe during Christmas week 1944. It's their mission to occupy a deserted mansion and report on enemy troop movements. The Germans they finally encounter are no less confused and frightened than the GIs themselves. Gary Sinise (see *Off Camera*), as a shell-shocked soldier, and Ethan Hawke, as squad leader, dominate the A-one cast, with Kevin Dillon, Peter Berg, Frank Whaley and Arye Gross among the six buddies in uniform. Faithful to the book, the film treats a somewhat unsurprising theme with deep feeling and delicacy. One telling sequence is a poignant flashback about four battle-bound, sexually inexperienced boys in search of a girl before they ship out—who find what they want with a sad young woman (Rachel Griffin) in mourning for her late soldier boyfriend. Even the downbeat ending of this fine, satisfying little movie carries an emotional charge that ultimately banishes *Midnight Clear*'s wintry air of doom. ¥¥¥

Two Jasons in a *Rush*.

A harrowing *Rush*, engrossing *Tides* and an overliteral *Bovary*.

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Fond memories of ***The Addams Family*** (Paramount) as a TV comedy will surely be rekindled by this elegant feature that draws most of its riotous sick jokes directly from the Charles Addams cartoons. Anjelica Huston makes a stylish Morticia, with Raul Julia as Gomez and Christopher Lloyd as ghoulish Uncle Fester, just back from the dead. *Addams Family*, for those who care, endorses pain, fear, mean spirits and cruelty toward man and beast. Do-gooders need not apply. ¥¥¥

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Anyone who cares about moviemaking on a grand scale ought to see ***Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse*** (Triton), a mesmerizing account of a work-in-progress that could just as fairly be called *Inside Francis Coppola*. It's based on fairly recent interviews, along with notes, audio tapes and documentary footage assembled by Eleanor Coppola 15 years ago, when she accompanied her husband to the Philippines for the shooting of *Apocalypse Now*. Beset by doubts, ego and unchained profligacy, the director is obviously a wayward genius who candidly admits that too much time and too much money were his undoing. He plays God, switches stars in midstream (Martin Sheen for Harvey Keitel), wages a mind-bending war of wills with Marlon Brando and even contemplates suicide before his 200th day on a movie that he appears to be improvising. Some of his confused actors, looking back on the ordeal, admit to being often as not under the influence of strong drink and drugs. Despite the evidence of endless chaos, *Apocalypse Now* emerged a masterpiece *manqué*—flaws and all, unforgettable. Similarly, *Hearts of Darkness* is imperfectly made but impossible to ignore. ¥¥¥

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Co-author and director Brigitte Rouan also acts up a storm in **Overseas** (Aries), playing the stable, strong-willed one in a trio of sisters who assert their individual charms in a world supposedly ruled by men. Algeria is the setting, back in the turbulent Fifties when French

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colonists were still stubbornly holding out against revolution and independence. Social change, however, is merely the backdrop for a vivid period piece made up of three separate but overlapping episodes. Each sister, in turn, holds center stage: Malene (Rouan), running a farm because her weak-willed husband has no stomach for it; Zon (Nicole Garcia), going into decline glamorously after her naval-officer husband fails to come back from sea duty; and Gritte (Marianne Basler), putting off her attentive swain and having an amorous fling with an Arab rebel, winding up in fairly conventional circumstances. Rouan's French-language drama is a refreshing take on womanhood as it was, spelled out with style and insight. ¥¥¥½

•

Sam Shepard stars in **Voyager** (Castle Hill), made in English by German director Volker Schlöndorff (who won a 1979 Oscar for *The Tin Drum* as Best Foreign-Language Film). Here is still another drama from a German novel: *Homo Faber*, by Max Frisch. The movie version switches the nationality of the hero, Walter Faber—making him an American instead of a Swiss engineer—and Shepard's quietly authoritative screen presence as a latter-day Gary Cooper suits the character to a T. An unfeeling man who goes through women faster than he goes through countries, he travels from Athens to Venezuela circa 1957, then grabs a slow boat from New York to France to get away from a relationship he wants to end. Aboard ship, he meets a vibrant young beauty he calls Sabeth (Julie Delfy, a find with the face of a Renaissance angel), who is roughly half his age. Her mother (Barbara Sukowa), waiting in Athens, turns out to be another lover from Faber's past. It's not giving anything away to divulge that *Voyager* probes the subject of incest while Faber discovers emotional depths as well as a romantic nature he never knew he had. Although his story develops in a leisurely novelistic manner quite out of sync with current movie fare, Schlöndorff gives it a lift, aided by actors who seem entirely at home in Frisch's vintage fiction. ¥¥½

•

Nearly 30 years ago, **Cape Fear** (Universal) was a pretty scary movie. Director Martin Scorsese's new, improved remake is a triumph of shock-'em-dead cinema, with a more psychologically penetrating screenplay and flashy performances by Nick Nolte (having a very good year with this and *Prince of Tides*) as the harassed lawyer and Robert De Niro as the psychotic sex offender whose losing case he once handled. Making the lawyer watch his wife and teenaged daughter being raped and murdered is the killer's diabolical plot. Jessica Lange and newcomer Juliette Lewis, dynamic as the sulky youngster, are both superb. In fact, Scorsese is so confident of his skill that he even amuses himself by casting Gregory Peck and Robert Mitchum—the hero and the stalker in the original film—in supporting roles. As before, it comes to a bloody, preposterous crescendo aboard a houseboat in the bayou, with lots of dark humor to lighten a nerve-racking trip. ¥¥¥¥

Sinise: Hollywood calling.

OFF CAMERA

Chicago native **Gary Sinise,** best known as a founding member of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company and a creature of theater, is about to change all that. He has a featured role as a befuddled World War Two GI in *A Midnight Clear* (see review). Later, he will be seen with Danny DeVito in *Jack the Bear*. "I'm sort of the neighborhood monster," says Sinise. "Danny gets to do a lot of funny stuff, but it's basically sad, a tragicomedy." At the age of 36, Sinise is also producing, directing and starring in a new Horton Foote adaptation of the John Steinbeck novel *Of Mice and Men*, with John Malkovich and Sherilyn Fenn.

It was Steinbeck who won him national attention when Sinise played Tom Joad in the Chicago, La Jolla, London and Broadway stage versions of *The Grapes of Wrath*. He's also directed one movie, *Miles from Home*, with Richard Gere and Kevin Anderson. His stage work in *True West*, *Orphans* and *Grapes of Wrath*, plus the films under his belt, project a certain macho air of crisis that could be Sinise's turf. "I guess I'm drawn to turbulent relationships between men . . . stories rooted in conflict and paranoia. When I was 20 at Steppenwolf, we used to slap each other around all the time. I have to tackle that physical stuff while I'm still young. Later on, maybe I'll do British cup-and-saucer dramas. I'll just sit in a chair and drink coffee."

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
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The Addams Family (See review) Good mean fun based on the cartoons. ¥¥¥

Antonia and Jane (Reviewed 1/92) Girl talk, with some real bite. ¥¥¥½

Beauty and the Beast (Listed only) Top Disney animation in a hip, romantic musical. ¥¥¥¥

Black Robe (Listed only) Director Bruce Beresford's rugged odyssey of a French priest's 17th Century trek into American Indian country. ¥¥¥

Cape Fear (See review) Scorsese's remake is a tour de talent. ¥¥¥¥

The Double Life of Veronique (1/92) A very French identity game, but more style than substance. ¥¥

For the Boys (Listed only) Show-must-go-on schmaltz drags, but Midler and Caan are dandy on all fronts. ¥¥½

Frankie & Johnny (1/92) A blue-plate special about love on a diner's front burner. ¥¥¥½

Hard Promises (1/92) Two guys want to marry Sissy Spacek. ¥¥½

Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse (See review) Behind the scenes in a cornuCoppola. ¥¥¥

Homicide (11/91) Mantegna's Jewish cop finds his ethnic roots. ¥¥¥½

K2 (12/91) Very high adventure. ¥¥¥

Life Is Sweet (1/92) But *will* there always be an England? ¥¥

Madame Bovary (See review) Huppert does Flaubert. Read the book. ¥¥

Meeting Venus (12/91) As an opera diva, Glenn Close has her way with Wagner *and* her conductor. ¥¥¥

A Midnight Clear (See review) Sharp new view of World War Two. ¥¥¥

My Own Private Idaho (12/91) Going west in Gus Van Sant's breezy study of gay male hustlers. ¥¥¥

Other People's Money (1/92) Big bucks, big yucks and DeVito. ¥¥¥

Overseas (See review) Three sisters in Algeria. ¥¥¥½

The Prince of Tides (See review) Streisand's star power finally sabotages a fine romance. ¥¥¥

Prospero's Books (12/91) Gielgud recites, but Shakespeare gets lost in a colorful skin show. ¥¥¥

Rhapsody in August (1/92) Richard Gere back to Nagasaki in Kurosawa's poetic essay on the bomb. ¥¥¥½

Rush (See review) A couple of narcs finally say yes to drugs. ¥¥¥

We're Talkin' Serious Money (1/92) Scams by a team of screwballs. ¥¥¥

Voyager (See review) Sam Shepard racks up some mileage. ¥¥½

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¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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Francesca Beghè (SBK) **11119**

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Skid Row: Slave To The Grind (Atlantic) **54433**

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Jesus Jones: Doubt (SBK) **44654**

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The Cure: Mixed Up (Elektra) **74190**

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Catching Up With Depeche Mode (Sire) **00560**

Vinnie James: All American Boy (RCA) **63237**

Gipsy Kings: Este Mundo (Elektra) **34546**

Morrissey: Kill Uncle (Reprise/Sire) **20588**

Elvis Presley: Sings Leiber And Stoller (RCA) **44359**

David Lee Roth: A Little Ain't Enough (Warner Bros.) **10551**

Prince: Graffiti Bridge (Paisley Park) **34107**

Anita Baker: Compositions (Elektra) **00921**

The Bonnie Raitt Collection (Warner Bros.) **00569**

Contrabend (Impact) **32031**

Starship: Greatest Hits (RCA) **90270**

Quincy Jones: Back On The Block (Warner Bros.) **64116**

Samantha Fox: Just One Night (Jive) **74161**

INXS: Kick (Attantic) **53606**

Edie Brickell: Ghost Of A Dog (Geffen) **73923**

U2: Tha Joshua Tree (Island) **53501**

Alabama: Pass It On Down (RCA) **00531**

The Who: Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) **00790**

Bryan Adams: Reckless (A&M) **51540**

The Jeff Healey Band: Hell To Pay (Arista) **00544**

Diane Schuur: Pure Schuur (GRP) **10824**

Willie Nelson: Greatest Hits & Rare Tracks (Rhino) **63284**

ZZ Top: Afterburner (Warner Bros.) **64042**

Ali Akbar Khan: Journey (Triloka) **11987**

R.E.M.: Out Of Time (Warner Bros.) **24762**

Seal (Warner Bros.) **61992**

D.J. Jazzy Jeff & The Fresh Prince Base: Homebase (Jive) **21073**

Elvis Costello: Mighty Like A Rose (Warner Bros.) **60280**

White Lion: Mane Attraction (Atlantic) **54209**

Mark O'Connor: The New Nashville Cats (Warner Bros.) **14669**

Nelson: After The Rain (DGC) **74079**

Chicago: Greatest Hits 1982-1969 (Reprise) **63363**

Johnny Gill (Motown) **00738**

Eagles: Greetest Hits 1971-1975 (Asylum) **23481**

Paul Simon: Graceland (Warnar Bros.) **72315**

Billy Idol: Charmed Life (Chrysalis) **62264**

Roger McGuinn: Back From Rio (Arista) **81997**

Styx: Classics (14 Greatest Hits) (A&M) **14822***

Steelheart (MCA) **44528***

Talking Heads: Stop Making Sense (Sire) **24560**

Lisa Stansfield: Affection (Arista) **34196**

Little Feat: Representing The Mambo (Warner Bros.) **43785**

Kane Roberts: Saints & Sinners (DGC) **53619**

World Party: Goodbye Jumbo (Chrysalis) **33536**

Sheena Easton: What Comes Naturally (MCA) **43334**

B.B. King: Live At The Apollo (GRP) **24735**

Don Henley: Building The Perfect Beast (Geffen) **50129**

Garfield: Am I Cool Or What? (GRP) **50376**

Technotronic: Pump Up The Jam-The Album (SBK) **34781**

Elvis Presley: The Number One Hits (RCA) **72190**

Taj Mahal: Like Never Before (Private Music) **42141**

Concrete Blonde: Bloodletting (I.R.S.) **84212**

Rod Stewart: Downtown Train (Warner Bros.) **10708**

Corina (ATCO) **24725**

Overkill: Horrorscope (Atlantic) **10852**

Guy!...The Future (MCA) **14875**

Bulletboys: Freakshow (Warner Bros.) **34757**

Bad Company: Holy Water (Atlantic) **24784**

Hank Williams, Jr.: Pure Hank (Warner/Curb) **60351**

Earl Klugh: Midnight In San Juan (Warner Bros.) **73722**

Replacements: All Shook Down (Warner Bros.) **83585**

Deee-Lite: World Clique (Elektra) **52050**

Kitaro: Kojiki (Geffen) **43758**

The Cars: Greatest Hits (Elektra) **53702**

Joni Mitchell: Night Ride Home (DGC) **10731**

Gordon Lightfoot: Gord's Gold (Reprise) **24008**

Peter Gabriel: So (Geffen) **14764**

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young: Gt. Hits (So Far) (Atlantic) **30230**

Jefferson Starship: Gold (RCA) **64132**

Chuck Berry: The Great 28 (Chess) **64137**

Sting: The Dream Of The Blue Turtles (A&M) **50266**

Tesla: The Great Radio Controversy (Geffen) **00839**

All The Best Of The Lovin' Spoonful (Buddah) **10012**

Joni Mitchell: Court And Spark (Asylum) **43861**

Vanilla Ice: To The Extreme (SBK) **24689**

Stevie Wonder: Love Songs (Motown) **43886***

Aaia: Then & Now (Geffen) **93358**

Van Halen: Women And Children First (Warner Bros.) **44473**

The Mamas & The Papas: 16 Of Their Greatest Hits (MCA) **80183***

Cinderella: Heartbreak Station (Mercury) **73694**

The Best Of Bad Company: 10 From 6 (Atlantic) **60321**

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The Best Of Steely Dan: Decade (MCA) **54135***

Best Of Eric Clapton: Time Pieces (Polydor) **23385**

Janet Jackson's Rhythm Nation 1814 (A&M) **72386**

Traveling Wilburys, Vol. 3 (Warner Bros.) **24817**

Danny Gatton: 88 Elmira St. (Elektra) **34226**

The Police: Every Breath You Take—The Singles (A&M) **73924**

Kathy Mattea: A Collection Of Hits (Mercury) **10791**

Boyz N The Hood/Sdtrk. (Qwest) **24419**

Lynyrd Skynyrd: 1991 (Atlantic) **34437**

Keith Washington: Make Time For Love (Qwest) **14677**

Ratt: Ratt & Roll 8191 (Atlantic) **60098**

Emerson, Lake & Palmer: Brain Salad Surgery (Atlantic) **54608**

The Alice Coopar Show (Warner Bros.) **11103**

Spyro Gyra: Collection (GRP) **33286**

Vince Gill: Pocket Full Of Gold (MCA) **73599**

Slatkin: American Album (RCA) **20788**

AC/DC: Back In Black (Atlantic) **13772**

The Stone Roses (Silvertone) **53921**

Enuff Z'Nuff: Strength (ATCO) **14864**

Vanilla Ice: Extremely Live (SBK) **70017**

Scorpions: Crazy World (Mercury) **14795**

The KLF: White Room (Arista) **23333**

Conway Twitty: Even Now (MCA) **44345**

Animal Logic II (I.R.S.) **11142**

Desmond Child: Discipline (Elektra) **24472**

Dying Young/Sdtrk. (Arista) **73769**

Morrissey: Bona Drag (Sire) **00578**

Eric Clapton: Journeyman (Warner Bros.) **53940**

Ralph Tresvant (MCA) **14889**

En Vogue: Born To Sing (Atlantic) **14187**

Leon Redbone: Sugar (Private Music) **62325**

Klx: Hot Wire (EastWest America) **64398**

Gladys Knight: Good Woman (MCA) **84390**

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Bird/Original Recordings Of Charlie Parker (Verve) **01044**

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Mr. Big: Lean Into It (Atlantic) **24821**

The Doors/Sdtrk. (Elektra) **54289**

Bette Midler: Some People's Lives (Atlantic) **53568**

Schascle: Haunted By Real Life (Reprise) **34412**

Flies On Fire: Outside Looking Inside (ATCO) **24466**

Patty Loveless: Up Against My Heart (MCA) **11141**

Gary Burton: Cool Nights (GRP) **63652**

Depache Mode: Violator (Sire) **73408**

Highway 101: Bing Bang Boom (Warner Bros.) **53985**

Tony! Toni! Tonè!: The Revival (Polydor) **00565**

Reba McEntire: Rumor Has It (MCA) **44609**

Slaughter: Stick It To Ya (Chrysalis) **42308**

David Sanborn: Another Hand (Elektra) **54527**

Another Bad Creation: Coolin' At The Playground Ya Know! (Motown) **10456**

ZZ Top: Eliminator (Warner Bros.) **34129**

Rythm Syndicate (Impact/MCA) **62320**

Whitney Houston: I'm Your Baby Tonight (Arista) **10663**

Frank Sinatra/Sinatra Reprise: The Very Good Years (Reprise) **80304**

Travis Tritt: It's All About To Change (Warner Bros.) **64147**

Donna Summer: Mistaken Identity (Atlantic) **10609**

Paula Abdul: Forever Your Girl (Virgin) **00933**

R.E.M.: Eponymous (I.R.S./MCA) **00701**

Hi-Five (Jive) **10542**

The Best Of Stevie Nicks: Timespace (Modern) **10940**

Stevie Wonder: Jungle Fever/Soundtrack (Motown) **54197**

Carreraa, Domingo, Pavarotti: 3 Tenors (London) **35078**

INXS: X (Atlantic) **64378**

Judy Garland: The Best Of The Decca Years, Vol. 1 (MCA) **10497***

Keith Sweat: I'll Give All My Love To You (Elektra) **51603**

Divinyls (Virgin) **74057**

Pump Up The Volume/ Sdtrk. (MCA) **44606**

Yes: Union (Arista) **10735**

Guns N' Roses: Appatite For Destruction (Geffen) **70348**

Aerosmith: Pump (Geffen) **63678**

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GUEST SHOT

Now in his 41st year in the recording industry, singer **Tony Bennett** looks for videos with the same lasting quality. "I love the classics," he says, "with timeless, good performances." *Gone with the Wind, The Wizard of Oz, Citizen Kane* and *The Maltese Falcon* are all in his laser-disc library, as well as "anything with Gene Kelly or Fred Astaire." Bennett also collects the jazz vids of Duke Ellington, Count Basie and Ella Fitzgerald. With the release of his own best-of tape, *Tony Bennett Live: Watch What Happens*, does the singer rank himself among the legends? "I don't know," he demures, "I've got a way to go yet." —D. B. ATCHESON

BRUCE ON VIDEO
our movie critic goes to the tape

These films may have had pitifully brief runs in the theater, but they feature scrumptious stars with whom you'd love to spend a romantic evening at home.

Black Rainbow: Well-acted, off-the-wall melodrama for Rosanna Arquette watchers. She's a fake medium who starts flashing on people about to die. With Tom Hulce, Jason Robards.

Cat Chaser: Plenty of nudity and nasty deeds in an Elmore Leonard love story. Stars Kelly McGillis and Peter (*RoboCop*) Weller as a duo sweating to get hold of her husband's money.

Fires Within: Greta Scacchi sizzles as an errant wife warming up Miami's Little Havana with Vincent D'Onofrio until her husband (Jimmy Smits) is sprung from a prison cell in Cuba.

The Maid: It's Martin Sheen as a financier pretending to be Jacqueline Bisset's baby sitter. Pretty people in Paris in an old-fashioned romantic comedy—backed up by god-awful music.

Victim of Love: Gorgeous Virginia Madsen and JoBeth Williams are the beauties, Pierce Brosnan the beastly swinger who juggles femmes in a kind of soft-edged *Fatal Attraction*. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEO PIGSKIN

This year, NFL Films celebrates its 25th season as football's best-known chronicler. In honor of the occasion, go to the tape with:

Silver Celebration: Compendium of NFL Films's best-loved trademarks—the slo-mo, telephoto close-ups of descending spirals, the live wires on the coaches—and a tribute to the late John Facenda, the voice of NFL Films. Best choke-ups: Dick Vermeil's emotional "burnout" resignation speech and Bill Curry's eloquent ode to the "brotherhood" found in a team's huddle.

The Miami Dolphins 25th Anniversary: From the 1971 double-overtime Christmas thriller to the "perfect" 1972 season to Dan-o and the Marks, tape tracks the history of the storied franchise—starring Csonka, Kiick, Morris, Griese and, above it all, Don Shula, the second-winningest coach in NFL history. Extra point: replay of kicker Garo Yepremian's ill-fated backward pass in Super Bowl VII.

Super Bowl Dream Team: In 1990, the NFL's *Pro Magazine* asked readers to name their favorite all-time gridiron greats. The winners of the balloting are featured here, in supercharged clips of the game's greatest stars, including San Francisco 49ers Joe Montana and Ronnie Lott and Pittsburgh Steeler Franco Harris.

Other new entries: ***NFL Exposé,*** a tabloid-style take on football's on-field antics and off-field private side; and ***Thunder and Destruction,*** 50 minutes of explosive performances by the game's hardest-hitting players—past and present.

—DAN CURRY

All tapes available from Media Home Entertainment; to order, call 800-NFL-TAPE.

HIS AND HER VIDEOS OF THE MONTH

HIS: Billy Crystal and two pals bridle their mid-life angst in ***City Slickers,*** a wild West cowboy fantasy—complete with Jack Palance—that suggests a man can't know love until he's had a cow. Or, at least, helped a cow have a cow (New Line).

HER: Last year's surprise sleeper, ***Thelma & Louise,*** stars Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis as liberated ladies who, sans men, take off across the Southwest in a '66 T-bird convertible. The media-hyped gender-role rebellion aside, it's a great buddy movie. Ridley Scott directs. Too bad they can't do a sequel (MGM/UA).

VIDEO MOOD METER

this month: four vcr valentines

WITH YOUR FUNNY VALENTINE

Soapdish: Backstage comedy of eras with Kevin Kline, Sally Field, Robert Dawney, Jr., and Cathy Mariarty as denizens of daytime TV. Viewers fond of hammy stars engaging in PG-13 lust will find much to like here (Paramount).

WITH YOUR RACY VALENTINE

Jungle Fever: Interracial dalliance between an architect (Wesley Snipes) and his temp secretary (Annabella Sciarra) busts up his marriage and everyone else's sense of propriety. Although uneven, Spike Lee's direction has bite (MCA/Universal).

WITH YOUR LUCY VALENTINE

Babalu Music!: If you loved Lucy, you'll adore these sweetheart songs and novelty numbers by everyone's favorite TV couple. Highlights: *We're Having a Baby, Cheek to Cheek* and the titular classic—with Ricky on conga, of course (CBS).

WITH YOUR JUICY VALENTINE

The Adventures of Mikki Finn: A sweet, sexy songwriter goes to Hollywood and—guess what?—discovers it's sleazy. A hot spin on an old story, vid conforms to new adult-industry trend: knockout ladies, scorching 35mm action (Caballero).

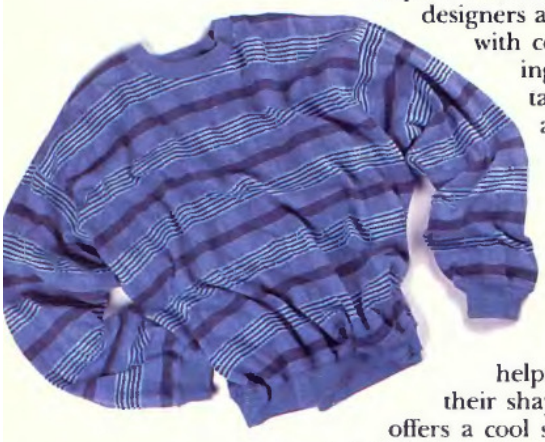
Welcome to the state of relaxation. Enjoy your stay.

Christian Brothers Brandy.

STYLE

MAKING THE STRETCH

Lycra spandex, that shiny fabric used in cycling shorts and other fitness garb, is now giving added stretch and texture to sportswear and even tailored clothing. Aside from flattering a well-toned physique, Lycra, when blended with other fabrics, helps clothes move with you. So far, designers are mainly mixing it with cotton in tops ranging from T-shirts and tanks to zip polos and muscle shirts. Get Wet offers several of these variations at prices from $20 to $35, as does STNT ($90 to $140) and 2 (x)ist ($35 to $80). Lycra also helps new knits retain their shape. Frank et Gertie offers a cool selection of stretch-knit jackets, vests, pants and shirts ($40 to $140), and Barnes Storm has added Lycra to cotton to create surface patterns on crewneck sweaters (shown here, $130). Even Giorgio Armani and Donna Karan are experimenting with wool/Lycra blends to create smooth-moving clothing, especially double-breasted jackets.



HOT SHOPPING: SEATTLE

The red lights and waterfront sailor bars that once lined Seattle's First Avenue are now an upscale venue of shops. Here are some you shouldn't miss. Uno (1927 First): Fine-tailored clothing spread out on furniture such as dining-room tables and bedroom bureaus make this inviting boutique the next best thing to home shopping. • Fast Forward (1918 First): A recent arrival featuring avant-garde garb, furniture, art and accessories. • Zebra Club (1901 First): This leading destination for designer denim and hip sportswear resembles a stripped-down sound stage. • The Forum Menswear (95 Pine): One of the city's broadest selections of affordable contemporary male fashions.

VIEWPOINT

Touring with a new trio and promoting his seventh album, *The Beautyful Ones Are Not Yet Born*, saxophone artist **Branford Marsalis** has more to worry about than his wardrobe. "When I'm playing eighteen dates in twenty-one nights, I can't be a slave to fashion," says the busy jazzman, who still finds time to mix Gaultier and Verri Uomo suits with Valentino print ties. When not performing, Marsalis is a self-described "designer hippie" in long-sleeved T-shirts from Comme des Garçons and ragged jeans. He also hits the courts in Reebok Pumps—and likes to wear green. "They call me the Green Man. It's my color."

TATTOO YOU

Talk about the pains of staying in fashion. Getting tattooed is one of the trendiest things you can do this spring. Armani's and Versace's bare-chested runway models had them, as did the models in Calvin Klein's sexy ad campaign. And so do scores of celebrities—Johnny Depp, Cher, Tom Arnold and Julia Roberts. The experts claim that the best places to become a human canvas are in Los Angeles, particularly Red Devil Studios on Highland Avenue, Sunset Strip Tattoo and Bob Robert's Spotlight Tattoo on Melrose Avenue. Rates range from $35 to $125; roses, snakes, hearts and lightning bolts are among the most requested. Tribal-style arm and ankle bands are the latest rage. For the less courageous, there are even tattoo decals ($2 to $8) sold in specialty boutiques such as New York's Reminiscence or Unique Clothing Warehouse.

HOT SPAS

Once viewed as refuges for wealthy women and ample gals, the nation's leading spas are now attracting an increasing number of men—looking to trade in bad habits for good health. Here are a few of the best. The Golden Door (Escondido, California): There are five men-only weeks per year, complete with relaxation, skin-care and fitness programs ($3950). The International Health & Beauty Spa (Long Island, New York): Five-day Executive Longevity Programme provides full-scale health/fitness profiles along with relaxation therapy (from $898). Canyon Ranch (Tucson, Arizona, and Lenox, Massachusetts): features boxercise classes and weight-training classes (from $1880). Safety Harbor (near Tampa, Florida): Sports training and relaxation programs fit for pros. Sugar Ray Leonard was just one of its tough customers (from $500).

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

CASUAL SHIRTS	IN	OUT
STYLE	Banded or buttondown collars; loose fits; worn with suits and ties	Short sleeves; fitted shirts; bowling shirts; Hawaiian shirts
FABRICS AND COLORS	Washed silk; rayon; denim; dark, subdued colors; solids; stripes	See-through or no-iron fabrics; scarf prints; polka dots; pastels
DETAILS	Open patch pockets; top button worn open	Logos; epaulets; turned-up or stiffened collars

Where & How to Buy on page 159.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

JOSEPH WAMBAUGH began his writing career by drawing on 14 years of L.A.P.D. experience to show the human side of police work. In novels, nonfiction and in his *Police Story* TV series, he showed us young cops who laughed and suffered through the stress of daily tragedy. It seemed natural that they were all men.

Today, however, is a new era. We have women police officers and women protagonists in crime fiction. Breda Burrows, a 20-year veteran of the L.A.P.D. who is starting her own detective agency in Palm Springs, is the heroine of Wambaugh's latest novel, ***Fugitive Nights*** (Morrow). Her client is a wealthy woman who wants to find out why the husband she thought was impotent is visiting a sperm bank. Like most P.I.s, Breda is not thrilled to deal with domestic surveillance, and she is even less thrilled at the prospect of having to work with a sperm-producing partner for the first time since she left the force.

But she needs the money and so does Lynn Cutler, the male ex-detective she teams up with.

What makes *Fugitive Nights* work so well is Wambaugh's intimate knowledge of the cop mind—female, in this case. He sensitively explores Breda's feelings. He also gives her an aura of tough independence and a mouth for wisecracks that could belong only to a cop (she defines P.M.S. as "puky men's shit"). The friendship that blossoms between her and Lynn (with a bit of lust on his side) has the corny warmth of country songs from desert radio stations.

In ***Private Eyes*** (Bantam), Jonathan Kellerman stays with his recurring protagonist, Dr. Alex Delaware, a child psychologist/detective whose empathy with the lives of his patients often transcends his careful deductive reasoning. Delaware is plunged into his latest crime adventure when a wealthy young heiress whom he had treated as a seven-year-old calls for help 11 years later. Her agoraphobic mother, the victim of an acid attack, is missing, and the monster who masterminded the attack had just been released from San Quentin. Kellerman weaves a web of past relationships and contemporary secrets for Delaware to unravel with the help of his friend, detective Milo Sturgis. Kellerman, himself a child psychologist, has used his professional experiences to make his stories of kids caught up in crimes vividly realistic. In the process, he stakes out this unique area of crime fiction as his own territory. In this, his seventh book of fiction, he explores the subject with haunting emotional power.

Two U.S. military confrontations are viewed from different perspectives in ***Live from Baghdad*** (Doubleday), by Robert Wiener, and ***Eyeball to Eyeball*** (Random House), by Dino A. Brugioni. Wiener was the CNN executive producer who stayed in Iraq during Desert Storm and made broadcasting history with Peter Arnett while bombs dropped all around them. On the TV screen, their courage and professionalism electrified audiences around the world. Behind the scenes was another story, as Wiener reveals in this memoir that is by turns terrifying and hilarious. In the opening chapter, he describes the excruciating decisions faced by each member of the eight-person CNN team on January 16, 1991, when the code warning for the U.S. invasion—"The kids have the sniffles"—is relayed to the press headquarters in the Al-Rasheed Hotel. A few days later, the only American press representatives not expelled from Baghdad are Wiener, Arnett and a brave engineer. Wiener vividly recalls his day-to-day negotiations with the Iraqis, the staff's comic craziness—born of tension and struggles with technical glitches—his buttonholing the Achille Lauro terrorist Mohammed Abbas for an interview and his own emotional roller coaster as he orchestrates the CNN coverage of the war from ground zero.

In *Eyeball to Eyeball*, Brugioni provides a behind-the-scenes account of 1962's Cuban Missile Crisis that is clearly more history than memoir. In addition to sharing his inside knowledge as the primary aerial reconnaissance expert for the CIA during the crisis, Brugioni spent ten years researching this well-documented 600-page study. It's an engaging book, from Brugioni's description of the first stunned, angry reaction of Bobby Kennedy (who was outraged that Khrushchev had lied to his brother, the President) through the nerve-racking negotiations at the brink of nuclear war, the full SAC alert and, finally, the Soviet "blink." His account details the crucial role played by the U-2 spy planes and the low-altitude aerial photographs of the Soviet missile sites in Cuba. Brugioni gives us a blow-by-blow examination of the most critical moment in U.S.-Soviet relations, as well as a superb insight into intelligence gathering.

PAUL J. JACKSON

Joseph Wambaugh's *Fugitive Nights*.

A new era in crime fiction and two blow-by-blow accounts of U.S. military confrontations.

Part of the mystique behind our continuing national love affair with Marilyn Monroe is the tantalizing notion that there was a "real" Marilyn behind the ditzy image of a sex goddess. Writers such as Arthur Miller (who should have known best), Norman Mailer and even Gloria Steinem have tried to probe for the woman masked by the sensuous fantasy she projected. One of the most plausible and entertaining expeditions into the legend of Marilyn is Sam Toperoff's new novel, ***Queen of Desire*** (HarperCollins), which pieces together real incidents from her life with imaginary conversations and moments of revelation. The final chapter—in which Marilyn calls in to a late-night talk show to converse with noted atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair about creativity, sexuality and death—is a stunning tour de force of subtle emotion communicated through dialog.

BOOK BAG

Texas Summer (Arcade), by Terry Southern: Turning from the bizarre comedy of *Dr. Strangelove* and *Candy*, Southern gives us an idyllic story about a 12-year-old black boy's summer, which comes to an abrupt and horrific end.

The Last Liberator (Dutton), by Jerry Yulsman: The author recounts his gripping World War Two experiences in the mission to bomb the Ploesti oil fields in Romania.

The Sheriff of Nottingham (Viking), by Richard Kluger: Robin Hood's old enemy got a bum rap in history, so Kluger sets the record straight with a colorful revisionist mix of facts and fantasy.

FutureCrime (Donald I. Fine), edited by Cynthia Manson and Charles Ardai, this anthology of s-f short stories conjures up the dark side of centuries to come.

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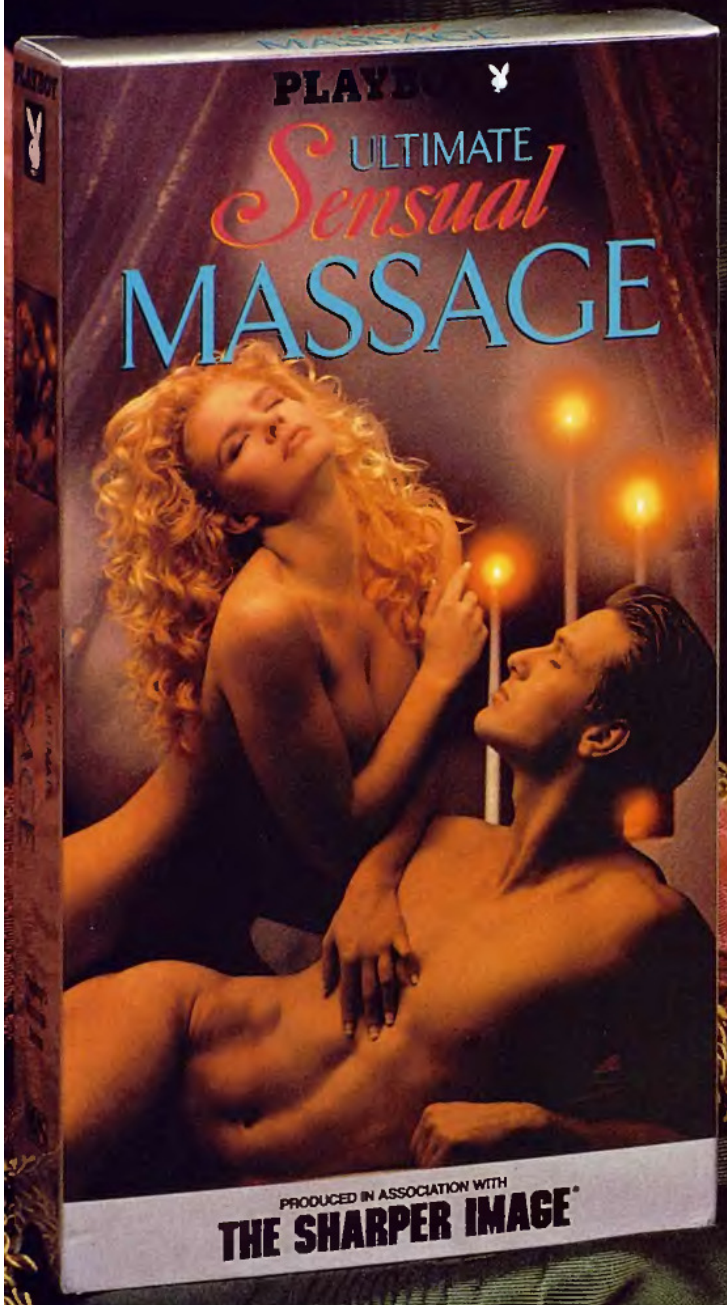

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MEN

By ASA BABER

American men did not organize or lobby or say very much as the Clarence Thomas–Anita Hill hearing roared like a forest fire through our culture this past fall. Indeed, American men didn't do much of anything except hunker down and hope that the flames would pass. It was a time for survival, not a time for debate.

Once again, the political momentum has swung to the other side of the gender gap as various women's rights groups and women's rights lawyers and women's rights lobbyists and women's rights activists insisted that (a) sexual harassment of women by men was rampant throughout America, (b) under the law, sexual harassment was to be defined solely on a reasonable woman's terms and (c) under the law, a hostile environment in the workplace was whatever a reasonable woman said it was.

As men, we mostly sat there and took that abuse without objection. We knew that some men harass women in the workplace. But we also knew that to protest the direction against men that this issue was taking might be fatal to our professional health. "If you question anything we claim about this subject," we could hear many of our female colleagues saying, "then you must be in favor of men's harassing women. There cannot be two sides."

We hoped against hope that the grillings of Thomas and Hill would not focus on us personally, that no one would ask us if we had used the term pubic hair in office conversation in the last decade or had attended a pornographic movie while we were in college or had rented an X-rated video tape.

Such questions were potentially deadly, and they contained accusations that were impossible for us to disprove or defend against: In her terms, are you now or have you ever been a man who asked a female colleague out on a date once too often? In her terms, have you ever told an offensive joke at the office in mixed company? In her terms, have you ever made obscene gestures with your hands, or looked at her body in the wrong way, or placed pinups or cartoons that were offensive to her in a place where she might see them? In her terms, have you ever created a hostile environment—

DAN NICCARINO

NEW RULES FOR HER

however she defines it—for her in your workplace?

"Damned if I know," most men said to themselves as the witch trials continued. "It is very hard for me to figure out what her terms are. I'm a guy. I can't think like a woman—especially a prudish and easily offended woman."

But most men did not say that publicly. We live in a time of sexual inquisition, and silence is deemed to be more prudent than confrontation.

As men, our interests in this question of sexual harassment and how it is to be legally defined have mostly been ignored. We are in a new area of the law, one that has been shaped primarily by feminist influences. We are vulnerable in the extreme to false charges of sexual harassment, and we know it.

Up until now, the focus of the discussion has been on male behavior. (That is one of the problems you will run into if you are accused of sexual harassment by one of your co-workers. Your behavior will be placed under a microscope, but hers will not.) So just for starters, let's turn the question around and ask ourselves this simple but serious question: "As men, what behavior do we now expect from our female associates in the workplace?"

Gentlemen, these are the five rules she is to follow. Read them to yourself, then read them to her. Because until men have equal protection under the law, it is your job to live defensively.

1. *Do not make sexual jokes with me, and do not laugh at my sexual jokes if I mistakenly make them with you.* We may have shared some good laughs together, but those days are over. I declare myself a corporate prude, and I ask you to do the same. Humor is tricky. It can turn on a dime and be easily misunderstood, and it courts a sexual harassment lawsuit by its very nature. So until the law is more clear, you cool it and I cool it.

2. *Do not tell me about your love life and I will not tell you about mine.* This, too, can be a fatal attraction in the workplace. Until things get sorted out, understand that sexual neutrality is my only protection as a male. Do not use me as a confidant for your marital or social problems.

3. *Do not send me mixed messages.* Another way of saying this is "Stop with the flirtation already." Nothing can confuse me more than a bright feminine smile and seductive feminine talk followed by a personnel officer with sexual harassment investigation forms. That kind of communication can ruin my day.

4. *Be accountable for your own actions and responses.* Yes, Ms. America, I ask that you understand your own sexuality. If, in our working relationship, you are attracted to me, even temporarily, please admit that attraction to yourself and then act even more carefully around me. Nothing confuses me more than a woman who comes on to me like Madonna in heat and then suddenly gets insulted when I respond to that heat.

5. *If by any chance you and I form an intimate alliance outside the office, promise me that there it shall remain for all time.* This means that if said intimate relationship sours, there will be no professional retribution by you. You will not seek vengeance against me by setting me up for a sexual harassment lawsuit in the office.

There they are, men. Five rules for your female colleagues to live by. But if you're still confused, let me put it to you in our terms, man to man: From now on, watch your ass—and nobody else's.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've been freaking out ever since hearing the news of Magic Johnson's infection with the AIDS virus. I haven't scored like Earvin—either on or off the hardwood—but I'm not monogamous, either. In fact, I don't even remember all their names. Should I get tested? And how does the test work?—W. C., Framingham, Massachusetts.

If you're freaking out, the first thing you need is a reality check. Although it's possible for the human immunodeficiency virus (HIV), which causes AIDS, to be passed from women to men during oral, vaginal or anal intercourse, fewer than two percent of AIDS cases diagnosed in men born in the U.S. have been transmitted heterosexually (2695 of 173,974). And in most of those, the women were I.V.-drug users or recipients of contaminated blood transfusions. After an announcement like Magic's, it's natural for anyone who has had more than one lover in the last decade to worry about AIDS. But if your lovers are not in any risk groups, your risk is probably quite low. For a free expert opinion, call the National AIDS Hotline at 800-342-2437 (Spanish: 800-344-7432; TTY/TDD: 800-243-7889). Hotline information specialists can help you assess your risk. If you decide to get tested, they can also refer you to an HIV test site near you. AIDS testing involves two blood tests, neither of which detects the HIV virus itself. Instead, they detect the antibodies your immune system produces as a result of an attack by the virus. It takes a while after infection for your body to produce enough antibodies to turn the tests positive. The vast majority of people produce detectable antibodies within three months. A few take up to six months. One report some years ago suggested that it may take as long as three years, but that study has never been replicated, not even by its original authors. Because of the time lag, you might test negative today but still be infected if you had unprotected sex within the last three months. For the most reliable result, have only safe sex for six months before testing. Of course, nonmonogamous lovers should practice safe sex anyway, not just to prevent AIDS, but to prevent other sexually transmitted infections as well. You may also be concerned about the privacy of your HIV test results. Increasingly, people must sign away medical confidentiality as a condition of employment or insurance. If you'd rather keep your findings private, take the test anonymously—no names, just ID letters or numbers. That way, you're the only one who ever learns your result. Call beforehand and ask about anonymity. Also ask about counseling. The best testing sites offer pre- and post-test counseling.

Occasionally, when renting movies from my local video store, I've noticed

that the tape is damaged along the bottom edge. If the damage is minor, playback is OK, but sometimes the picture is really bad. I'm wondering what causes this and whether or not it will hurt my VCR.—B. T., Chicago, Illinois.

Basically, all Beta and VHS video tape is divided into three sections—the top portion is used for audio, the middle for video and the bottom for control tracks. The control tracks' function is similar to that of the sprocket holes in reel-to-reel movie films—essentially, to keep the picture running smoothly. If the bottom edge of the video tape is damaged, signals get screwed up. The video drum doesn't know how fast to go and the heads don't know when to change tracks. In other words, you get a picture that varies from poor to horrible, depending on the extent of the damage. It can affect your VCR. If the oxide coating on the tape flakes, it will foul the heads and transport mechanism. It's a good idea to make sure your own equipment is in shape. If you notice that the machine is ruining your personal tapes, take it in for a checkup.

When my boyfriend goes down on me, his beard stubble feels like sandpaper on the sensitive skin of my upper thighs and vaginal lips. I mentioned the problem and he started shaving again in the evening, but either he has a superheavy beard or else my genitals are straight out of *The Princess and the Pea*. We've also tried having him cover his cheeks with his hands, but that was too awkward. Ditto for draping the sheets over my thighs and pubic area. Please help us!—B. B., Sarasota, Florida.

Encourage your boyfriend to grow a beard. Once they've grown in, beards feel softer and less irritating than whisker stubble. Ask men why they grow beards and they say they hate shaving, or have sensitive facial skin, or want to look older and more distinguished, or hope to hide a weak chin. But ask the women in their lives and, with a wink or sly smile, they often say something quite different.

Please settle this matter once and for all: Does hanging bicycles upside down from their wheels (rims) on those screw-in storage hooks do any damage to said rims, or should another means of suspension be devised?—R. S., San Francisco, California.

It's perfectly OK to hang your bike. Hey, if you leave your feet in the toe clips, your bike can double as gravity boots. In any case, an engineer from the Schwinn Bicycle Company offers these insights: Today's bikes generally are lightweight enough—and modern wheels are strong enough—that hanging a bike by its wheels on a hook should do no damage to the bike, the wheel or the wheel rim. Most hooks sold today are well padded to minimize the risk of damage to your bike. However, if you hang your bike to store it, use extra caution around all cables, rubber pads, brakes, seats and handle bars. Make sure the bike is as clean as possible before hanging, and watch for oil dripping from the chain. Most bikes are lightweight enough to hang them virtually anywhere, and by the frame if space permits. It makes little difference whether you store the bike horizontally or vertically, upside down or right side up.

I read in a women's magazine that doctors now blame some women's loss of sexual desire on a lack of testosterone. I didn't know women even had testosterone. My sex drive is still alive and well, but not quite as alive as it used to be, and I can't think of any other reason why. I'm a 29-year-old, healthy, physically active, nonsmoking, modest-drinking woman involved in a good relationship. Should I have my hormones checked? And if so, how is this done?—C. S., Rutland, Vermont.

Yes, women have testosterone, and yes, testosterone deficiency can contribute to loss of female sexual desire. Men produce ten to 15 times more of the hormone than women, but without the tiny amount of testosterone produced by the ovaries, women would have little sex drive. Testosterone levels can be measured with a blood test. For years, some Canadian and European sexual-medicine authorities have been evaluating women's testosterone levels, and if tests show a deficiency, they prescribe the hormone, either by injection or as a cream applied to the vagina. (You can't take testosterone orally because it may cause liver

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

damage.) In addition to increased libido, the women typically report more energy and a greater sense of well-being. But until recently, most U.S. physicians did not test women's testosterone levels and rarely prescribed the hormone for fear of its potential masculinizing side effects: deepening of the voice and growth of facial hair. These problems can usually be eliminated with a lower dose. Now some U.S. gynecologists have begun prescribing hormones that include testosterone, particularly to women who have had their ovaries surgically removed. We suggest you consult your gynecologist, and if he or she is reluctant to order a testosterone test, ask for a referral to an endocrinologist.

Recently, I threw a big party for about 20 of my friends and, because I was serving food, I bought 20 bottles of a medium-priced cabernet sauvignon. During the evening, we opened nearly every one, and I was left with five bottles that were three quarters full. Thinking my wine cellar (a shelf on the closet wall, actually) was well stocked for a while, I recorked the bottles. To my dismay, when I opened one two weeks later, I discovered that the wine had turned to vinegar. Should I refrigerate it next time?—N. C., New York, New York.

When you open a bottle of red wine and expose it to oxygen, the oxygen immediately starts ruining it—whether or not it is recorked. Even in the fridge, an open bottle of red won't last more than 24 hours, 48 tops. But all is not lost; there are products designed to retard the fermentation for a week or two. Wine savers such as the Vacu-Vin ($15–$20) are plastic gizmos with rubber stoppers that remove oxygen from the bottle and create a sort of vacuum. If you have a few half-full bottles of the same wine, take a clean, empty bottle and fill it as much as possible before applying the Vacu-Vin. There are more-complex gadgets that inject nitrogen or other gases to push out the oxygen, but for midrange wines, the simpler ones are fine—you wouldn't want to recork a $100 Bordeaux, anyway. And there are two more options: Buy less or drink more. You might also try to finish each bottle before opening another.

For Christmas, my wife of two years gave me a video camera and a tripod. I used the camera regularly for a while, then lost interest. Then one night when I came home, she sat me down in front of the TV, popped a tape into the VCR and cuddled up next to me on the couch. To my absolute astonishment, the video showed my wife wearing lingerie and puttering around in our kitchen. Then she undressed slowly, climbed onto the table and began masturbating with her legs open to the camera. At that point, I begged her to make love to me. Watching her on the screen at the same time we were having sex was the most erotic experience of my life. We've replayed this experience quite a few times and now we want to share. Do you know of any companies that produce nonprofessional erotic videos?—C. N., Nashua, New Hampshire.

You might want to try the adult-video section of your local video store. Both A'Mature Video Productions of Nashville, Tennessee, and A & B Video of Orlando, Florida, distribute amateur video tapes nationally. You may find ads in your local swingers' tabloid. The practice of trading amateur videos is an unregulated, grass-roots movement. You'll never really know where or how your footage will be used. Nor will you know the video company you keep. You're on your own.

My buddy says that brothels started displaying red lights on the outside because they were traditionally decorated with red velvet on the inside. I find this difficult to believe. It seems more likely to me that the red light was inspired by early traffic signs. On the highway, red has always meant stop, and that's what brothels have always wanted men to do. But we're only speculating. We figured that if anyone knew, you would.—R. P., Alexandria, Virginia.

According to "Sex in History," by Reay Tannahill, the red light originated in medieval China. From time immemorial, brothels have attracted customers by decorating their wide-open windows and doors with scantily dressed ladies who beckoned customers with provocative come-on lines or flashes of flesh. But as early as the 13th Century, Chinese brothels catering to high-ranking government officials perceived a need for subtlety, and they developed a discreet symbol that signaled what was available inside—bamboo lamps with red silk shades, the color red being a Chinese symbol of good fortune. The red-light symbol was transplanted to America during the Gold Rush, when Chinese brothel owners imported the bamboo lamps along with Asian women to service the thousands of Chinese men who flocked to California to build the railroads. American brothel owners adopted the red light, and the rest is history.

Is there an easy, polite way to tell a lover that a certain move doesn't feel good? I enjoy having my nipples caressed, but sometimes my boyfriend pinches them in a way that makes me feel uncomfortable.—L. R., Huntington, New York.

We sympathize. It's difficult to tell a lover, "Stop, that hurts." Fortunately, Michael Castleman addresses this problem in "Sexual Solutions: A Guide for Men and the Women Who Love Them." He suggests that lovers develop a nonverbal "stop" signal to cover everything from the situation you describe to untimely needs such as to sneeze or take a bathroom break. During an intimate but nonsexual moment, tell your boyfriend that you enjoy his caresses but sometimes need a slightly different kind of touch—softer, harder, slower, whatever. Chances are, he sometimes has similar needs. Then suggest a "stop" signal you both can use. Castleman suggests a pinch or a gentle tweak of your boyfriend's ear lobe. When he stops doing whatever makes you uncomfortable, there's no need to communicate verbally. Instead, place your hand on his and show him how you'd like to be touched. Or touch him in the way you'd like to be caressed. The nonverbal approach is easier, less interrupting and more effective—not to mention more fun.

Lately, I've become concerned about my orgasms. Sometimes they feel like full-body convulsions—you know, the earth moves—but at other times, they just feel like a few quick spurts—nice but nothing special. I'm 32, healthy and married five years to a woman who really turns me on. The only patterns I've noticed are that my orgasms tend to be weaker when we have quickies or do it unusually late at night. What's going on here?—V. G., Sparks, Nevada.

Two possibilities, both easily remedied. We're not surprised that your climaxes don't register on the Richter scale when you work the bedsprings in the wee hours. Fatigue often takes the earthquake out of orgasm. The big O depends on muscle contractions in the pelvic area and, like any tired muscles, the ones involved in orgasm can become, in Chuck Berry's immortal words, too pooped to pop. Make love earlier in the evening when you have more energy. As for quickies, sure, they can be great fun, but the orgasms that conclude them may be disappointing because of what Los Angeles clinical psychologist Stella Resnick, Ph.D., calls "premature intercourse." It takes a good deal of foreplay—ideally, this involves slow, sensual, whole-body caressing—to become sufficiently aroused to enjoy an earth-shattering orgasm. Resnick points out that quickies often involve minimal caressing and, as a result, produce minimal-intensity orgasms. There's no need to abandon quickies altogether, of course. (We cherish the occasional nooner.) Just make them as sensual as possible in the time available. Use a massage lotion, or begin the arousal process beforehand with an erotic telephone conversation.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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THE PLAYBOY READ-IN

in which the dickheads take bette's diner

The voice mail alerted us. We punched in our code and heard a message recorded over the weekend. "Hi. This is Bill Redican. I'm an editor for educational television in Berkeley. I read in Herb Caen's column that someone was tossed out of a restaurant named Bette's Ocean View Diner for reading a copy of *Playboy*. This is outrageous. We can't have waitresses deciding our reading material. They've crossed the line. I am going to organize a read-in at Bette's."

•

The fax machine started to spit out dispatches. Redican sent us the original Herb Caen column: "Frevvinsakes, censorship in Berkeley? East Bay journalist Mike Hughes was breakfasting yesterday at Bette's Ocean View Diner there and reading the new *Playboy* when the manager and a waitress confronted him to say that other customers were highly offended. Either put that away or leave. Mike departed, leaving a tip in the form of a note saying 'Read the First Amendment.' . . . P.S., Mike was reading a Nat Hentoff piece on freedom of the press."

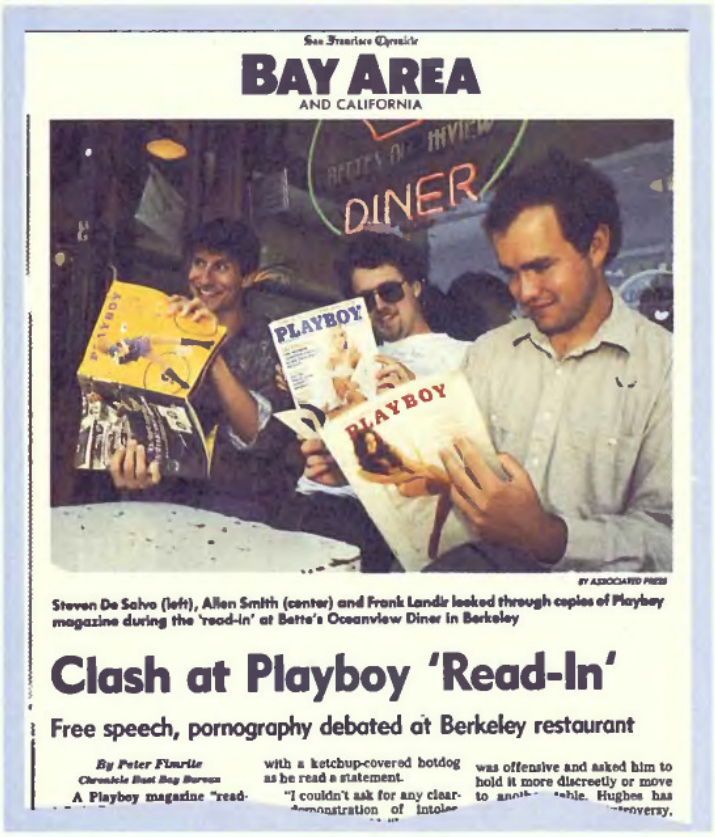
A few days later, the fax spit out another report. Martin Snapp of the Oakland *Tribune* tried to correct Caen: "I'm sure you've heard by now about the guy who got kicked out of Bette's Ocean View Diner in Berkeley because he was reading *Playboy*. Only one hitch. It never happened. I heard the tale myself last week, but I didn't print it because I couldn't confirm it. That impediment, however, didn't stop a columnist across the Bay from taking the story and running with it. So Bette's employees decided to fight fire with fire. They've turned to another columnist—namely me—to set the record straight. 'A waitress in his section saw the cover of the magazine, approached him, told him it offended her and politely asked that he either stop reading it or move to another section. No one at any time asked him to leave the restaurant,' they write. 'As a result of this incorrect reporting, we are unjustly being harassed by people who have never eaten here and yet are calling up and vowing never to patronize the place.'" Sure, we thought. Blame it on the media.

Another fax, a column by Jon Carroll: "At the very least, I would suggest a sign be posted at Bette's saying WARNING: YOUR READING MATERIAL IS SUBJECT TO REVIEW AND APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT BY YOUR WAITER."

The owner of Bette's huddled with Redican and OK'd the read-in, even offering to cook pancakes for the participants. Bette even prepared a statement: "Bette's Diner does not have a policy regarding the appropriateness of anyone's reading material. Nor do we have a company position on *Playboy* magazine. We have a legal and moral responsibility both to support and protect the rights of our customers and our staff from being discriminated against or harassed for any reason. We are now proud to provide a forum for people to discuss the important issues that have arisen out of this incident. Today, Bette's Diner celebrates the expansive freedom we all share to explore and illuminate the issues of free speech and individual expression."

Bette seemed to have a savvy perspective. She told one reporter, "I had imagined that our fifteen minutes of fame would be for something better than this—like our food."

Barbara, the waitperson involved, prepared her own version of the event: "On a Wednesday morning, I glanced at the back of my section where a new customer had been seated. It was a man, and he was reading a *Playboy* he had propped up on his table in a fashion where everyone in the restaurant had to see it. I was so appalled and shocked that I felt as if I had been struck. I immediately went to his table and told him that I found the magazine offensive and asked if he could please hold it in a more discreet fashion so not everyone was forced to look at it. I told him if he found that idea unappealing, he could move to another section of the restaurant where he could hold it in any style he chose. At that point, he irately demanded to see my manager, who started by backing up my choice. But when Mike Hughes, the worm in question, refused to stop screaming, my manager finally apologized and allowed that abomination to continue eating and reading in my section. The next day, the first of a series of malicious and inaccurate articles



San Francisco Chronicle

BAY AREA
AND CALIFORNIA

DINER

PLAYBOY

BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

Steven De Salvo (left), Allen Smith (center) and Frank Landir looked through copies of Playboy magazine during the 'read-in' at Bette's Oceanview Diner in Berkeley

Clash at Playboy 'Read-In'

Free speech, pornography debated at Berkeley restaurant

By Peter Fimrite
Chronicle East Bay Bureau

A Playboy magazine "read-

with a ketchup-covered hotdog as he read a statement.

"I couldn't ask for any clear-

was offensive and asked him to hold it more discreetly or move to

ASSOCIATED PRESS

MORE READ-IN PROTEST

appeared, which still, to this day, have not stopped. . . . I thought that I was entitled to a pornography-free work environment. I had heard there were laws to protect me from sexual harassment in the workplace. Yet, still, I work in an environment where any person who can afford to buy a pornographic magazine is allowed to wave it in my face."

The read-in was scheduled for Sunday, September 22. We came to work on Monday and stared at the fax machine. It whirred to life: A clip from the Associated Press showed three *Playboy* readers in front of Bette's. The accompanying story said that about 100 people had shown up, divided between pro-reading protesters and P.C. fascists. The story made the event seem like a cross between guerrilla theater and *Family Feud*.

Then we heard from the survivors. Redican said he was somewhat surprised by the hideous energy of the opposition. "I handed out some magazines. The counterdemonstrators shredded every *Playboy* they could get their hands on. At the end of the demonstration, I was standing in four inches of shredded paper, curb to curb. I couldn't ask for a clearer demonstration of intolerance. They got out the message that it's their right to destroy literature. That it was their right to drown me out when I tried to talk. I witnessed the death of a free society."

And then we saw the video tape. We'd asked Ken Kelley, a Bay-area writer, to cover the event. He'd brought along his new toy, a Sony camcorder, and a friend to operate it. The result won't play on *America's Funniest Home Videos*.

What you see first are placards. A pink sign proclaiming PORNOGRAPHY IS A SEXUAL ASSAULT ON ALL WOMEN. A white banner: WHAT ABOUT HER FREE SPEECH? WHAT ABOUT HER RIGHT TO WORK WITHOUT SEXUAL HARASSMENT?

Another sign, this one attached to a woman dressed as a large penis, with dark glasses and a beard: THE FIRST AMENDMENT GUARANTEES MY RIGHT TO SPEAK FREELY OF MY HATRED TOWARD WOMEN. The flip side of her sign proclaims WHO CARES ABOUT WOMEN'S RIGHTS? THEY'RE ALL TITS AND ASS TO ME.

A woman with a hat made of folded newspapers and the legend DICKHEAD holds a mock magazine called *Jerk-Boy*. According to her, its contents included contempt for women and First Amendment propaganda.

A close-cropped blonde, wearing Groucho-style glasses with a penis where the nose should be, is reading *Playboy* in front of a sign that says DICKHEAD CONTEST HERE TODAY. A man walks past with his infant daughter strapped to his back. On her tiny T-shirt, he has lipsticked the message BABY WOMAN AGAINST PORNOGRAPHY.

One woman asks people in the crowd if anyone wants to suck the gigantic, fleshy, veined dildo strapped to her waist. She swaggers down the sidewalk, shocking two young girls brought to the demonstration by their mother—who, it seems, is also dressed as a dickhead.

The video tape occasionally shows the choreographer of the feminist forces—an Andrea Dworkin clone in bib overalls waving a bullhorn. The sound track to the video, not always attached to the image, has a woman's voice shouting, "Suck. Suck. Suck." Or, "Dickhead, your magazine is ready." The censorship stormtroopers launch into a mindless chant: "Sperm brain. Sperm brain. You see them on buses. You see them on trains. Sperm brain." The bullhorn drowns out statements by pro–First Amendment speakers. Two surfer dudes try to outbellow the bullhorn with a counterchant: "Electronic fascism. Electronic fascism."

A three-chinned woman in a black sarong stenciled I AM YOUR WORST NIGHTMARE torpedoes Hughes—the *Playboy* reader whose run-in with the waitress ignited this flap. He has been on the sidelines. "This whole thing is a reaction to something that didn't happen," he says, telling reporters that the martyred waitress never saw a photo in *Playboy*. The magazine he'd been reading was flat, open to an article on the death of the Bill of Rights. This is not about harassment or sexual violence.

The tape shows a group of women talking about pornography. A calm blonde holds a copy of *Yellow Silk*. "These women think that magazines cause violence. They don't want to be subjected to S/M. But, for some, S/M is a fantasy that you can act out in a safe arena. A magazine is a safe arena. It is not dangerous. You can work from that fantasy."

Another woman counters, "But pornography is the

graphic depiction of whores. Most women know when their husband has pornography under the bed. It's: 'Do this. Do that.'"

Redican explains his anger to a circle of tape recorders and video cameras: "I was shocked, deeply shocked, that someone could make a judgment about someone else's reading material. And then ask them not to read it. The line is crossed when they ask someone else not to read. *Playboy* seems to be a catalyst. I think people would understand if it were a Jewish paper or a Presbyterian paper."

Redican mounts the stairs of the house next to Bette's to read a statement. He begins his statement, there's a shriek; the shock troops are screaming, "Show us your penis. We want to see your fucking dick. You fucking hypocrite. Take off your clothes. Show us your little hard-on. We want to measure your dick."

Redican's statement emerges from the din: "No one appoints other customers or waiters or waitresses or myself as a judge and jury of our reading. I am happy to say that this started out to be a cordial event. Obviously, the forces of intolerance are much louder than that. . . . The antidote to intolerance is patience. What is obscene to one person is beautiful to another. If that is so, then leave each other in peace. To those who argue that the mere reading of the magazine is sexual harassment, I suggest they are proposing a far more severe standard of conduct than is upheld by the American people." He is interrupted by firecrackers and it's impossible, given the hostility in the air, not to think of gunfire, though Redican calmly holds up a copy of *Playboy*. "It didn't work in Moscow, it didn't work in Johannesburg and it will not work in the streets of Berkeley."

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On the video tape, people wonder aloud at the motives of the totalitarian feminist cadre. Bobby Lilly, founder of Cal-Act, tries to bridge the differences: "It's a reaction to reality, to pain and trauma around their sexuality. We have to get beyond that."

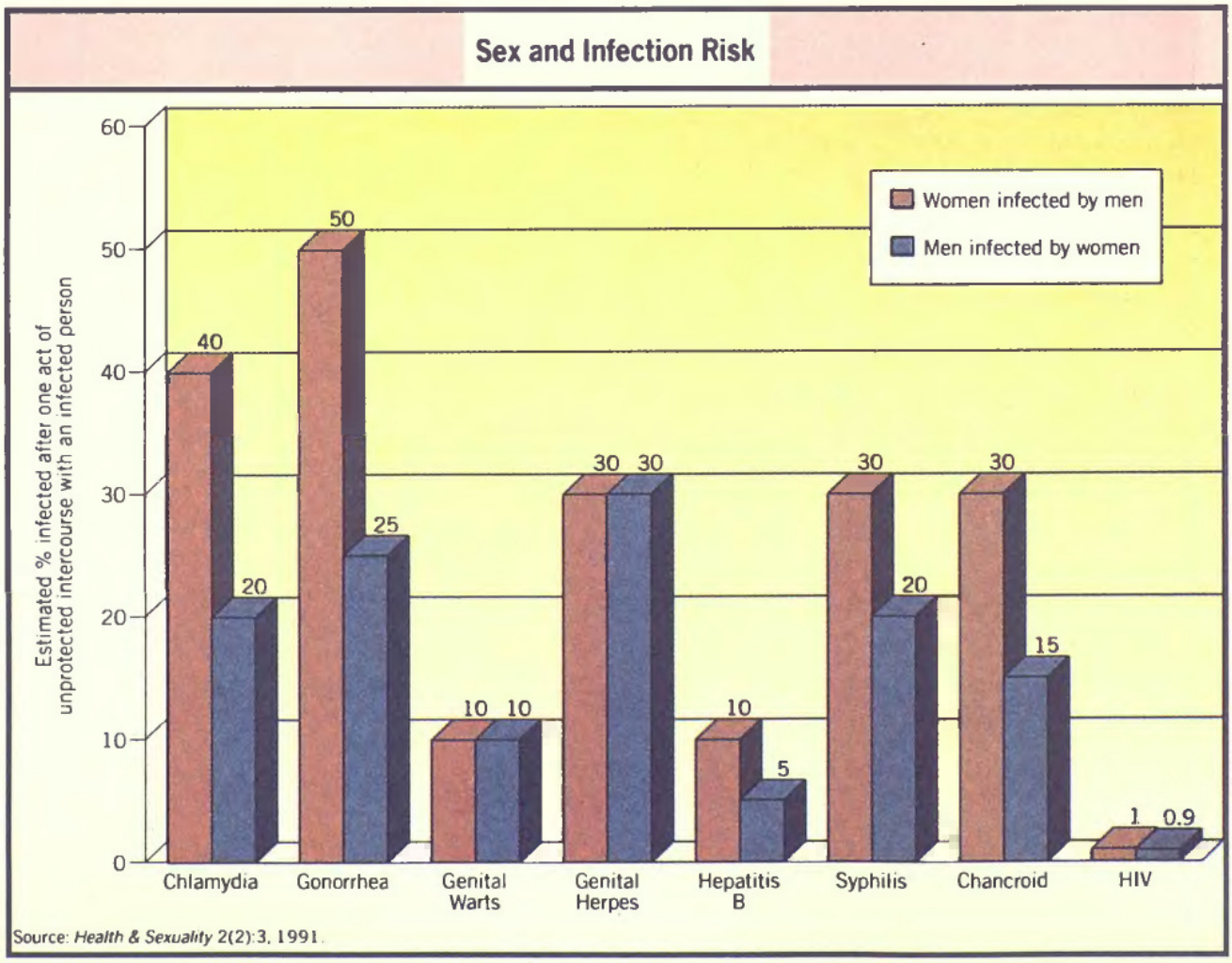
A biker muses, "It's as though these women walk around afraid of vampires, having seen a vampire movie. Magazines don't cause this behavior. People act the way they do because of what happened in their childhood. What your mommy did. What your daddy did."

Redican dismisses being called a dickhead. "They needed to do that. I think everyone brings every moment of his or her life forward. They are acting out something that started the first second of their lives."

The image that stays with us is not the pogo dance of penises, not the placards. It is the shredded magazines, littered curb to curb. All that was missing was the match.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

FORUM F. Y. I.



Source: *Health & Sexuality* 2(2):3, 1991.

OLD JOY/NEW JOY

it was twenty years ago today, doctor comfort taught the world to play

Imagine waking up to find that Mohawk haircuts had been carved on the figures of Mount Rushmore. Imagine that the world's best sex manual had been revised. Actually, the Presidents' coiffures are safe, it's *The Joy of Sex* that's changed. Gone are the explicit Indian paintings. Gone are the pencil sketches of the distinctly hirsute (beard and armpit hair) hippie lovers of the Seventies. Gone is the wedding ring from the hand of the woman whose acrobatic candor signaled a decade of adventure. *The New Joy of Sex: A Gourmet Guide to Lovemaking for the Nineties*, by Dr. Alex Comfort, has replaced Oriental paintings (known for their graphic focus on penetration and penises) with tasteful black-and-white photographs of kissing and cuddling (no penetration). Sex has become an Obsession ad. In the bondage illustration, a brass bed has replaced the carved wooden headboard of the Seventies edition. Gone, too, is the alphabetized guide to *cordon bleu* fun and games. ("Tonight's lesson in love has been brought to you by the letter C.") Sadly, the editors have fixed what wasn't broken and, with little rhyme or reason, juggled entries and entrees. Another oddity is the larger type face: "Mouth Music," originally a four-page ode to oral sex, now spans six pages. This either aids the visually impaired and aging baby boomer, or simply makes the section feel longer. The discussion of venereal diseases has grown from four paragraphs to four pages and includes a new section devoted to AIDS. As *The New Joy of Sex* hit bookstores in America, countries in eastern Europe were publishing the original. Maybe it's the hairy armpits. Or maybe, when you finally experience freedom, you want the raw, uncut version.

—LINDA STROM

OLD Anal intercourse: listed under "Sauces and Pickles." "Something nearly every couple tries once. A few stay with it, usually because the woman finds that it gives her intenser feelings than the normal route and it is pleasantly tight for the man."

NEW Anal intercourse: listed under "Health and Other Issues." "In the light of present knowledge, this is best avoided altogether. It is something many couples try once, and a few stay with it, either because the woman finds it gives her intenser feelings than the normal route, or because it is pleasantly tight for the man. But it is the preferred method of catching, or transmitting, the virus of AIDS, as well as hepatitis, cytomegalovirus and intestinal infections, and it can also cause mechanical damage."

OLD Bondage: listed under "Sauces and Pickles." "The expression of erotic astonishment on the face of a well-gagged woman when she finds she can only mew is irresistible to most men's rape instincts."

NEW Bondage: listed under "Sauces." "The expression of erotic astonishment on the face of a well-gagged woman when she finds she can only mew is irresistible to most men."

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OLD Women: "It matters to them who is doing what, far more than it does to most men."

NEW Women: "Nobody can be a good lover if he doesn't regard women as (a) people and (b) equals."

OLD Prostitution: listed under "Problems." "If your man goes to a prostitute, it's either because he was away from you, or because he has sex needs you didn't know about, or because of the shared-woman no-responsibility bit (which in the most loving males can still be very strong), or simply because of impulse which he doesn't understand. Even if you are hurt about it, try to find out the reason, because knowing it could help a lot."

NEW Prostitution: listed under "Health and Other Issues." "Prostitutes—especially outside Europe—are a major hazard in transmission of AIDS: partly because the illegality of prostitution makes it an available income source for addicts who inject drugs. Amateurs, B-girls and pickups on overseas visits are particularly dangerous—European pros insist the trick wear a condom. Don't take risks in this area."

OLD

No mention of AIDS.

NEW "What does AIDS mean to the sexually active adult, and how does it modify the advice we give? The simplest way of looking at it is that there are now two populations—those who do not carry the virus and those, luckily still a minority, but a rapidly increasing one, who do. Between any two people who are virus-free, all sexual activities are as safe as they ever were. This applies to the vast majority of married couples. If either partner is a carrier, then virtually no sexual activity, other than mutual masturbation, is safe. 'Safe sex' ideally involves staying clear of any potential carrier—this means not only bisexual males and intravenous drug users but also those who may have been the partners of a high-risk subject during the last ten years, and *their* partners—which is difficult: hence the need for precautions, notably the condom. That said, there is no occasion for panic or for losing out on the joy of sex—simply for informed caution. A crimp on the candy-store exploitation of sexual freedom may give us time and motive to redevelop its affectionate side."

READER

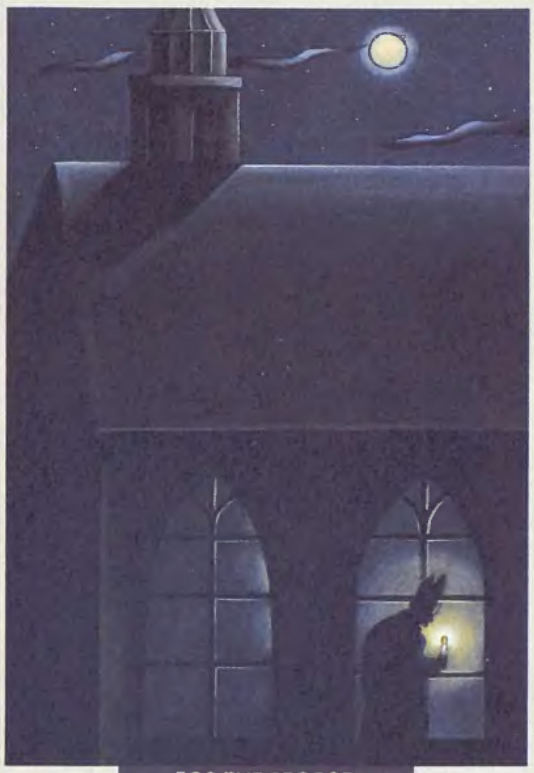
THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Bill Andriette's article "Are You a Child Pornographer?" (*The Playboy Forum*, September) prompts a few thoughts about the present state of legislation in this area. However repugnant one may consider actual child pornography, gutting the First Amendment is not an acceptable means of dealing with it. Prosecutors have argued, straight-faced, that a consenting, obviously enthusiastic and well-paid Traci Lords was really a child being molested. Men have lost their liberty and their fortunes to judges who have accepted this dangerous nonsense. Some provisions of the 1990 Comprehensive Crime Act cited by Andriette are absolutely without precedent. Never before in American history has the simple possession of lawfully obtained images been a federal crime. The basic swindle is equating possession of a depiction of an act with the commission of the act. Most bizarre is the fact that these Congressional guardians have never legislated a nationwide age of consent for sexual activity. There are many states in which 17-year-olds can have consensual sex legally—the individuals just become federal criminals if they bring a camera. The aim of extending the law to "lascivious exhibitions" is censorship by intimidation. If you're worried that one picture on one page might be deemed lascivious, then that David Hamilton book is certainly coming off the coffee table before somebody with a badge and a gun moves it for you. Past generations feared polio because it could confine them to an iron lung. This generation has to fear that forbidden ideas could leave them confined in the government's iron cage.

Chuck Hammill
Los Angeles, California

Bill Andriette's piece on nude photography reminded me of a *Playboy Forum* article supporting photographer Jock Sturges against federal charges that his portraits of nude children were child pornography. The FBI initially seized thousands of Sturges' negatives, claiming to an outraged public, "You haven't seen what we've got." Well, a grand jury did and it refused to indict him. The jury's decision last September was unusual given that they only review prosecution evidence and generally return indictments at the government's request. The jury's refusal indicates the prosecutors' wrong-headed zeal and vindicates Sturges for the mauling of his work and reputation.

Victor Williamson
San Francisco, California



FOR THE RECORD

ON CELIBACY

"The trick in dealing with celibacy is to understand that there is no true substitute for the intimacy of marriage. . . . I'm over 60. For me, it's not about sex. . . . It's when I have a great idea that I'd like to share with someone, when I've heard a new piece of music and want someone to listen with me. . . . If we are alive, we are continually falling in love."

—ARCHBISHOP REMBERT GEORGE WEAKLAND

SCRAMBLED SIGNALS

What in the hell does "squizzle zib nurph" mean? I just finished watching the *Half Hour Comedy Hour* on MTV where a comedian was doing a routine about how the Nineties generation has been cheated sexually by the older generation and about how the older generation owed the Nineties generation a "squizzle zib nurph." That, however, is probably not what he said. I don't know what he said, thanks to MTV's clever censorship. Not only are the spineless wimps at MTV so afraid of right-wing windbags like the Reverend Donald Wildmon that they disrupt their own programing, but they are afraid to admit this fear to their viewers. By disguising the offending comedic remark with the electronically rearranged tones of the comedian's own voice, they insult the intelligence of the viewers whom they think they are fooling and further the goals of those who gleefully chip away at First Amendment rights. I do want my MTV, but not a right-wing version thereof. And you can bet your squizzle zib nurph on that.

Joseph P. Cunningham
Cambridge, Minnesota

CHOICES

Terry White's "Whose Money Is It?" (*The Playboy Forum*, October) gave me the impression that some politicians and pro-life activists argue that we, the taxpayers, do not want our hard-earned money paying for abortions, or even a knowledgeable and educated discussion by doctors in governmentally funded family-planning clinics. As I see it, we, the taxpayers, can either pay for sound advice and sometimes practical measures for an unwelcome pregnancy or pay for the health costs of the child until he or she reaches adulthood. We, the majority, need to assert our rights over the screaming minority of anti-abortionists. We, the rational, have the right not to pay for politicians' irrationality.

Jennifer Van Quill
Charleston, South Carolina

RESPONSE

Why don't we face up to the one major problem in the world from which all other problems and environmental concerns emanate: overpopulation? Think of the good that would come from world concentration on this key issue. China alone, through its regulated birth laws, leads the world in doing something positive by stemming population growth in the most fair and just method devised to date.

Bill Naigles
Patong Phuket, Thailand

China alone leads the world in the kind of regulation that forces pregnant women underground to avoid detection when family growth exceeds the allotted single child. Disruption of the family unit, public humiliation and punishment and an entire subculture of illegal offspring are no more solutions to the population problem than are American attempts to regulate the bearing of unwanted children.

THE P.C. PUZZLE

In his article "Politically Correct Speech" (*The Playboy Forum*, October), Matthew Childs paints a sad picture of what is happening in America. The militants who espouse politically correct speech spout the same garbage that was spawned by Hitler and Stalin in their day. Our constitutional right to free speech is being assaulted by America's government every day and now a new group of Nazis is trying to foist its ideals on an unwilling but silent populace. If the administrators of our nation's colleges become so cowed by these militant Gestapo types, all reason for their being will cease. Because of Donald Wildmon, Jerry Falwell and this new breed of Nazi thought police, America is on a dangerous path to losing all freedoms—the position of communist countries in a not too distant past.

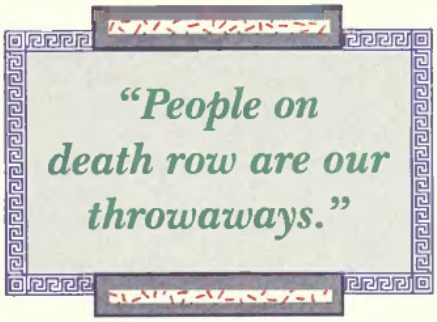
Bruce Taylor
Gresham, Oregon

Accompanying your piece on politically correct speech is a picture of a Penn State poster containing derogatory terms used to refer to a wide variety of groups. Your inclusion of our poster in this section demonstrates a clear lack of understanding of the P.C. concept. Your treatment of the issue follows the emerging pattern of media distortion. The media have focused special attention on efforts at some institutions to use official policy as a vehicle to control types of expression that are incompatible with a wholesome learning environment rather than inviting a meaningful discussion of the underlying issues. The intent of the Penn State poster is clear from its lead statement: "There's a nasty name for everyone." It is hoped that as a result of recognition that anyone can be victimized by language, students will choose to display more respect for others. There is, however, no attempt to control expression. Penn State has no such policy.

James B. Stewart
Vice Provost
Pennsylvania State University
University Park, Pennsylvania

YOU SHOW ME YOURS AND. . . .

Three cheers for Rena Hecht's letter "Equal Time" ("Reader Response," *The Playboy Forum*, September). We can speak for many female friends and acquaintances on the subject of exclusive



female nudity in mainstream movies. We're tired of it. We don't have anything against showing tasteful nudity of women in the movies, but we do have a problem with the fact that we are not shown naked men in movies in return. After all, when two people have sex, aren't they both naked? If film makers show full-frontal female nudity, then they should show full-frontal male nudity—it's only fair, right? Don't give us the argument that showing a naked man is somehow more perverse because men have penises and women don't. Women have breasts and men don't. Naked is naked, whether penis or breast. Men and women look different but neither is more perverse or beautiful than the other.

Joani Haboush
Rita Duenas
Beverly Shaw
Lisa Van Pietersom
Valencia, California

DEATH WATCH

In the October *Forum*, James R. Petersen wrote about how the networks would turn 2437 inmates on death row into overnight celebrities ("If Death Were Televised"). The issue is not that men, women and children (yes, children have been sentenced to death row) will become celebrities, the issue is that televising these executions will make society even more bloodthirsty. I have worked against the death penalty for almost seven years, and I have seen the vigils that take place at prisons in anticipation of an execution. The number of death-penalty supporters dwindles, more than likely because there is nothing to see. With televised executions, they would become more vocal, desire more executions, hunger to watch more of the scum die. People on death row are not the monsters they are made out to be, but people who, from their births, were our throwaways. If more time were taken to help the kids of today, we would not need televised executions tomorrow.

J. R. Deans
Virginia Coalition on Jails and Prisons
Richmond, Virginia

NATURAL LAW

Clarence Thomas' praise for the implicit use of natural law in judicial decisions gives legal standing to Catholic theological complaints about unnatural sex. Using the pretext of natural law, the Catholic hierarchy opposes birth control, sex-hygiene items such as condoms, sex education in schools, abortion, masturbation and homosexuality. The Church's real motive is to make people suffer for having sex, yet the celibacy practiced by the Catholic hierarchy is just as unnatural as birth control. Today we support the idea of inherent human rights, but these are quite different from natural law. Since Judaeo-Christianity's basic cosmological model is essentially monarchial, only bestowed rights—which are revocable—can be found in the Bible, and many of these are based on ethnic group or gender. So let's not return to the Dark Ages under the rubric of natural law.

Jim Senyszyn
Naugatuck, Connecticut

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

AIN'T GOT THAT SWING

MOUNT VERNON, IOWA—*Extremists define date rape as any form of unwanted sex. Now a* Journal of Sex Research *study found that men as well as women*

have engaged in sex without desire: Of those surveyed, 82 percent of the women and 60 percent of the men had had sex when they didn't want to. When polled on how frequently desire did occur, there was a difference: Half the men over 38 said they experienced sexual desire "several times per day," while that frequency of arousal was found in only two to five percent of women—all of whom were under 38.

FAILED SAFE

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA—*The AIDS activist group ACT UP erected a 15-foot-tall condom on the roof of Senator Jesse Helms's house in Arlington. ACT UP considers Helms to be "deadlier than a virus" for opposing sex education, condom-distribution programs, funding for AIDS research and laws banning discrimination against AIDS patients. The protest rubber blew in the wind for 20 minutes before being removed by police.*

BOOB TUBE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Some say there's too much sex on TV, others too little. Nudity, however, is becoming more acceptable.* Washington Post *television critic Tom Shales says that "breasts now seem about 80 percent revealable. The nipple is the new frontier."*

ANOTHER FRONTIER

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT—*Getting nudity back on the street where it belongs, about 20 topless women and a few shirtless men staged what they called the First Brattleboro Breast Fest during the local Village Days celebration. They were protesting broadcast standards that consider bare breasts obscene but accept violence on television. Maybe Shales's column wasn't available in Brattleboro.*

BAIT AND SWITCH

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*As many as 2000 bogus abortion clinics may be operating in this country. In a time-tested—and deceptive—marketing ploy, these clinics advertise abortions and then try to persuade their patients not to have one. A House subcommittee unearthed a start-up manual from one organization that instructs would-be operators to look like, locate near and choose a name similar to that of an established abortion clinic—and to list in the Yellow Pages with clinics that do provide abortion services.*

NORTHERN EXPOSURE

OTTAWA, ONTARIO—*The manager of the Central Canada Exhibition ordered posters of scantily clad women removed from the fair's midway but approved displays featuring pictures of aborted fetuses. He said the sexy pictures were unsuitable for a family event.*

WELL-DESERVED BUST

SAN FRANCISCO—*Two men were arrested for displaying pictures of aborted fetuses at a street fair. The two had displayed full-color placards of aborted fetuses at the Solano Stroll. The two were arrested but never charged under a statute that makes it a misdemeanor to display material "harmful" to children.*

BENCH PRESS

NEW YORK CITY—*A U.S. district court has enjoined a gay-protection organization from calling itself the Pink Panther Patrol. Ruling in a $300,000 trademark-infringement lawsuit filed by MGM-Pathe Communications, Judge Pierre N. Leval agreed that use of the name by the gay group would confuse the public: The Pink Panther image might change from "lighthearted, nonpolitical, asexual, amicable, comic entertainment" to "political activism, violence, defiance, homosexuality and angry confrontation."*

THAT'S AMORE?

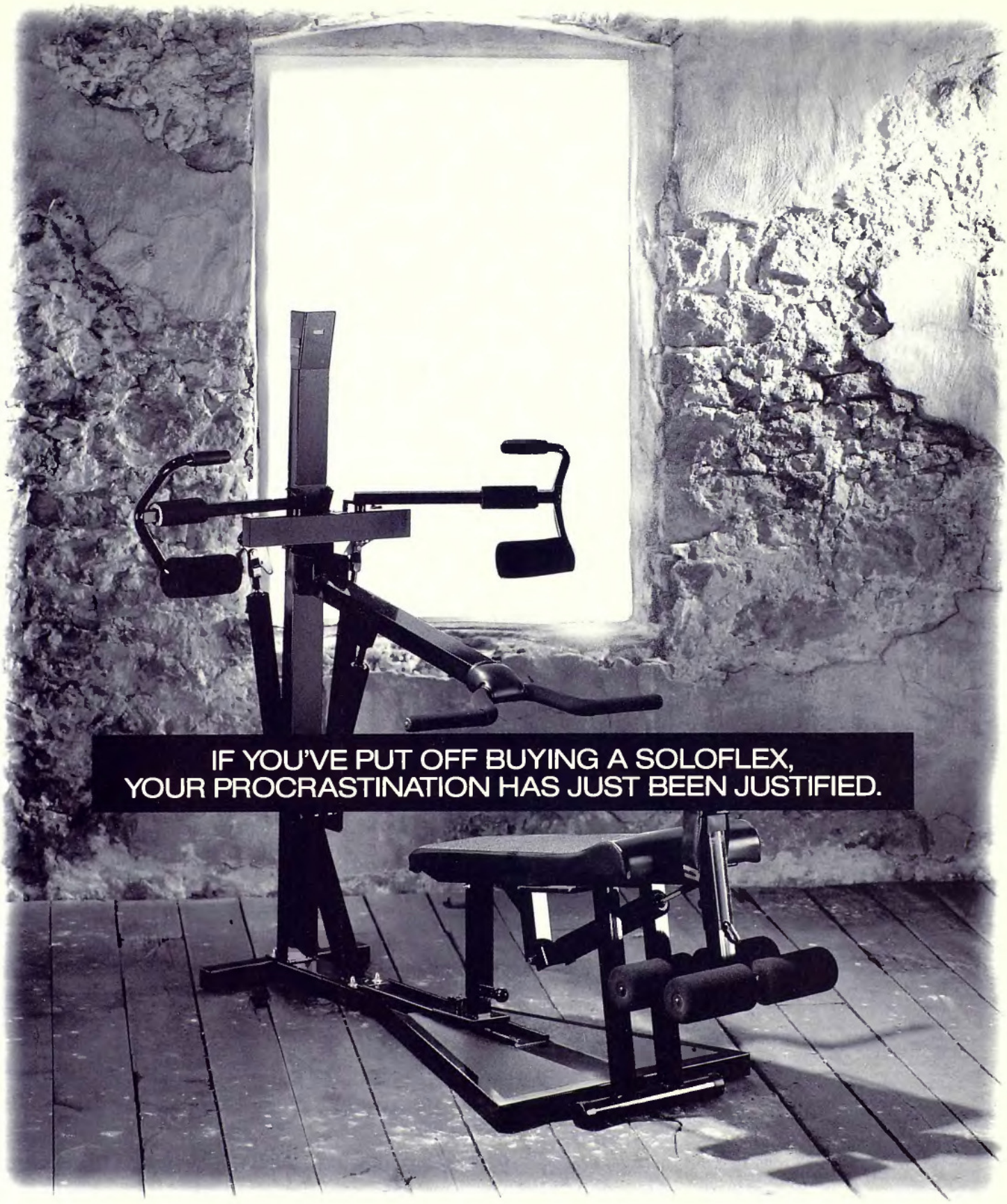
KITCHENER, ONTARIO—*A 23-year-old pizza-parlor manager was acquitted of sexually harassing a female employee when a local court decided that he had honestly mistaken the young woman's giggles as signs of her consent. The judge, a woman, called his behavior "inappropriate and reprehensible" but said the advances were playful and probably would have stopped if the recipient had managed to sound serious.*

JAILHOUSE ROCK

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS—*Not only is Big Brother watching, he's video-taping. After complaints from prisoners' wives that their*

children were being exposed to sexual activity during visiting hours, 11 prisoners and their wives were secretly taped having sex in the prison visiting yard. The amateur porn stars subsequently lost visitation rights for six months.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK



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TRIMAX

PUTTING SEX IN ITS PLACE

sorry, fellas, it's not at work. weep if you like, but behave

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Sexual harassment, now that's a subject I can explore with some personal authority. Mind you, I've never gone so far as the most recently confirmed Supreme Court member is alleged to have gone. Nor will I pretend, as some Senators did, that I was shocked by Anita Hill's allegations. C'mon, guys, you know better. If you're like me, somewhere around the age of 13 you began insisting that any woman of taste would benefit from your offer of foreplay.

Who among us can walk into a room without sniffing for the scent, real or imagined, of female interest? And who is so proper as never to have, particularly after a few drinks, crossed that line between flirtation and hassling? What were those Senators thinking when they insisted that only a pervert would engage in such behavior? I have made a living spending time with guys like them and can attest that no bar in Manhattan is more charged with sexual innuendo than a typical afternoon reception on Capitol Hill. And most of those Senators know damn well that they couldn't turn a woman's head if power relations were equal. Mind you, we are not talking about force, *verboten* in respectable circles, but rather about situations of social inequality in which the woman can be seduced into losing her bearings. Taking advantage is not only easy, it's a drive that's on automatic pilot. That is the ugly truth of our culture, which is why I believed every word from Anita Hill.

Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac, as Henry Kissinger smugly proclaimed at a time when he was ostentatiously squiring more than one ex-debutante around town. And you don't have to be the Secretary of State to experience its temptations. Power can seduce the guest lecturer at a junior college, a position I have taken undue advantage of, or the section boss in a factory. Any male who claims to have never exploited it for low sexual purpose is probably lying or ranks at the bottom of the testosterone scale.

Still, we knew what we did was wrong; sex is an awfully tedious game unless it's played out between consenting adults, and the morning after one of those exploitative romps that treated another human as an object, most of us were good guys, conscious-stricken and apologetic as hell. Men kid themselves about their innocence. It's just too easy for us to behave terribly toward women and believe that we've done nothing wrong. That's why I believed Clarence Thomas.

Most of today's top executives grew up on movie images of the secretary sitting on the boss's lap when she wasn't busy getting coffee and saying dumb things. When the situation changed and women started moving in and up, no one bothered to change the rules. Which is why we have belatedly but decisively moved to make sexual harassment illegal. Thanks to the new Civil Rights Act, behavior that was once culturally condoned will be a crime. Big-dollar court damage awards can be expected for violating a list of no-nos, which is long overdue. I know this makes a lot of us nervous, but we'll get the hang of it and learn that subtlety can be extremely titillating.

Don't get agitated. This does not represent some irrational victory for the women's movement at the expense of men, nor does it signal the resurgence of puritanism. As was the case when laws were finally written to deal with discrimination against blacks, this is just a redress of past grievances. If women had not been discriminated against throughout our nation's history, we wouldn't even be considering the subject of sexual harassment.

None of this means that either blacks or women as a group have made it or are even close. If they had attained a serious measure of power, then civil rights legislation would be redundant. Antiharassment measures and other provisions of the Civil Rights Act do nothing more than nudge the playing field a little closer to level.

Anybody who works for a living knows damn well that the white old-boy network still dominates this country. Despite all the garbage rhetoric about reverse discrimination that we've heard for more than ten years, we have witnessed more backsliding than advancement in civil rights during the past decade. Just consider the woeful economic and social plight of the vast majority of those who happen to be born both black and female. Only a deranged former Ku Kluxer like David Duke could argue that white males are losing their grip on power.

But many people are confused by the changes in the offing, and it is inevitable that the toughened civil rights law, particularly in the area of sexual harassment, will inspire disparaging humor and cause serious tension. A certain arbitrariness is inevitable as we change from the dumb workplace situation women used to find themselves in to something a bit more reasonable. The same people who thought it was a matter of natural law that a woman employee should serve coffee or sex now complain of intimidation by the politically correct when told that they should mind their manners. Well, like it or not, women have at last gained sufficient power to be able to insist on civility.

The problem with enforcement is that the law on sexual harassment is not, nor can it be, precise about these new taboos; when is humor in bad taste or flirtation oppressive? Here's the answer: For the time being, don't do anything to anyone you supervise that you wouldn't do to your mother. We men seem to have a difficult time differentiating between admiring glances and invasive, suggestive leers, and for that reason it is wise, until we learn to behave better, to keep erotica out of the workplace. It's a loss, since the workplace was also a convenient arena for flirtation and courtship, far better than singles bars and dating services, but it has to be sterile for a while. We can live with that.

Let's remember that people engage in sexual harassment for only one reason: They think they can get away with it. When they know they can't, the practice will cease or at least, as with bank robbing, be reduced to a manageable problem. Which is why we need laws and why we should all be grateful for the new civil rights law.

Eventually, things can return, not to the way they were, but to a more sensible and risk-free environment. In the interim, this self-appointed Playboy Advisor says shape up or be prepared to be shipped out. I've done it, and, as a legion of put-upon women can attest, if I can make the transition, anyone else can.

MIXED COMPANY

some women just don't get it

opinion **By JAMES R. PETERSEN**

A few weeks after the Anita and Clarence show, *The New York Times* interviewed Michelle Paludi, a psychologist at Hunter College who coordinates a campus committee on sexual harassment. Here is what the article had to say on the gulf between men and women in their definitions of sexual harassment: "Men and women in college were presented with hypothetical scenarios and asked to say when sexual harassment occurred.

"In one scenario, a woman gets a job teaching at a university and her department chairman, a man, invites her to lunch to discuss her research. At lunch he never mentions her research, but instead delves into her personal life. After a few such lunches, he invites her to dinner and then for drinks. While they are having drinks, he tries to fondle her.

"'Most of the women said that sexual harassment started at the first lunch, when he talked about her private life instead of her work,' said Paludi. 'Most of the men said that sexual harassment began at the point he fondled her.'"

There is a gulf here, but not between men and women: It is between the bold and the brainwashed. The rush to judgment is as suspect as it is incendiary. Legally, sexual harassment has not occurred. There is no *quid pro quo* (she already has her job) and no hostile sexual environment (nothing in the scenario indicates that the attention is unwanted). What you have here is the standard American mating ritual. Lunches lead to dinner. Dinner leads to drinks. At some point, the participants move from talking to touching (or in this case, attempted touching). The man expresses interest. In the absence of a clearly expressed lack of interest, he proceeds. In the absence of a clearly stated rejection, what happens is not harassment. It is, quite simply, none of our business.

But this scenario treats women as potential victims, men as perpetual predators. The story is free of meaningful detail. The woman is devoid of life or—more importantly in this case as well as in the case of Anita Hill—a will of her own.

Was the quest for personal information an inquisition or a witty exchange of anecdote and emotional disclosure? Did the two discover that they were both farm-born, bootstrap-raised Yale graduates who had sold their souls to the Republican Party before retreating into academia? How did the woman dress—in a low-cut cocktail gown, a Liz Claiborne froufrou blouse with a chastity brooch or coveralls and a TAKE BACK THE NIGHT T-shirt? Take away dress, conversation and body language and you dehumanize the scenario. We are presented not with clear signals or even mixed signals, but with no signals.

Asking for such details, we are told, is to commit the sin of blaming the victim. Sexual harassment, we are again told, is about power. It matters only that the man was her boss. Somehow, this turns the woman into a child, the act of fondling into an act of molestation. The woman, we are told, is paralyzed by power, by fear of reprisal.

Sexual interest is about pleasure, not about power. The office is a source of shared times, adventures, campaigns, lunch conversations, deadlines. Most of us are at our best on the job—and if that is not sexually attractive, what is?

We assume that a woman in the adult world has learned how to say "I'm not interested" in a way that will not humiliate, embarrass or invite the revenge of the suitor, whether that man is her boss, her blind date or her best friend.

For years, feminists have claimed that the personal is the political. Now we have a political stance that prohibits the personal, or makes the personal the property of Personnel.

Lloyd R. Cohen, one of the few men to write on this topic in *The New York Times*, put the problem in terms of repression: "In our open, dynamic and multicultural society, there is no discreet set of accepted ways in which men and women make known their availability, to say nothing of their attraction to a particular person. . . . And one can no longer read people's sexual standards from their dress, occupation, the places they frequent or their activities. The prudish and the promiscuous are forced to rub shoulders but often fail to recognize each other's sexual values."

As columnist Ellen Goodman points out, the same confusion lies behind the concept of date rape: "Date rape, that should-be oxymoron, assumes a different perspective on the part of the man and the woman. His date, her rape. Sexual harassment comes with some of the same assumptions. What he labels sexual she labels harassment."

What the hard-liners fail to recognize is the possibility of a turned-on heterosexual female; of woman as sexual being, not sexual object.

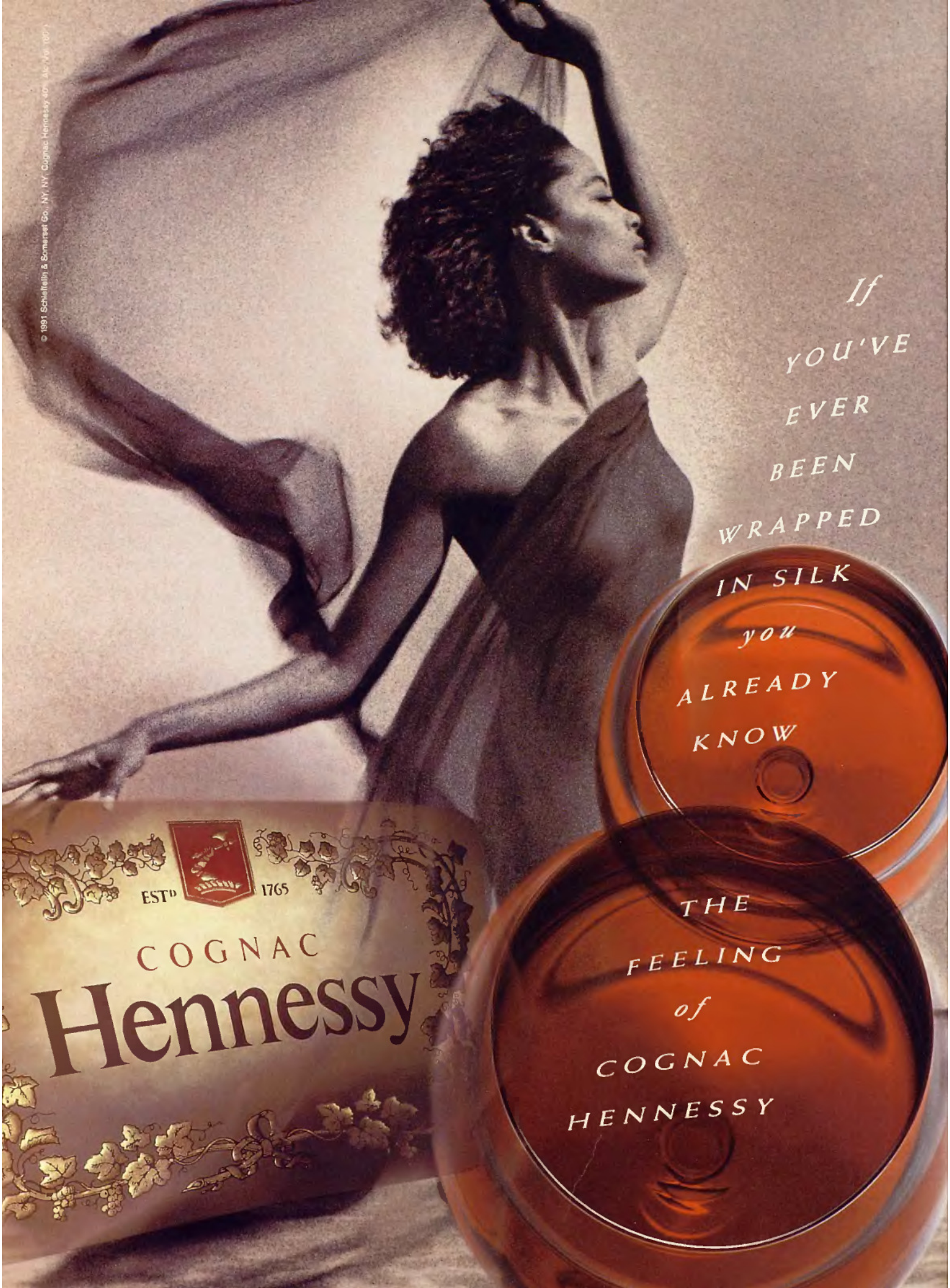
Substitute sexual interest for sexual harassment and the hysteria dissipates: "Anywhere from 40 to 80 percent of all working women will find themselves subjected to [sexual interest] at some point in their careers." Or, "Although nearly half said they had been [the object of sexual interest], none had sought legal recourse, and only 22 percent said that they had told anyone else about the incident."

And it underscores the more ridiculous of the assertions: "[Sexual interest] is the single most widespread occupational hazard." Greater than black-lung disease? Come on. Sexual harassment has become so broad a term as to trivialize and obscure the true antisocial acts that abuse women: There must be a difference between the acts that drive a woman to file a report (only three percent of women who have been harassed make a formal complaint). Or, in another study: "Only about 25 percent of cases of sexual harassment are botched seductions in which the man is trying to get someone into bed. And in less than five percent of cases, the harassment involves a bribe or threat for sex—where the man is saying, 'If you do this for me, I'll help you at work, and if you don't, I'll make things difficult for you.'"

Some sexual approaches are merely inept, others clearly intimidating. One is testosterone, the other is tyranny. (One study claimed to have identified the culprit: Fewer than one percent of men are habitual harassers.) If you throw out the water cooler with the bully, we will all die of thirst.

Some feminists argue that sexuality should be private, and invoke the same theory of privacy the Court used to guarantee abortion: Privacy is a sphere where one makes the most intimate decisions. The workplace is somehow different, they say, somehow public, and the

(concluded on page 137)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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LIZ SMITH

a candid conversation with the queen of dish about giving good gossip, the flap over outing and her dream date with frank sinatra

Back when discretion was still the better part of valor, we wouldn't have dared inquire about a woman's age, a man's salary or either's sexual proclivities. Gary Hart might secretly ship out with Donna Rice, Marla Maples might hole up quietly in some cushy apartment in Trump Tower. A Presidential polyp was the business of no one but the Commander in Chief and his proctologist.

Today, everything about everyone is fair game. Entire TV shows, books and magazines are packed with revelations from trivial to sordid. What used to be the turf of the National Enquirer *is now mainstream journalism. As Tom Wolfe once pointed out,* People *magazine changed the rules. "[It] showed you other people's living rooms." Now the gloves have come off. Living rooms are fine, but bedrooms are better.*

Regardless of how one feels about the trend, few would argue that one of the most influential practitioners of gossip is the syndicated New York Newsday *columnist Liz Smith, whose musings, wit and dish appear in over 70 newspapers around the country almost every day as well as on television reports on Fox Broadcasting.*

The Liz Smith column is where America learned that the infamous Rob Lowe sex video tape was available for $35 at 42nd and Broadway. That Annette Bening was pregnant with Warren Beatty's baby. That Rose Kennedy, when told that Joan and Ted were separated and that "Joan was living in Boston and Ted was living in Virginia," looked up and asked, "So, who's Virginia?"

Her friend Mike Wallace says, "She has the power to get people to pay attention." Said Time*: "She [can] make careers and unwrap reputations."*

Smith isn't only in the business of telling all. She often writes—with fiery opinions—about subjects as diverse as inner-city violence, political scandal and America's lack of leadership. She also touts books and movies, announces casting decisions and top-level job switches in the entertainment and publishing industries. She lists the celebs who show up at hot restaurants and reveals the comings and goings of her famous friends such as Barbara (Walters), Kathleen (Turner), Candy (Bergen) and Liz (Taylor). Smith, naturally, was the only reporter invited to cover Taylor's wedding last October.

She is called the queen of dish, and with good reason. Tantalizing stuff oozes from her column, such as the hot on-the-set romance between Michelle Pfeiffer and John Malkovich (Malkovich's wife found out about the affair in Smith's column); both the marriage and divorce of Debra Winger and Timothy Hutton; and the scoop heard round the world: that one of New York's most ostentatious couples, Donald and Ivana Trump, were in Splitsville.

If Smith was well known before the Trump story, the daily fixes she supplied catapulted her into real fame. She was becoming almost as well known as some of those on her star-studded list of friends.

Indeed, Smith herself lives a celebrity's life. She often dines at "21" or Le Cirque in Manhattan. She appears at Spago in Los Angeles, flies to Venice for a party thrown by Giorgio Armani, goes to Morocco for Malcolm Forbes's $2,000,000 birthday bash and sits next to Marilyn Quayle at a White House luncheon thrown by Barbara Bush.

She has enemies in high places, too. Frank Sinatra, on stage at Carnegie Hall, called her "a dumpy, fat, ugly broad." He claimed Smith would prefer Debbie to Burt Reynolds. (The audience booed.) New York *magazine's John Simon called her a "know-nothing low-brow."* Spy *magazine has made relentless fun of her. In its regular "Liz Smith Tote Board," the magazine tallied the frequency with which*

"It's not fun when people don't like what you've written. I've been threatened by experts. Sean Connery told me he would like to stick my column up my ass. I told him that was the best offer I'd had all week."

"Reporters are amazingly hypocritical. They have all taken drugs and cocaine and have been unfaithful to their spouses. People judge one another by standards they would never apply to themselves."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"I've pretty much stopped writing about Donald Trump. I think he's pathological. The fact that he can get dates isn't news. He can get dates like a guy driving through the tunnel to New Jersey can get a blow job."

she mentioned specific celebs in her column ("Jane Fonda, mentioned once every 8 days; Yoko Ono, every 6; Meryl Streep, every 4.8; Linda Blair, every 24 days").

She had to come a long way to drop names like that. Mary Elizabeth Smith was brought up in Depression-era Fort Worth. Her father was a cotton broker; her mother, Smith has written, was a "beautiful Mississippi belle." They were strict Baptists, "very narrow-minded," she says.

After graduating from the University of Texas in 1948, Smith bounced from job to job in New York. She worked as a proofreader at Newsweek, *staff writer for* Sports Illustrated, *guest booker for one of Mike Wallace's early radio shows and ghostwriter for society and gossip columnist Igor Cassini. Smith was offered her own column in the New York* Daily News *in 1976.*

She immediately published startling revelations—Pat Nixon's heavy drinking, to name one—from the upcoming Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein book "The Final Days." The Liz Smith column took off instantly. Within the next few years, it was syndicated around the country. Then, 13 years ago, she began her regular gossip-and-commentary spot on New York's local WNBC-TV news. Things changed last year when her contract with the Daily News *was up and its late owner, Robert Maxwell, declined to enter a bidding war with* Newsday, *which offered to make her possibly the highest-paid columnist in the country. She also left WNBC for Fox, where she had a regular spot on the short-lived "Entertainment Daily Journal." Fox now says she'll be making appearances covering entertainment on its news programs.*

Smith has unabashedly announced that she has had a face lift and has been married and divorced twice (to an Air Force captain and a travel agent). She has been less candid about her current personal life, though. Outweek, *a defunct gay magazine, claimed she lives with archaeologist Iris Love. The magazine also charged that she uses her column to mask the truth about prominent homosexuals, helping them appear straight to the public.*

When Playboy *decided to go for the deep dish from Liz Smith,* **David Sheff,** *whose interview with Carl Sagan appeared recently, was tapped for the assignment. Here's his report:*

"Our first stop was a movie screening at the Museum of Modern Art. Smith, wearing a lemon sweater, pink pants, cowboy boots and a watch with a map of Texas outlined in diamonds, ducked past klieg lights as reporters fired questions at her and photographers snapped her picture.

"In the mezzanine, the introductions began. 'Gay [Talese], you know David Sheff, don't you?' Well, he didn't, and neither did Brooke Shields, Ellen Burstyn nor Alan Pakula. In the theater, we took seats near the guests of honor, Martin Scorsese and Robert De Niro. Four seats in front were reserved by a piece of masking tape. On the tape was written the word MADONNA.

"As the crowd filed in, Liz pointed out writers, directors and movie stars, whispering their names. I may have made an audible gasp when Madonna arrived. I will digress here only to say that she was stunning, even though, as Liz pointed out, she hadn't washed her hair for the occasion. Liz filled me in on more of who was who.

"One thing led to another, and soon Smith was telling me a joke. 'A mouse and a lion go into a bar to have a drink,' Liz was saying. 'There's a giraffe sitting at the next table. And the mouse says, "Oh, my God, I'm in love. That's the most beautiful creature I've ever seen. Look at her eyelashes."

"'The lion says, "Well, why don't you just go right over and buy her a drink?"

"'The mouse says, "Oh, I can't do that."

"'Eventually, after another drink, the mouse goes over and buys the giraffe a drink and, after a while, they disappear.

"'The next night, the lion is in the bar drinking, and the mouse comes in, looking terrible. The lion says, "What's the matter? What happened?"

"'The mouse says, "Are you kidding? Between fucking and kissing, I think I must have run three thousand miles."'

"I was laughing when I was stopped in my tracks. Madonna looked over her shoulder at me. And smiled.

"Just then the movie began, and by the time it was over and the lights were on again, Madonna had gently slipped out. Smith and I left, too, to begin the interview."

"That's the toughest part of the job—people upset, disappointed, angry, furious, going to break your legs."

PLAYBOY: Got any good gossip for us?

SMITH: People ask me all the time.

PLAYBOY: Well? We're all ears.

SMITH: If I had, I would have used it in the column. Sorry to disappoint you. They call me the queen of dish, but it strikes me as being all wrong. Gossip isn't what is behind the success of my column. There are a number of gossip columnists in America who get much better gossip than I do. I'm not knocking it, but the great gossip columnists, such as Walter Winchell or Dorothy Kilgallen, were measured by how hateful they could be. I don't even begin to touch the hems of their garments.

PLAYBOY: Some people—people exposed in your column—would say you're every bit as hateful as Winchell or Kilgallen.

SMITH: But when I write something fairly scathing, or that seems to be moralistic, it's usually about someone behaving in ways that I find just horrible. It's often because they almost ask for it.

PLAYBOY: Who asks for it specifically?

SMITH: Sean Penn. He's his own worst enemy. It's hard to be sympathetic to him when he goes around socking people. I've never seen a picture of him where he wasn't smoking two cigarettes and having a drink. I wrote that he will finally be great after he checks into the Betty Ford Center or someplace like that. Roseanne Barr [Arnold] is another person who is her own worst enemy, though in some respects, I think she's been misunderstood.

PLAYBOY: Does everybody you write about ask for it?

SMITH: Most of the time I'm not writing salacious gossip. I might write it when I get it, but I more often write about movies and parties. The column is a hybrid of what's going on, what interests me, commentary, other people's writing, what I think other people have said that's interesting. I'm a pretty good reporter. And if I can get something first about somebody getting married or divorced, I print it. But I'm much more interested in how things affect us sociologically and psychologically. It's much more important than who was under whose table at Morton's.

PLAYBOY: But don't readers want gossip—the more salacious the better?

SMITH: I don't think so. I don't hear much from readers about gossipy items, except from people saying they are going to break my legs for telling on them.

PLAYBOY: Do you get nervous over calls such as that?

SMITH: It's not fun when people don't like what you've written. You can't escape. That's the toughest part of the job—people upset, disappointed, angry, furious, going to break your legs.

PLAYBOY: Has anybody ever followed through on threats?

SMITH: I've been threatened by experts. Sean Connery told me he would like to stick my column up my ass. I told him that was the best offer I'd had all week.

PLAYBOY: What offended him?

SMITH: He was making a movie with an actress named—let's not say her name. I cast an aspersion on her ability by suggesting she had been left a lot of money by some guy. I guess he was just feeling gallant.

I once had a terrible fight on the phone with Bette Midler, who called me up and said, "I don't want to be in your fucking column." All I had written was that she was having a romance with this actor, Peter Riegert. Neither one of them was married, so I didn't think I had to go get permission from the Pope to write this innocuous little thing. She felt that I had invaded her privacy and she screamed.

I kept asking her, "What's the big deal?" She started to calm down and we ended up having a very nice talk. I

Medical studies reveal...

The earlier you use Rogaine, the better your chances of growing hair.

"My hair's completely filled in. *It started growing in under 2 months. It was amazing! Early treatment...it works!" —Jim Wilets, 30*

Rogaine is the only product ever proven to grow hair. And studies show that using it at the first signs of hair loss gives you the best chance that it will grow hair for you.

What are the early warning signs of losing hair?

Everyone loses a little hair. Fifty to 80 hairs a day is normal. If you're losing more than 100 hairs a day without normal replacement, the first sign will often be thinning of the "crown" at the top of your scalp. See your doctor when you first notice it, because this small bald spot can grow larger over time.

"I may not have grown any hair after 6 months, but most of my hair's stopped falling out. I'm glad I got to the doctor fast." —Luis Silva, 20

Two million men worldwide have tried *Rogaine*. In yearlong clinical tests conducted by dermatologists at 27 medical centers nationwide, virtually half (48%) of the men who tried *Rogaine* saw at least moderate hair regrowth. Thirty-six percent had minimal regrowth and only 16% had no regrowth.

Doctors also found that it usually takes 4 months or more before you can begin to evaluate your use of *Rogaine*. Side effects were minimal: only 5% of the men tested had itching of the scalp.

"The first time I saw hair growing was at about 8 months. I hadn't lost much...*but I'm not taking any chances." —Tony Vila*

Will *Rogaine* work for you?

Only a dermatologist or another doctor who treats hair loss can tell you, so see one soon. The sooner you get your prescription for *Rogaine* (which is now available in an economical 3-pack), the sooner you could be growing hair.

For more information, a list of doctors in your area who can help you, and a certificate worth $10 as an incentive to visit your doctor, call the toll-free number below:

Send in the coupon or call 1 800 753-5559 ext 674 for your $10 certificate. Soon.

Fill this in now. Then, start to fill in your hair loss.

Mr. Keith Barton, The Upjohn Company
PO Box 9040, Opa Locka, Florida 33054-9944

Dear Mr. Barton:

Please send me a free brochure, full of information on how to treat my hair loss with *Rogaine*. And just to make sure I don't forget to go to my doctor about my hair loss, please send me a list of doctors who can help me and a certificate worth $10 as an incentive to see my doctor. Thanks.

Name_____

Address_____

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Phone_____ Age_____

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For a summmary of product information, see adjoining page.

Rogaine®
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product proven to grow hair.

Rogaine
TOPICAL SOLUTION minoxidil 2%

The only product ever proven to grow hair.

What is ROGAINE?
ROGAINE Topical Solution, discovered and made by The Upjohn Company, is a standardized topical (for use only on the skin) prescription medication proved effective for the long-term treatment of male pattern baldness of the crown and in females for diffuse hair loss or thinning of the frontal areas of the scalp.

ROGAINE is the only topical solution of minoxidil. Minoxidil in tablet form has been used since 1980 to lower blood pressure. The use of *minoxidil tablets* is limited to treatment of patients with severe high blood pressure. When a high enough dose in tablet form is used to lower blood pressure, certain effects that merit your attention may occur. These effects appear to be dose related.

Persons who use ROGAINE Topical Solution have a low level of absorption of minoxidil, much lower than that of persons being treated with *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure. Therefore, the likelihood that a person using ROGAINE Topical Solution will develop the effects associated with *minoxidil tablets* is very small. In fact, none of these effects have been directly attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies have shown that the response to treatment with ROGAINE may vary widely.

Some patients receiving ROGAINE may see faster results than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair growth. You should not expect visible growth in less than 4 months.

If I respond to ROGAINE, what will the hair look like?
If you have very little hair and respond to treatment, your first hair growth may be soft, downy, colorless hair that is barely visible. After further treatment the new hair should be the same color and thickness as the other hair on your scalp. If you start with substantial hair, the new hair should be of the same color and thickness as the rest of your hair.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a treatment, not a cure. If you respond to treatment, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to maintain or increase hair growth. If you do not begin to show a response to treatment with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months or more), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
If you stop using ROGAINE, you will probably shed the new hair within a few months after stopping treatment.

What is the dosage of ROGAINE?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE two times a day, once in the morning and once at night, before bedtime. Each bottle should last about 30 days (1 month). The applicators in each package of ROGAINE are designed to let you apply the correct amount of ROGAINE with each application. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use.*

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
If you miss one or two daily applications of ROGAINE, you should restart your twice-daily application and return to your usual schedule. You should not attempt to make up for missed applications.

Can I use ROGAINE more than twice a day? Will it work faster?
No. Studies by The Upjohn Company have been carefully conducted to determine the correct amount of ROGAINE to use to obtain the most satisfactory results. More frequent applications or use of larger doses (more than 1 mL twice a day) have not been shown to speed up the process of hair growth and may increase the possibility of side effects.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Studies of patients using ROGAINE have shown that the most common adverse effects directly attributable to ROGAINE Topical Solution were itching and other skin irritations of the treated area of the scalp. About 7% of patients had these complaints.

Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported by patients using ROGAINE or placebo (a similar solution without the active medication).

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
The frequency of side effects listed below was similar, except for dermatologic reactions, in the groups using ROGAINE and placebo. *Respiratory:* bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis; *Dermatologic:* irritant or allergic contact dermatitis, eczema, hypertrichosis, local erythema, pruritus, dry skin/scalp flaking, exacerbation of hair loss, alopecia; *Gastrointestinal:* diarrhea, nausea, vomiting; *Neurologic:* headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness; *Musculoskeletal:* fractures, back pain, tendinitis; *Cardiovascular:* edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitation, pulse rate increases/decreases; *Allergic:* nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, sensitivity; *Special Senses:* conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo, visual disturbances including decreased visual acuity; *Metabolic-Nutritional:* edema, weight gain; *Urinary Tract:* urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis; *Genital Tract:* prostatitis, epididymitis, sexual dysfunction; *Psychiatric:* anxiety, depression, fatigue; *Hematologic:* lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia; *Endocrinologic:*

Individuals who are hypersensitive to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol must not use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes, mucous membranes, or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, bathe the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if irritation persists.

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Although serious side effects have not been attributed to ROGAINE in clinical studies, there is a possibility that they could occur because the active ingredient in ROGAINE Topical Solution is the same as in *minoxidil tablets*.

Minoxidil tablets are used to treat high blood pressure. *Minoxidil tablets* lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to retention of fluid and increased heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure:

Increased heart rate. Some patients have reported – a resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute; rapid weight gain of more than 5 pounds or swelling (edema) of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area; difficulty in breathing, especially when lying down, a result of an increase in body fluids or fluid around the heart; worsening of, or new onset of, angina pectoris.

When ROGAINE Topical Solution is used on normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed, and the possible effects attributed to minoxidil tablets are not expected with the use of ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed, discontinue use of ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Presumably, such effects would be most likely if greater absorption occurred, e.g., because ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.

In animal studies, minoxidil, in doses higher than would be obtained from topical use in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given *minoxidil tablets* for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
Individuals with known or suspected underlying coronary artery disease or the presence of or predisposition to heart failure would be at particular risk if systemic effects (that is, increased heart rate or fluid retention) of minoxidil were to occur. Physicians, and patients with these kinds of underlying diseases, should be conscious of the potential risk of treatment if they choose to use ROGAINE.

ROGAINE should be applied only to the scalp and should not be used on other parts of the body because absorption of minoxidil may be increased and the risk of side effects may become greater. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp becomes irritated or is sunburned, and you should not use it along with other topical treatment medication on your scalp.

Can individuals with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Individuals with hypertension, including those under treatment with antihypertensive agents, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking guanethidine for high blood pressure should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
Individuals using ROGAINE should be monitored by their physician 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Discontinue ROGAINE if systemic effects occur.

Do not use it in conjunction with other topical agents such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that enhance percutaneous absorption. ROGAINE is for topical use only. Each milliliter contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause adverse systemic effects.

No carcinogenicity was found with topical application. ROGAINE should not be used by pregnant women or by nursing mothers. The effects on labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied.

Pediatric use: Safety and effectiveness have not been established under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

Upjohn | DERMATOLOGY DIVISION

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Kalamazoo, MI 49001 USA

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thought it was gutsy of her to call.

PLAYBOY: Have you been sued?

SMITH: I've had a lot of lawsuits threatened, but no one ever files. The one who screamed about it the most was Carl Bernstein when I wrote about his divorce [from writer Nora Ephron]. He said I had written about him with malice. The paper took the threat rather seriously. They wanted copies of everything I'd ever written about him. We sent every column and the lawyers called and asked, "Where's the rest of it?"

I said, "That's it." They said, "Are you kidding? Is he *crazy*? You never said anything about him." The paper just laughed in his face.

He never sued, but he uses me in his lectures as the great devil of American journalism. He came up to me at a party one night and threw himself in my arms and cried and said how much I'd hurt him. He blamed me for the divorce.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea who reads you regularly?

SMITH: I hear from all kinds of people—intelligent people, people in padded cells. I think I have a real coterie of high-class fans, both in journalism and out of it, as well as just all kinds of people from all over the country.

PLAYBOY: And some detractors as well. *Spy* magazine, for instance.

SMITH: *Spy* holds me up as a total buffoon. I have no idea why.

PLAYBOY: One of *Spy*'s editors said they do it "because it seems to rattle" you.

SMITH: It doesn't. They have a few pet targets that they cram down everybody's throat every month. They buy these bad pictures of me—there are a lot of bad pictures of anybody who goes out all the time—and they print them. I find it so juvenile. *Spy* makes fun of me; *Esquire* says I'm one of the women it loves. I would like to believe that neither one of those things are deserved.

PLAYBOY: But whether it's *Spy* or Carl Bernstein, much of the peer criticism, even disdain, is virulent. Why?

SMITH: OK. I'm going to tell you. Honestly. I think it's envy.

PLAYBOY: Envy?

SMITH: I think writers who work hard and don't get their due—they haven't arrived yet—are infuriated when they see somebody like me who they assume is making a lot of money and has a lot of power.

PLAYBOY: Some of them are furious because they question your credibility as a journalist. You write about your friends; you are often as much a part of the story as the people you are writing about. Most of all, you're not tough enough.

SMITH: Nobody likes to be criticized and I'm not so secure that I can just say I don't care what people say, but I've gotten so I don't care about most of it. Some of it is so ridiculous. People suggested that I shouldn't have gone to Malcolm Forbes's seventieth birthday party in

Morocco, for instance, that there was something unethical about my going.

PLAYBOY: Well, as a reporter, it is unethical to accept gifts, which include trips to Morocco to hang out with Malcolm Forbes and Liz Taylor.

SMITH: I considered Malcolm a good friend. I wouldn't have thought of not going.

PLAYBOY: But you weren't just a guest. You reported on it.

SMITH: Yes, and when I came back, I wrote about it in a very critical way.

PLAYBOY: But it's a conflict of interest to accept a trip such as that.

SMITH: If I were a news reporter covering this for the front page of *The New York Times*, maybe. I have a job where I'm supposed to go to parties and say what's going on.

PLAYBOY: But you might be tempted to ignore something going on—something newsworthy—if you're indebted to someone.

SMITH: Listen, if that were true, I wouldn't have written what I did about the party: I said I thought that the public relations overkill and everything was terrible.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that, say, Bob Woodward on assignment for *The Washington Post* shouldn't accept gifts?

SMITH: I'm a gossip columnist. Bob Woodward is an investigative reporter who has to be cleaner than a hound's tooth. I'm not writing about anything crucial.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to the criticism that the column is filled with press releases from Hollywood press agents.

SMITH: The only way you can write a column like mine is to have some help from public relations people. If a PR agent gives us something that seems like news, we use it. But it's a myth that there is an apparatus that feeds the column. Maybe ten percent originates with PR people.

PLAYBOY: And——

SMITH: [*Interrupts*] Excuse me. But please tell me what is wrong with using PR people if they give you real news?

PLAYBOY: You're publishing prepackaged public relations, *not* real news.

SMITH: If a PR person tells me that Debra Winger is going to make a movie, that is news. People are interested. If we find out she's gone off the deep end or something, we call the press representative to at least get a statement. We don't use anything without checking it. Some movie stars have very active press agents. Robert De Niro and Martin Scorsese, for example, had a press agent who never gave me anything but was on the phone if I said anything about them that she didn't like. I said De Niro had an operation for gallstones or something—*big deal*—but she called up and denied it had happened. I *knew* somebody in the hospital with him. But if I want to know something, I can call her and she will, I believe, tell me the truth.

Sylvester Stallone and Arnold Schwarzenegger both have active PR people, because they evidently believe in the value of presenting themselves in the best way they can. I happen to like both of them very much and I've known them both for a long time. We get a story on something Stallone is going to do, a publicity release or an exclusive story to us about Stallone, and if I feel it is full of news, then I am happy to use it. But I wrote something about him and got a big flap from the same people. They were yelling because I said that he and Eddie Murphy were having a big feud. I just ignored them.

PLAYBOY: Do they expect a certain kind of treatment from you? If you saw Stallone drunk at a party, would you be less likely to print it because you'd get no more cooperation from him?

SMITH: If I have a good-enough story, it wouldn't have anything to do with them. I get angry calls all the time. I know if I write anything that Jane Fonda doesn't like, I'm going to hear from her press agent.

PLAYBOY: Who are your best sources?

SMITH: They change. People will get real interested in being a source, and they'll be a source, and then they'll disappear or they'll become personally involved in something they don't want me to know about.

PLAYBOY: Has the business of gossip changed now that stories that used to be relegated to the columns—Gary Hart and Donna Rice, Jim Bakker and Jessica Hahn—are viewed as hard news?

SMITH: A gossip column can't be what it once was, because the whole society now seems pervaded by this obsession with people, with any detail about famous people. And it comes with this Victorian, moralistic attitude. Reporters are amazingly hypocritical. They always express this sort of shock: "Oh, my God! You took a drug! You were drunk! You were unfaithful to your wife!" They're very high-minded. It's amazing, because they have all taken drugs and cocaine and have been unfaithful to their spouses.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it their job to have that attitude toward public figures?

SMITH: I think it's just a Victorian hangover. People judge one another by standards they would never apply to themselves. The Gary Hart scandal never would have happened a short time ago. It might have come up in a gossip column such as Walter Winchell's, but it wasn't suitable as hard news. These front-page stories are more compelling than anything I can come up with.

PLAYBOY: Is it good that politicians' personal lives are front-page news?

SMITH: I think so, for the most part.

PLAYBOY: The Kennedys might never have been elected if the press had covered them the way they covered Hart.

SMITH: Well, as far as I'm concerned,

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Bobby and Jack Kennedy were total disasters for the United States, based precisely on their lack of responsibility and restraint when it came to women.

PLAYBOY: How did their sexual proclivities affect them as leaders?

SMITH: I was caught up in their glamour and sex appeal. It was a very exciting time. Jack Kennedy was one of the most compelling figures I've ever seen. Bobby seemed so sensitive and feeling. But their arrogance stuns me. It is as bad as the openhanded arrogance of Lyndon Johnson or the secretive, mad and paranoiac arrogance of Richard Nixon. It's horrible that the Kennedys were killed, and there's no question that they were very intelligent and attractive and dynamic and that they brought a kind of fresh breeze into America. But there was too little restraint.

PLAYBOY: The Kennedys aren't alone.

SMITH: That's true. There probably haven't been too many men who've come to the Presidency who have always been faithful to their wives. But now we have television and this huge maw of reportage and sound bites and people scrapping for every little bit of anything. Any indiscretion is magnified. Most of us aren't as clean as a hound's tooth. But most of us aren't running for President.

It's the same with the Charles Robb–Tai Collins story. He should have said, "I made a mistake and had a brief dalliance with this young lady and I've explained it and worked it out with my wife and I regret it." The most ridiculous thing was that he didn't do that and he suggested that the woman only gave him a massage and that they had prayed together.

PLAYBOY: How about with Edward Kennedy and his nephew in Palm Beach. Was that a big story for you?

SMITH: It was covered so intensely by so many people that I felt there wasn't much I could add. I never could get anything I was really sure I could believe. I did quote the piece Taki wrote in the London *Spectator* in which he told about Willie Smith beating up an English girl he knew well. It was ignored until I wrote about it. Then everyone picked it up and, of course, then all the other women came forward.

PLAYBOY: Where do you see America's hunger for dirt going?

SMITH: The irony of it all is if we go on in this natural progression it will eventually have a numbing effect—nobody will care what *anybody* does. There'll be certain things that still won't be acceptable—stealing money, beating up widows and orphans, murdering your opponents—but I think we will get to where people's sex lives will not be germane news so long as the American people know a politician isn't a sex maniac or apt to be diverted from a national crisis by a girl on his lap.

PLAYBOY: Now that *The New York Times* is writing gossip, how do you compete?

SMITH: First of all, the *Times* has changed and the changes have not been good. Something drastic has happened there. It is a response to what it perceives as the shrinking newspaper readership. Within the space of a month, the editors shocked everybody by printing the name of the alleged Palm Beach rape victim and putting Kitty Kelley's book about Nancy Reagan on the front page. They gave the book so much credence, which is what created the furor over it. The *Times* in a sense authenticated it. They dismantled their reputation in a manner I've never observed before.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider the tabloids to be competition?

SMITH: I can't compete with them. The *National Enquirer*, the *Star* and the other weekly tabloids don't care what they print. And the tabloids create news by paying for it; I certainly can't compete with that. By paying for information, they are attracting people to squeal on their lovers or so-called friends. People are paid to say they went to bed with a movie star. They pay chauffeurs and maids and nurses and X-ray technicians. I've never paid for anything.

PLAYBOY: Never?

SMITH: Never.

PLAYBOY: How conscious are you of the effect of what you write on the subjects you're writing about?

SMITH: I'm very conscious, which is probably why I'm not a better gossip columnist. I'm always trying to figure out whether a story is important enough to do—or whether I'm brave enough and whether I want to endure the fallout.

PLAYBOY: Do you operate on the principle that public figures, be they politician or movie star, are fair game?

SMITH: I think that some public figures are more fair game than others. It's gloves off on politicians and people whose public image is perfection, like the televangelists—Jim Bakker—people who claim to be spiritual or moral leaders. They are the whited sepulchers waiting for our graffiti.

PLAYBOY: In the aftermath of John Belushi's death, you took the controversial stand of supporting Bob Woodward for writing *Wired*, his exposé of Belushi's drug use, while most of Hollywood attacked it.

SMITH: I made a lot of enemies over that. Nobody wanted to deal with the fact that Belushi's drug abuse was being enabled by studio heads, producers, managers and all these people who just wouldn't say no to him. I was amazed that his wife, Judy Jacklin, was defending those people who were shown for what they were in Woodward's book. Penny Marshall, Robert De Niro—all these people got incredibly upset over it. They just didn't want the story written.

PLAYBOY: How do you decide which movie stars are fair game?

SMITH: When people are so big and when they have lived by publicity, then I don't see any reason not to print anything you can find out about them. I only draw the line between bad and good gossip.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference?

SMITH: Good gossip is just what's going on. Bad gossip is stuff that is salacious, mean and bitchy—the kind most people really enjoy.

PLAYBOY: Like news of romantic entanglements? Is that OK to publish?

SMITH: It's OK if you can get a line on it and can confirm it. It's not of earth-shattering importance, but it's of legitimate interest to the public.

PLAYBOY: What if no one confirms it but you have other sources?

SMITH: It depends. I don't like writing things about people playing around when they're married. I think it's too wounding. I don't want to be the one informing Mrs. So-and-so that her husband is having an affair with So-and-so.

PLAYBOY: Have any Mrs. So-and-sos found out in your column?

SMITH: I printed the story about Michelle Pfeiffer and John Malkovich having their big romance when they were making *Dangerous Liaisons*. They had gone totally berserk over each other. I got a letter from Malkovich's wife, Glenne Headley, telling me how much I had wounded her. She didn't know about it before she saw my column. I thought they had divorced. I wrote this thing completely unaware that he was still married.

PLAYBOY: How did you respond to Headley?

SMITH: I apologized and told her that I honestly thought she and John had divorced. But she remained on my conscience, I must say.

PLAYBOY: In general, how do you decide when to write news of a divorce?

SMITH: The fact is, every divorce and every separation isn't some salacious piece of shit.

PLAYBOY: Yet, don't many people want it kept quiet?

SMITH: I don't know why they do, but they do.

PLAYBOY: How about for privacy's sake? Or discretion?

SMITH: Of course, and I respect that. I just read a book about anchormen. Peter Jennings talked about how terrible it is to read about his private affairs in print—I printed the story about him and his wife splitting up briefly when she ran off with [*Washington Post* columnist] Richard Cohen. Well, all I can say is that that story was placed with me deliberately.

PLAYBOY: By whom?

SMITH: [*Smiles*] Let's just say I didn't make it up. He didn't call me personally, but. . . . It was obvious I had been chosen to tell this story. Then he complains about it. When it comes to people

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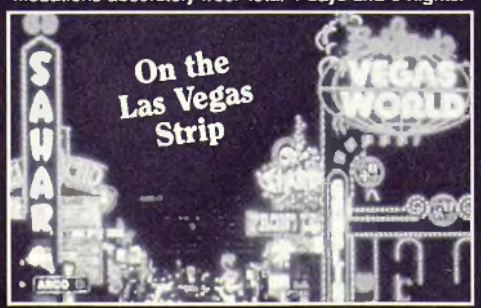

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divorcing, sometimes they want you to know. Barbara Walters wanted me to write that she and her husband were separated.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SMITH: I think a lot of people who are separated want people to know they're not playing around if they're seen out with someone else. They want to get it on the record. Nora Ephron wanted me to write that she and Carl Bernstein were divorcing. People know I'll be pretty evenhanded, and then it won't appear in the *National Enquirer*.

PLAYBOY: Does the column come in handy for getting even with people who have crossed you?

SMITH: I try not to let myself use the column for revenge. I made some mistakes in the beginning. There are people I don't care for in the business, but I try to be scrupulously fair.

PLAYBOY: How about if you had a really horrible meal at a restaurant?

SMITH: I just wouldn't go back. If I have something nice to say, OK. Otherwise, I let it go. Well, maybe if it was something that *really* ticked me off. In the old days, the columnists—Winchell, Kilgallen, Hedda Hopper, Louella Parsons—came to believe their own hype. They were really like demigods; you couldn't cross them. They had a kind of power that nobody writing today has. Television vitiated all of that. But Winchell had incredible power. He made the stock market go up and down. Poor press agents would commit suicide because their access to the column was cut off and they'd lose all their clients. I couldn't punish anybody. They wouldn't care. They'd laugh.

PLAYBOY: You're criticized for writing about your friends. Can you write about them honestly, warts and all?

SMITH: Fortunately, I don't have that many real friends in the acting business. Still, if I have a pertinent and meaningful story about anybody I know, I go to them and try to develop the story. What do people want from me? You cannot know anybody and close all your doors and fix it so you don't have access because you're so pure—you won't take a peanut-butter canapé—but the fact is, I can't be bought for a plane trip. I can't be bought for something so petty. I don't mean that a lot of nice things don't happen to me as a direct result of writing a column. I get flowers. I get an occasional bottle of champagne. But I don't pay any attention. They say everybody has a price, but I haven't even heard any bidding for me. I *wish* I would get offered something great. Like how about a nice big diamond bracelet?

PLAYBOY: Who are your closest celebrity friends?

SMITH: Kathleen Turner, Mary Tyler Moore, Barbara Walters.

PLAYBOY: Is it hard for them because they know you're a columnist?

SMITH: It is hard for them. They take a lot of flak about me.

PLAYBOY: What kind of flak?

SMITH: People assume that if I write stories relating to them, they told me. Nobody wants to be tagged as a fink. I end up getting less out of my friends than from people I don't know. They'll tell me something totally innocuous and ask me not to print it. I'd never use something without going back to ask them about it. I would like to be treated like an ordinary person, not like some pariah, though I understand it. I think the press is populated by people who are undereducated and by people who are betrayers. My own relationships with the press haven't been so great. It's hard to give interviews and be so totally misrepresented and misunderstood.

PLAYBOY: But don't you have less to complain about, since this is your business?

SMITH: Absolutely. I'm complaining, but I don't have the right to. I admit that up front.

PLAYBOY: So you're fair game?

SMITH: I'm absolutely fair game.

PLAYBOY: What about those proponents of outing, for instance, who have targeted you as a closet homosexual who covers up in your column for others? How do you feel about that?

SMITH: What can I say? It's a free country. They can say whatever they want, and I don't have to respond to them.

PLAYBOY: But?

SMITH: But I think they're terrible. I think they're terrorists. I don't think they have any ideology or sincerity—I think they're trying only to make themselves famous, which they have done.

PLAYBOY: In fact, they claim they are tired of people hiding their sexuality because it contributes to homophobia and to some of the problems around AIDS.

SMITH: But they aren't honestly trying to accomplish anything by rushing about pointing fingers at people. They say I should be a role model. Who the fuck are *they*? I don't want to be anybody's role model.

PLAYBOY: Their point is that there are so few positive role models because most prominent homosexuals are in the closet and you perpetuate the closet.

SMITH: How?

PLAYBOY: By lying about people who are gay, by covering up for them as if it were something to be ashamed of. You would write about a major star if he were having an affair with some starlet, but not if he were involved with a man.

SMITH: Listen, gays have the problems of all downtrodden minorities, and so I haven't said they aren't entitled to do whatever they want. But outing doesn't accomplish anything.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to their charges?

SMITH: I'm not obligated to respond or answer their questions about their mythical ideas about my sex life. Nobody is.

PLAYBOY: Don't you write about the sex life of public people all the time?

SMITH: I'm not going to make statements about my sex life. I'm sixty-eight years old. Let's just say I've had a very good time. But it isn't pertinent. I am not their creature, whatever they may think.

PLAYBOY: Do you perpetuate the problem by writing about prominent homosexuals as if they were straight?

SMITH: Let me take a famous dress designer, for example. They think he's gay. He marries. Am I supposed to analyze that he is gay and shouldn't have married? He's never told me he was gay. I wouldn't have thought of asking.

PLAYBOY: But if it was known by you and most everyone you know that a marriage was for show, would you expose it?

SMITH: That's not what I do. I don't tell on people.

PLAYBOY: But don't you tell on people such as Michelle Pfeiffer and John Malkovich?

SMITH: I explained that. Yes, if there were some real flamboyant behavior, throwing each other down the stairs, having orgies while the wife's upstairs, maybe. I don't even know then that that's my business.

Everybody who knew Rock Hudson and everybody who worked with him and every Hollywood columnist knew that he was gay. I think eventually the whole nation knew he was gay. But if it was out and obvious, I don't see how he could have gone on working. He couldn't have played the husband in *McMillan and Wife*, even on television.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that the point? If the public actually knew who was gay, would no one have to hide his or her sexuality?

SMITH: As we move out from under the shelter of Victorianism, it may eventually not become true.

PLAYBOY: At least, do you understand the source of the frustration? Isn't it a choice between honoring someone's right to make the decision and perpetuating a myth that encourages bigotry?

SMITH: I'll tell you what this boils down to. There are more important things in life. I do not want to be defined by my nonexistent sexuality, or by any of my past sexuality, either. I've been married twice, to two men whom I love very much. Outside of that, I don't see anything that will be solved by saying any more about it. I married when I was young, in Texas, and then I married when I was doing the Cassini column. I wasn't meant to be married. I'm not a wife. I need a wife. I spent ten years of my life married and the rest of it bouncing from pillar to post, having a wonderful time. I had a wonderful time during the sexual revolution. I was a lot older than most of the people who were at the vanguard of it, but I still had fun. Now,

I'm sorry my marriages didn't work out. But, you know, I want to go into a room and have people say, "There's Liz! She's a terrific person, a good writer, a columnist—she's fair, she's unfair—whatever." That's how I want to be identified.

PLAYBOY: Let's move from the sublime to the Trumps. Here was a case where you became caught up as a character in the story you were reporting. In retrospect, how do you view the experience?

SMITH: It was all pretty creepy.

PLAYBOY: How did it get that way? You were on the front page of the New York *Daily News*, shown escorting Ivana Trump from a luncheon into a waiting limo. What happened?

SMITH: I look like her nurse taking her to a psychiatric ward. I was shocked. I didn't know the paper was going to be there.

PLAYBOY: But it was the *Daily News*—your paper at the time.

SMITH: Well, they didn't tell me or ask me. They had my inside story of what had happened at that luncheon, and that was the only picture they had of her.

PLAYBOY: How did you end up in that position?

SMITH: There were about twenty-five of the social ladies at this lunch. When it came time to go out, none of those women wanted to face the crowd with her.

PLAYBOY: Why did you brave it?

SMITH: I'm not afraid of the press. Those were my pals out there, or my enemies—my *peers*, at least. I'm not afraid of them. I said, "Come on, Barbara, you and I will go out with Ivana."

PLAYBOY: Barbara who?

SMITH: Barbara Walters. I just thought we would help her get to the car.

PLAYBOY: How could that not have been a scoop—Ivana Trump flanked by you and Barbara Walters?

SMITH: Well, all I wanted to do was get out of there and get Ivana out. As we reached the door, Barbara was shoved aside, so it was just the two of us. I said to Ivana, "Now smile, be like Jackie Onassis." She had been crying through the lunch. I said, "You don't want to go out there and let them see how sad you are. You look so beautiful, just smile." So we both went out with those idiot grins on our faces.

PLAYBOY: You broke the story originally. Did you know the Trumps before that?

SMITH: I knew him first, actually. I liked him. He was very interesting and entertaining and funny. He was always sweeping me up in his arms and saying to everybody standing around, "Isn't she the greatest?" Of course, he did that to just about everybody. Then I met Ivana, and I loved her instantly. I began to see Ivana more because of these girls' things—luncheons, showers. I was invited to everything they did, but mostly as part of the press.

PLAYBOY: And what led to your scoop?

SMITH: I began to hear that he was seeing

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somebody else. I never tried to find out because I would not have printed that, no matter what.

PLAYBOY: Why? Wouldn't that have been a great item?

SMITH: I knew Ivana didn't know, even though everybody was talking about it. Finally I called him. I said, "Donald, there is a strong story going around and it just won't die. Why don't you either decide that you're going to talk to me about it and let me print it in a way that won't be too inflammatory or sensational or fix the situation so this story ends?"

PLAYBOY: That was fairly presumptuous, wasn't it?

SMITH: Well, I really was concerned for Ivana.

PLAYBOY: Did you think he would listen to you?

SMITH: I thought he at least should know that things were going to explode if he didn't do something, one way or the other. When I told him, he said he would think about it. He didn't deny it.

The stories got worse. Then there was the blowup in Aspen—Ivana and Marla [Maples] screaming at each other in the restaurant. I wrote Donald a letter and again suggested he talk about it. I said, "You're going to be in someplace a lot worse than the Liz Smith column." Nothing. He never answered the letter.

The next thing I knew, Ivana called me and asked if I would see her for a private meeting. She cried and wept and sobbed through the whole thing. She was in such a state of shock. She said she had a lawyer whom she trusted, and that she didn't trust anyone else. She said she knew Donald would ruin her, that he would take me away from her—he would take Barbara Walters and all her friends away from her. I told her that wasn't true. She asked me not to print anything about it.

PLAYBOY: If she didn't want you to print it, why would she call you, of all people?

SMITH: She called to confide in me and to ask if I knew of any good public relations people, because she realized she would need one if the story came out. She was afraid Donald was going to announce it. I left thinking it would really be dirty pool to betray her by printing the story, but within a day, I was talking to her lawyer and to the publicist she hired, trying to convince them that it was in Ivana's best interest to release the story before Donald did. They agreed with me, and I guess they talked her into it and I broke the news about the divorce.

PLAYBOY: Donald countered by giving his side to your competition, the *New York Post*. That started a newspaper war like New York hadn't seen in some time.

SMITH: The papers and my TV station loved it. My producer at WNBC was jumping up and down, calling first thing in the morning: "What have you got?" I'd say, "Fuck you. I'm asleep." I mean, he *tormented* me. We got some great stuff because he was so aggressive. It was the biggest story I ever saw happen that wasn't important, next to Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the interest is mostly that the public enjoys watching the mighty fall?

SMITH: Absolutely. And this story had everything—a mistress, a spurned wife, enormous and ostentatious wealth. It had everything but murder. It was *Dallas* come alive.

PLAYBOY: Does it show that we're obsessed with the trivial?

SMITH: Maybe. I thought it was noteworthy that while this was going on, *Time* interviewed me for its story on gossip. The first questions its reporter asked me was whether I had a face lift, dyed my hair and whether I was gay. I would never ask anybody any of those questions. And it had the audacity to make fun of *me* for being trivial.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about Trump now?

SMITH: I pretty much stopped writing about him. I think he's pathological. The fact that he can get dates isn't news. He can get dates like a guy driving through the tunnel to New Jersey can get a blow job.

PLAYBOY: Trump is someone who could only exist in New York. Could you do your column in another city?

SMITH: I don't think I'd ever leave New York. I do get away to Vermont a lot. Nobody there asks me about Michael Ovitz or Elizabeth Taylor or the Trumps. Nobody knows who I am, which I love. But where would I go? Back to Texas? There are only two conversations in Texas: football and cars. I'm not too interested in either of them. When I go back now, I'm a fish out of water.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you felt when you were growing up?

SMITH: Yeah, I did. That's why the lure of New York for me was just so intense.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize your childhood?

SMITH: I grew up in Fort Worth, during what I call the Booth Tarkington era, when America was innocent, when little boys fished with a bent pin and a dog could sleep in the middle of the street and not be run over.

PLAYBOY: Did you have aspirations as a child?

SMITH: When I was about eight or nine, I had an old typewriter that my father gave me and I made a newspaper—headlines, stories, everything. I guess I always wanted to write. I dreamed about New York. I would lie on the floor and read Walter Winchell's column about New York and the fancy clubs. I couldn't *wait* to go to New York.

PLAYBOY: What brought you there?

SMITH: I came with a friend—as a sort of chaperone, of all things. I arrived with fifty dollars and no return ticket home. I guess my father would have let me come home, but he was pretty disgusted with me then because I had gotten a divorce—I was the first person in my family who had ever gotten one and I was in disgrace.

PLAYBOY: What happened to your own marriage?

SMITH: I really loved this guy a lot, but I sure wasn't meant to be anybody's wife. I had very high expectations for myself. I wanted to be like Myrna Loy. Well, I just wasn't any good at marriage. I hadn't sown any wild oats. I didn't know anything.

PLAYBOY: Was New York all that you expected?

SMITH: I was dazzled. I went out every night. You could go to the theater for a dollar and a quarter. I saw things I'd never seen in my life. Ballet, symphonies. Texas was sort of a cultural desert. I'd seen about four plays in my whole life. I'd never seen an artichoke. I was sort of like this waif with my nose pressed up against the glass.

PLAYBOY: Soon you were one of the ones behind the glass, out at the fancy clubs alongside some of your former heroes, such as Walter Winchell. When did you begin writing your column?

SMITH: I began working for columnist Igor Cassini, reporting and writing. I wrote about El Morocco, the hot night club, practically every day, because it was where the remains of café society were still functioning. My boyfriend was the press agent for the club. It was fantastic. Lyndon Johnson would be at the first table, Aristotle Onassis at the next, Jack Dempsey at the next. All the columnists were there, including Winchell.

PLAYBOY: What was he like?

SMITH: This was toward the end of his career. His newspaper in New York, the *Daily Mirror*, had folded and he didn't have a New York outlet. He'd come in to El Morocco—this man who had been so powerful—and pass out mimeographed copies of his column as it was appearing out of New York. It was so pitiful. No New York paper picked him up because he was too much trouble. He'd made too many enemies.

PLAYBOY: What led to your own column?

SMITH: I began free-lancing for magazines and contributing to the Robin Adam Sloan question-and-answer column, which was about celebrities. It's just like the one in *Parade*, which is one of the most-read things in America, even though I'd be willing to bet that some of the questions are fake. It's a vaguely shadowy, unethical kind of thing. The *Parade* column is so transparent and so bad that I'm really surprised it's still there. But I did the Sloan column for the money. The *Daily News*' editors knew I was doing it and they asked me to start writing under my own name. I told them

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I thought gossip columns were deader than the dodo. But they convinced me to try it. They felt readers would identify with me. They thought I was down to earth, not off-putting and grand.

PLAYBOY: You first made big news when you broke some of Woodward and Bernstein's *The Final Days*. How did you get the scoop?

SMITH: I couldn't tell this for years. I'd been sworn to secrecy. I knew Carl Bernstein and I knew that he and Woodward were writing their book, but I never had any hope of getting anything. I was sitting at home minding my own business when a writer named Tony Schwartz called me. He said he had a great story for me—stuff from the Woodward-Bernstein book, *The Final Days*. I, of course, asked how he got it, but he told me not to ask any questions. Later I found out that he had gotten it from Kitty Kelley, who had gotten it from someone at the *Post*. Tony told me I couldn't contact Woodward and Bernstein because they were under an ironclad contract with *Newsweek* and *The Washington Post*, which had paid for exclusive rights to break the book. Well, the paper went wild with it. I saw Ed Kosner from *Newsweek* at a party the next day after it ran and he was furious. I got a telegram from Carl that said, "Congratulations, Scoop, I don't know how you did it." It did me a lot of good.

PLAYBOY: What about the David Begelman check-forging and embezzlement scandal at Columbia Pictures?

SMITH: The story was ongoing but unresolved. One Christmas Day, the *Washington Post* printed the most incredible exposé about Begelman. He had forged Cliff Robertson's name on a check, so I called Cliff and asked if he'd seen it. He begged me to leave it and him alone. He said, "Please. They've threatened my daughter."

Well, I convinced him to see me. After agonizing hours, I finally convinced him that it was better to tell the truth. I convinced him that he was in more danger from people *not* knowing.

PLAYBOY: Who threatened him?

SMITH: It wasn't David Begelman, let's put it that way. But Columbia really wanted this story to die, and so did Ray Stark and a lot of other people. A lot of people who loved Begelman wanted it to die. These thefts had obviously been an action of a really disturbed person.

I reprinted *The Washington Post* story, giving them full credit, and commented, "Nobody saw this. What's going on here? Is the Los Angeles district attorney ignoring this case?" And I wrote about Cliff—several columns about it. It caused a big explosion.

PLAYBOY: Did you write that someone had threatened his child?

SMITH: Yes. And it continued. Later, when David McClintick's *Indecent Exposure* was coming out, Stark came to New York begging me not to write about it. He was a good friend. I said, "Are you kidding? This is one of the greatest stories of my life. Of *course* I'll write about it."

PLAYBOY: McClintick, in his book, credited you with being influential in bringing the Begelman scandal to the attention of the public.

SMITH: Yes. It was a wonderful boost. I was very proud of it. Those are the things that make your life worth living.

PLAYBOY: Has your running feud with Frank Sinatra been settled, too?

SMITH: Sinatra hated me because I attacked him in print for attacking other people. He denounced me from the stage of Carnegie Hall. He was violent about it. But then, years later, Sid Zion, a former *New York Times* reporter, called and told me, "Sinatra wants to meet with you." I told him that he must be crazy. He said, "So many people have told him he's wrong about you that he thinks you should make up. I'm going to call you some night. He's going to be here, and I want you to come and meet us and talk to him." He asked if I was going to be nice. I said, "Sure. I don't hold grudges. I don't care that he said I was fat, old, a lesbian and ugly from the stage of Carnegie Hall." [*Laughs*]

One day Sidney calls me and tells me to meet them at Jimmy Weston's, a restaurant where Sinatra hangs out. I'm in a dither all day, like some dizzy girl going to her first dance. I couldn't decide what to wear. When I got there, Sinatra was sitting alone in a little private room. He jumped up and shook my hand. When I called him Mr. Sinatra, he said, "Frank, Frank, please call me Frank."

We sat down and started talking. We talked for hours. We never mentioned our past differences.

PLAYBOY: What did you talk about?

SMITH: We just talked about things. The weather and so forth. I admired his ring and his watch. He's very, very interesting and entertaining—obviously—when he wants to be. Then he said to me, "You and I should be friends. We shouldn't be attacking each other."

The next day all these unbelievable orchids arrived with a note that said if I ever need him, I should call. And he signed it Francis Albert. It was sort of like having a love affair with Sinatra.

PLAYBOY: Did you write about it?

SMITH: I wrote pretty much what had happened. I tried to write it in a way that wouldn't reflect on him in any way that would make him sorry he did it. And from that time, we sort of laid off each other. I keep hoping he won't ever do anything so bad I have to write about it again.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't you look at it cynically: He wooed you to shut you up?

SMITH: Well, it wouldn't stop me from writing something if I found out about it and it was worth writing. But my father always used to say that wise people change their minds.

PLAYBOY: Who out there is left that you would like to meet?

SMITH: A lot of people, but not necessarily actors. I would love to meet Mrs. Thatcher. I'm interested in politicians.

PLAYBOY: Did you know the Reagans?

SMITH: I knew her. I said, "Hello, Mr. President, God bless you," two Christmases in a row, but I didn't really know him. I really hoped God would bless him because he needed it. I had a lot of interaction with Mrs. Reagan, though. Lots of her objecting to things I had written. She was delighted the couple of times I took her side. I defended her when everyone was criticizing her for buying the White House china. It was bought with contributions from her rich friends and didn't cost the taxpayers anything. Overall, I didn't think Mrs. Reagan was as bad as people painted her. She is just absolutely charming personally. She's the warmest of all of the First Ladies that I've known, all going back through Lady Bird. The others are all sort of glassy-eyed and talk in great political generalities.

PLAYBOY: How about Barbara Bush?

SMITH: I know her pretty well. We work on the literacy committees together. I love her—she's wonderful. Mrs. Bush is different. She's very sweet and real, but she tends to be a bit controlling. I'm not being critical of her, though, because she's a lovely human being. And I think that kind of public life must be really hard—talk about people coming up and asking *me* stupid things, imagine the stupid things they ask her.

PLAYBOY: Has she complained about things you've written about her or the President?

SMITH: I've written a lot of things critical of the President, which to her mind is being critical of her. She most recently took me to task for saying that the carpet in the upstairs of the White House had been newly ordered for the Diane Sawyer–Sam Donaldson interview, and she was right and I was wrong, so I corrected it. Also, I had referred to it as off-white. When I went to the White House to some event, I got off the elevator in the private quarters and Mrs. Bush said, "You see, Liz: This carpet is not off-white." It was yellow. She said, "And you can tell this isn't a new carpet." I said, "*Mea culpa*, Mrs. Bush," to which she said, "Don't give me Mrs. Bush—it's Barbara." It's very hard for me to call Mrs. Bush Barbara, but sometimes I choke it out.

PLAYBOY: What's your relationship with the Vice President and his wife?

SMITH: I ran a big, devastating story on the Quayle family's involvement with Colonel Robert Thieme, Jr., the right-wing fundamentalist preacher. The

implication was that both she and Dan were very much influenced by him. It was a story that had been buried in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. I got a lot of nasty mail about it: How dare I smear the Vice President with guilt by association? But if a family that is potentially bound for the White House is in the thrall of anything—an astrologer, masseur, Gestalt therapist, fundamentalist preacher, Roman Catholic bishop—it is important for the American people to know about it.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever hear from Quayle about it?

SMITH: No, but later, at a luncheon in the private White House quarters, Mrs. Bush seated me next to Marilyn Quayle. I was sure that she did it on purpose. Mrs. Bush is so wily and smart. Mrs. Quayle didn't act like she'd ever heard of me before or knew who I was or cared. She was very nice during lunch and we had a nice talk. She never brought it up and never mentioned it and I didn't either. I wasn't anxious to be involved in an incident in the White House.

PLAYBOY: Are you a friend of Jackie Onassis?

SMITH: I almost made an industry out of writing about her for about a year or so when she married Onassis.

PLAYBOY: You wrote that she "proved that if you do something really vulgar to get a lot of money, but don't do anything really vulgar with it, you can enter the establishment."

SMITH: Well, she came back to New York after Onassis. I saw her and decided I wasn't going to write about her anymore, because she was trying to lead a different kind of life and I didn't feel she was fair game anymore. She's living proof that you can drop out without dying. You don't *have* to be a scandal if you don't want to. But for a while, she, Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor were the mainstays of my column.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the exclusive on Liz's wedding last year?

SMITH: I wrote her a letter and told her that I felt that after twenty-six years of friendship, I should be at that wedding. Her press agent called and said, "A decision is being made. You'll hear right away." Then she called and asked me to call Liz. She said she wanted me to be the only journalist there. But she wanted me to give all the money I earned from the story to AIDS research. I suggested she'd get more money if she got someone like Norman Mailer to come and sell it as a big story with a big literary by-line, but she said, [*imitating Taylor*] "I don't want Mailer, honey. I want you."

PLAYBOY: What do you make of the Jane Fonda–Ted Turner romance?

SMITH: I've known Jane Fonda for years, and though I don't know Ted Turner, I think it's just perfect that they're together. Don't you?

PLAYBOY: Why?

SMITH: This sort of swinging tycoon from Atlanta meets this lovely liberal from California who is very interesting, but extremely self-absorbed. It's a natural conclusion to the end of her metamorphosis from Hanoi Jane to total commercial respectability, sliding into the establishment. What's great about this story is that he could have done what other men his age do—go for some young, brainless bimbo. He decided to get involved with an attractive, middle-aged woman.

PLAYBOY: Are you suspicious when big-name people like that get together?

SMITH: In this case, I think Ted and Jane are very much in love with each other. We all have romantic illusions about ourselves. I don't mean to be corny, but I think that they're very much like anybody else.

PLAYBOY: Who are your favorite younger stars?

SMITH: I like a lot of them. I think Sean Penn, who hates me with a passion, is one of the best actors I've ever seen. I love Robin Williams. I think Demi Moore is one of the most ravishing girls I've ever seen. I like Bruce Willis very much.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep up with the ever-changing cast of who's who?

SMITH: I try to keep up. I read *Variety* and *The Hollywood Reporter*. I read magazines I don't even understand. I don't know anything about sports. I don't know anything about rap and know very little about rock and roll. I don't care, but I try to cover it.

PLAYBOY: Is there a big difference in the influence you have on television versus in the columns?

SMITH: Television is so fleeting that I wonder how profound the influence could be. When I write in the column, it can have a very profound effect.

PLAYBOY: What's behind the big changes last year—leaving the *Daily News* and WNBC for *Newsday* and Fox?

SMITH: I'd done pilots for Fox. [Fox chairman] Barry Diller wanted me to do a regular interview show. We made a deal and I started doing the *Personalities* show, sort of a poor man's *Entertainment Tonight*. Well, it was abysmal and junked and rebuilt as *E.D.J.* It was a phenomenon, but it was expensive and it was killed. Now they say I'll do regular entertainment reports on the Fox network. And I didn't leave the *Daily News* until Maxwell gave me an offer. I felt a certain amount of loyalty.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet with Maxwell?

SMITH: He was very nice but he literally didn't offer me much more than a cost of living raise. He sort of dangled a bonus in front of my eyes. He said he reserved the right to give me a bonus every year on my birthday. In the end, I didn't trust him; I didn't think I would love to work for him. But *Newsday* was offering the sun, the moon and the stars, including an enormous increase in syndication, appearances in the *Los Angeles Times* and *Chicago Sun-Times* and a five-year contract. Still, it was a very traumatic experience for me and I'm just now beginning to settle into it all.

PLAYBOY: Are you completely free to write whatever you want?

SMITH: No one has said anything to me, though the *Los Angeles Times* changed an item I wrote about Don Hewitt, the producer of *60 Minutes*, being steamed about something. I said, "Even if you reside west of the Hudson, listen carefully this evening, and you'll be able to hear Hewitt snorting." The *Los Angeles Times* changed the word "snorting" because they said it had a bad connotation on the West Coast.

PLAYBOY: After all these years, do you still enjoy writing the column and living that fast-lane life?

SMITH: I am overstimulated, overentertained, overfed. All I want to do is go home and lie down and watch television and drink a Coca-Cola and have some tomato soup out of a can. I find going out and socializing very exhausting. I love the writing, but sometimes I think I've been going on too long.

PLAYBOY: Well, you've certainly collected some good stories.

SMITH: I know. But the real advantage of having been around so long is that I have a lot of contacts and a lot of experience. I can call people and get answers. I have a sense of what I believe in, what I care about.

PLAYBOY: What aspirations do you have for the column?

SMITH: I honestly think that tough, irreverent, frank discussion is good. Maybe it'll bring a new era where people don't have to go on with absurd hypocrisies. I can't stand that people have no sense of humor anymore, no sense of irony, no understanding of satire or any kind of subtlety. They don't read. I don't know what kind of civilization you can have if people don't read. They're outwardly stimulated.

PLAYBOY: Does it frustrate you that the culture often considers your work so trivial?

SMITH: Sure, I like to be taken seriously. No, it doesn't bother me when I'm not.

PLAYBOY: You obviously know a lot more than you're able to print—what happens to all that other stuff?

SMITH: Nothing. A lot of it isn't printed for reasons of taste or for reasons of hurtfulness. Maybe because it involves a minor child. A lot of people tell me perfectly incredible stories that can't be proved. We lose some great stuff. But, hell, who cares? This is not national security, just some good gossip.

PAINTING BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

LOVE IN THE LEAN YEARS

i knew stephanie took the sun on our terrace. if i established an alibi at the office. . . .

fiction **By DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

CHARLES DICKENS knew his stuff, you know. Listen to this: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery."

Right on. You adjust the numbers for inflation and what you've got right there is the history of Wall Street. At least, so much of the history of Wall Street as includes me: seven years. We had the good times and we lived high on that extra jolly sixpence, and now we live day by day the long decline of shortfall. Result misery.

Where did they all go, the sixpences of yesteryear? Oh, pshaw, we know where they went. You in Gstaad, him in Aruba, her in Paris and me in the men's room with a sanitary straw in my nose. We know where it went, all right.

My name's Kimball, by the way; here's my card. Bruce Kimball, with Rendall/LeBeau. Account exec. May I say I'm still making money for my clients? There's a lot of good stuff undervalued out there, my friend. You can still make money on the Street. Of course you can. I admit it's harder now; it's much harder when I have only thruppence and it's sixpence I need to keep my nose

filled, build up that confidence, face the world with that winner's smile. Man, I'm only hitting on one nostril, you know? I'm *hurtin'*.

•

Nearly three years a widow; time to remarry. I need a true heart to share my penthouse apartment (unfurnished terrace, unfortunately) with its grand view of the city, my cottage (14 rooms) in Amagansett, the income of my portfolio of stocks.

An income—ah, me—which is less than it once was. One or two iffy margin calls, a few dividends undistributed; bad news can mount up, somehow. Or dismount and move right in. Income could become a worry.

But first, romance. Where is there a husband for my middle years? I am Stephanie Morwell, 42, the end product of good breeding, good nutrition, a fine workout program and amazingly skilled cosmetic surgeons. Since my parents died as my graduation present from Bryn Mawr, I've more or less taken care of myself, though of course, at times, one does need a man around the house. To insert light bulbs and suchlike. The point is, except for a slight flabbiness in my stock portfolio, I am a fine catch for just the right fellow.

I don't blame my broker, please let me make that clear. Bruce Kimball is his name and he's unfailingly optimistic and cheerful. A bit of a blade, I suspect. (One can't say *gay* blade anymore, not without the risk of being misunderstood.) In any event, Bruce did very well for me when everybody's stock was going up, and now that there's a—oh, what are the pornographic euphemisms of finance? A shakeout, a mid-term correction, a market adjustment, all of that—now that times are tougher, Bruce has lost me less than most and has even found a victory or two amid the wreckage. No, I can't fault Bruce for a general worsening of the climate of money.

In fact, Bruce . . . hmmm. He flirts with me at times, but only in a professional way, as his employers would expect him to flirt with a moneyed woman. He's handsome enough, if a bit thin. (Thinner this year than last, in fact.) Still, those wiry fellows. . . .

Three or four years younger than I? Would Bruce Kimball be the answer to my prayers? I do already know him and I'd rather not spend *too* much time on the project.

Stephanie Kimball. Like a schoolgirl, I write the name on the note pad beside the telephone on the Louis XIV writing table next to my view of the East River. The rest of that page is filled with hastily jotted numbers: income, outgo, estimated expenses, overdue bills. *Stephanie Kimball*. I gaze upon my view and whisper the name. It's a blustery, changeable, threatening day. *Stephanie Kimball*. I like the sound.

•

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Agatha Christie said that. Oh, but she was quoting, wasn't she? Shakespeare! Got it.

There was certainly a flood tide in my affair with Stephanie Morwell. Five years ago, she was merely one more rich wife among my clients, if one who took more of an interest than most in the day-to-day handling of the portfolio. In fact, I never did meet her husband before his death. Three years ago, that was; some ash blondes really come into their own in black, have you noticed?

I respected Mrs. Morwell's widowhood for a month or two, then began a little harmless flirtation. I mean, why not? She was a widow, after all. With a few of my other female clients, an occasional expression of male interest had eventually led to extremely pleasant afternoon financial seminars in midtown hotels. And now, Mrs. Morwell; to peel the layers of black from that lithe and supple body. . . .

Well. For three years, all that was merely a pale fantasy. Not even a consummation devoutly to be wished—now, who said that? No matter—it was more of a daydream while the computer's down.

From black to autumnal colors to a more normal range. A good-looking woman, friendly, rich, but never at the forefront of my mind unless she was actually in my presence, across the desk. And now it has all changed.

Mrs. Morwell was in my office once more, hearing mostly bad news, I'm afraid, and in an effort to distract her from the grimness of the occasion, I made some light remark, "There are better things we could do than sit here with all these depressing numbers." Something like that; and she said, in a kind of swollen voice I'd never heard before, "There certainly are."

I looked at her, surprised, and she was arching her back, stretching like a cat. I said, "Mrs. Morwell, you're giving me ideas."

She smiled. "Which ideas are those?" she asked, and 40 minutes later we were in her bed in her apartment on Sutton Place.

Aaah. Extended widowhood had certainly sharpened *her* palate. What an afternoon. Between times, she put together a cold snack of salmon and champagne while I roved naked through the sunny golden rooms, delicately furnished with antiques. What a view she had, out over the East River. To live such a life. . . .

Well. Not until this little glitch in the economy corrects itself.

"Champagne?"

I turned and her body was as beautiful as the bubbly. Smiling, she handed me a glass and said, "I've never had such a wonderful afternoon in my entire life."

We drank to that.

•

We were married, my golden stockbroker and I, seven weeks after I first took him to bed. Not quite a whirlwind romance, but close. Of course, I had to meet his parents, just the once, a chore we all handled reasonably well.

We honeymooned in Caneel Bay and had such a lovely time we stayed an extra week. Bruce was so attentive, so charming, so—how shall I put it?—ever ready. And he got along amazingly well with the natives; they were eating out of his hand. In no time at all, he was joking on a first-name basis with half a dozen fellows I would have thought of as nothing more than dangerous layabouts, but Bruce could find a way to put almost anyone at ease. (Once or twice, one of these fellows even came to chat with Bruce at the cottage. I know he lent one of them money—it was changing hands as I glanced out the louvered window—and I'm sure he never even anticipated repayment.)

I found myself, in those first weeks, growing actually fond of Bruce. What an unexpected bonus! And my warm feeling toward this new husband only increased when, on our return to New York, he insisted on continuing with his job at Rendall/LeBeau. "I won't sponge on you," he said, so firm and manly that I dropped to my knees that instant. *Such* a contrast with my previous marital experience!

Still, romance isn't everything. One must live as well; or, that is, some must live. And so, in the second week after our return, I taxied downtown for a discussion with Oliver Swerdluff, my new insurance agent. (New since Robert's demise, I mean.) "Congratulations on your new marriage, Mrs. Kimball," he said, this red-faced, portly man who was so transparently delighted with himself for having remembered my new name.

"Thank you, Mr. Swerdluff." I took my seat across the desk from him. "The new situation, of course," I pointed out, "will require some changes in my insurance package."

"Certainly, certainly."

"Bruce is now co-owner of the apartment in the city and the house on Long Island."

He looked impressed. "Very generous of you, Mrs., uh, Kimball."

(continued on page 154)

"I never realized how badly your folks wanted grandchildren."

RACHEL, RACHEL

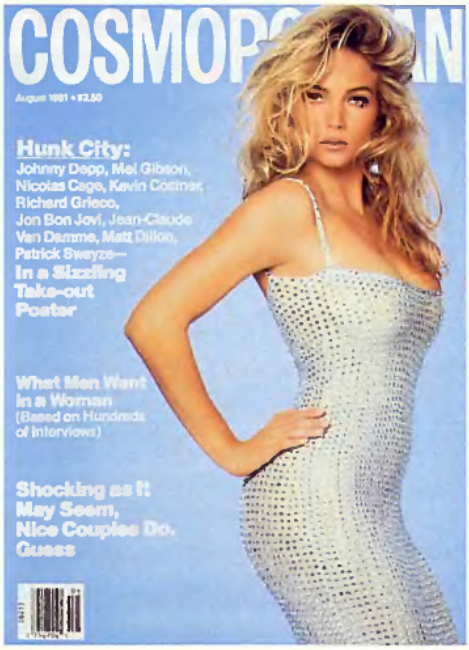
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SANTE D'ORAZIO

we've been wondering: what's it really like to be a supermodel?

text by GLENN O'BRIEN

THIS CAN BE tough for manly men, but just for a second, try to imagine that you make a living by being one of the most beautiful women in the world. You have blonde hair and green eyes and you're considerably taller than most of the men you meet. Probably even stronger than they are. Billions of images of you are scattered around the world. You're the center of attention whether you're modeling on a runway, attending a party, walking down the street or buying lug nuts at the hardware store. Everyone has ideas about you before you open your mouth. Everyone treats you differently. Men ogle, women whisper. Being beautiful is no piece of cake. Rachel Williams doesn't want all that attention. She really is sick of tropical islands. She doesn't care if she ever goes to another perfect beach.

She doesn't like to talk about being a model or the dumb things some models like to talk about. She's world-famous and she hasn't even decided what she wants to be when she grows up—but she does have some ideas. The only thing Rachel really likes about being a famous model is that now she has enough money to hire architect Tod Williams, her dad, to build her a house in L.A. Now she can have a father-client relationship and finally give the old man orders. Rachel Williams might be the only model in the world who doesn't want to be an actress. She really doesn't. She wants to direct. Usually, models become actresses and then want to direct. Rachel wants to skip the middle step. She'll probably make a good director. She'll probably be able to get her cast and crew to do anything she asks. She has a certain quiet authority about her. The name Rachel is Hebrew for "ewe, emblem of gentleness," and the name William is German for "helmet of resolution." So Rachel Williams is a pretty good name for this resolute supervixen. She is calm, polite and obliging, but she's not somebody to trifle with lest ye be trifled. Rachel is serious, but she's funny in a serious way.


COSMOPOLITAN
Hunk City:
Johnny Depp, Mel Gibson, Nicolas Cage, Kevin Costner, Richard Grieco, Jon Bon Jovi, Jean-Claude Van Damme, Matt Dillon, Patrick Swayze—
In a Sizzling Take-out Poster
What Men Want in a Woman
(Based on Hundreds of Interviews)
Shocking as It May Seem, Nice Couples Do. Guess

She knows what she likes and she knows what she wants and, odds are, she'll get what she wants. What does she want? What does she like? Rachel Williams is a morning person. She likes to get up at seven and breakfast on granola and fruit. Her favorite fruit is cherries. She takes a lot of sugar in her coffee. Although she lives outside L.A., Rachel's favorite city is New York. She's also keen on Iceland because of its cool beauty. The best vacation she ever took was dorying down the Colorado River with the whole Williams clan last summer. The best date she ever went on was a drive from L.A. to Sonoma. Her favorite car to drive is a muscle car. Rachel likes money. Her favorite kind of money is the English pound coin that they don't make anymore. Rachel doesn't own a purse; she keeps things in her pockets. The only things in her refrigerator, she claims, are organs ready for transplant and a few bottles of Diet Squirt and Glacier water. Rachel's favorite way to dress is casual, chic and understated. She likes to wear Armani pants. Her favorite suit is her birthday suit. Her favorite kind of men's underwear is edible. Her favorite pants belong to her man. Rachel doesn't like hats. Her favorite *(text concluded on page 140)*

THE QUESTION OF WHO KILLED J.F.K.—AND WHY—REMAINS A VIVID SCAR IN OUR HISTORY. JIM GARRISON, THE NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT ATTORNEY WHO PROSECUTED THE CONSPIRACY AND COVER-UP, TAKES US THROUGH THE LATEST THINKING ABOUT THE PLAYERS AND THE EVENTS THAT STILL HAUNT US AFTER 30 YEARS

THE CONSPIRACY THAT WON'T GO AWAY

article By CARL OGLESBY

WE ARE IN a screening room atop the Westin Hotel in New Orleans. It is July 1991 and Oliver Stone is in town filming *JFK*, his latest assault on establishment sensibilities, a movie with the premise that we do not yet know the truth about the assassination of President John F. Kennedy in Dallas on November 22, 1963.

Stone has already filmed the Dallas scenes. He has brought his company to New Orleans because *JFK* is based on the work of Jim Garrison, a young and aggressive district attorney at the time of the J.F.K. murder. The lights dim and an image flickers to life on the screen. The clapper board reads JFK, SCENE 30. We are in a cell in the Dallas County Jail. It is June 1964, seven months after Dealey Plaza.

The prisoner is Jack Ruby, a stocky, nervous

Each of the men pictured here harbored powerful reasons to oppose, even to hate John F. Kennedy. They are, from left, standing, Allen Dulles, Fidel Castro, Nikito Khrushchev, Lee Harvey Oswold, Sam Giancana and Lyndon Johnson. The enduring question is whether or not any of them had o hand in his assossination.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN THOMPSON

middle-aged man whom the whole world watched murder accused J.F.K. assassin Lee Harvey Oswald on live TV two days after Oswald's arrest. Facing Ruby across a table, erect and somber in a black suit, sits Earl Warren, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and the reluctant chairman of the Report of the President's Commission on the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

CONSPIRACY?

Jack Ruby's murder of Oswald was basic to the J.F.K. cover-up. Despite Ruby's ties to the Mafia and his frantic hints of conspiracy, the Warren Commission insisted on treating him as another lone nut, like Oswald.

It is a tense moment. Ruby has insisted on testifying even though no one wants him to, least of all Warren himself. "Do you understand that I cannot tell the truth here in Dallas?" Ruby says. "That there are people here who do not want me to tell the truth?"

But Warren says only, "Mr. Ruby, I really can't see why you can't tell us now."

Ruby's desperation is palpable. "If I am eliminated," he says, "there won't be any way of knowing." He waits for a reaction, but Warren seems a genius at not getting on Ruby's wave length. He does not ask, "Knowing what?"

Finally, exasperated, Ruby blurts it out: "A whole new form of government is going to take over our country," he says, "and I know I won't live to see you another time. My life is in danger here. Do I sound screwy?"

And Warren's voice resonates in its most mournful basso, the words lingered over, tasted, given all their weight: "Well, I don't know what can be done, Mr. Ruby. Because I don't know what you anticipate we will encounter." Now the camera turns more closely on the heavy, solemn figure of Warren and, for a moment, it almost is Warren, the right age, the right look of stolid pride.

But the figure isn't Warren at all, of course. It's Jim Garrison. Not Kevin Costner, who plays the part of Garrison in the film, but Garrison himself, the real Garrison, all six and a half feet of him. No soul in all creation stands more opposed to Warren on the question of what

GARRISON: DOGGED D.A.

Retired Louisiana judge Jim Garrison is the only prosecutor to bring a J.F.K. assassination case to court. Although he lost the case, he did convince most members of the jury that J.F.K.'s death was, in fact, a coup. In part because of his work, the Warren Commission's theory that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone assassin was quickly discredited. Garrison's 1967 belief that Oswald was set up by renegade elements of U.S. intelligence has emerged as the theory favored by most current investigators.

The biggest puzzle: Clockwise from upper left: **Richard Nixon** left Dallas a few hours before J.F.K. was shot. A Dallas newspaper that day quoted him as speculating that J.F.K. might drop L.B.J. from the 1964 ticket. New Orleans Mafia boss **Carlos Marcello** despised and feared J.F.K. and his brother Robert, the Attorney General. **Clay Shaw** defeated Jim Garrison's attempt to expose him as a CIA agent but five years later was identified as such by CIA official Victor Marchetti. **David Ferrie,** an associate of Marcello's, was also an agent of the CIA involved in anti-Castro plots. Ferrie was often seen with Oswald in New Orleans in the summer of 1963, when Oswald gave the appearance of being pro-Castro. CIA Director **Richard Helms** was chief of operations in 1960 when the CIA explored the possibility of hiring Mafia hitmen to kill Castro. **H. L. Hunt,** the powerful and reactionary oil man, believed that J.F.K. was a traitor, a view common in Dallas in 1963.

happened in Dallas than does Garrison, the embattled naysayer of New Orleans, who was one of the first to hold that J.F.K. was felled by conspiracy, that the same conspiracy acted through Ruby to kill Oswald and thus prevent a trial, and that the commission to which Warren gave his name was the front line of the most serious cover-up in American history.

"Warren must have spun madly in his grave," mused Garrison the next afternoon as we talked about this scene. "I can only hope the afterlife has sharpened his taste for irony."

Yet Stone was not just indulging his own taste for irony in casting Garrison in this role. "Between adversaries," Stone told me, "there can sometimes be great respect." Had Stone not seen in Garrison that respect for the adversary, his casting move could easily have backfired. Let Garrison's portrayal of Warren seem the least bit vindictive and the entire movie could come out looking like a cheap shot.

Garrison leaned forward with delight. "I'll swear I never said it," he remarked in his soft New Orleans drawl, "but I think it was a minor stroke of genius for Oliver to offer me this role. The great thing about it is that the screenplay uses Warren's words. And the more I studied them, the more I could see that Warren had developed such empathy with Ruby that he couldn't control himself completely. Although I've never forgiven Warren for what he did, he was a basically warm human being. You could tell he felt sorry for Ruby even as he evaded him. And in that final line, he told him more than he intended to. He confessed his own weakness."

His smile brightened. "And I think I was just the actor to bring this out. If Warren could see it, I think he'd smile."

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Garrison's enactment of Warren seems a perfect summation of a career that has

ROUND UP THE USUAL SUSPECTS

who killed jfk? there are as many theories as theorists. these are the classics

suspect	theorist	scenario	motive	strong point	drawback
	L.B.J., Earl Warren, James Jesus Angleton, some right-wingers	K.G.B. recruited Oswald to make the hit	Retaliation for setback in Cuban Missile Crisis	Explains the Warren cover-up, since discovering a K.G.B. hand in J.F.K.'s death meant war with the U.S.S.R.	Would the K.G.B. trust Oswald? Would the U.S.S.R. risk war to promote L.B.J.?
	Jack Anderson, mafioso John Roselli, U.S. Ambassador to Mexico Thomas Mann	Castro recruited Oswald to hit J.F.K.	Retaliation for CIA–Mafia attempts to assassinate Castro	Castro threatened that CIA attempts on his life might "boomerang"	Castro liked J.F.K., disliked L.B.J., had no access to Oswald, faced destruction if caught
	Assassinations Committee, G. Robert Blakey, John H. Davis, David Scheim	Mafia recruits Oswald, maybe also a second "nut"	Stop J.F.K.'s anticrime campaign	Many Mafia threats against J.F.K. are on record. L.B.J. was softer on crime	Mafia had hit men more expert than Oswald, could not have insured cover-up
	Jim Garrison, Fletcher Prouty, Mark Lane, Robert Groden, David Lifton, Jim Marrs and Peter Dale Scott	Disaffected U.S. agents formed cabal, set up Oswald, planted clues pointing to Cuba, U.S.S.R., Mafia	J.F.K. was soft on communism, had lost Cuba, was losing and threatening to pull out of Vietnam	Explains failure of official investigation, frame-up of Oswald	Cannot be proved until government is willing to risk its own legitimacy

The alleged murder weapon was an early-Forties-vintage 6.5mm Mannlicher-Carcano, with a stiff bolt action and a misaligned sight. Many experts tested it, but no one could duplicate the feat that Warren had imputed to Oswald, who was an indifferent marksman while in the Marines.

WHERE WAS THE FBI?

On November 17, 1963, the FBI was warned that J.F.K. would be murdered in Dallas. Early on November 24, it was warned that Oswald would be murdered that morning. Yet the House Assassinations Committee found that "canspiracy was a blind spat in the FBI's investigation," and that the FBI's wark, in this respect, was "seriously flawed."

been to an uncommon degree shaped by irony, by a relationship with the mass media predicated on equal parts of mutual need and rejection. *JFK* is based on Garrison's 1988 memoir, *On the Trail of the Assassins*. This in itself is satisfying to Garrison, now a retired Louisiana appeals-court judge. He finds it satisfying to see himself portrayed by an actor as convincing and warm as Kevin Costner in a movie directed with the artistry and drive of Oliver Stone.

But the mere news that Stone was making this movie was enough to reawaken the media furies that have bedeviled Garrison since he first joined the great hunt for the J.F.K. conspiracy in 1966.

As early as last May, when Stone had barely begun production, *Chicago Tribune* columnist Jon Margolis angrily assured his readers that *JFK* was going to be not just a bad movie but an evil one, "morally repugnant" because it sympathetically treated Garrison's "fantasies" that a conspiracy was responsible for the J.F.K. assassination and that federal agents were probably involved. George Lardner of *The Washington Post* entered the fray with two long diatribes in which he grudgingly admitted that "a probable conspiracy took place," while insisting that this was "not an acknowledgment that Garrison's investigation was anything but a fraud." Then came *Time* magazine to dismiss Garrison as somewhere "near the far-out fringe of conspiracy theorists."

A man less confident of his vision may have been shaken, but Garrison long since has become inured. "Being attacked with such vehemence from so many sides and for such a variety of reasons, I admit, is not conclusive proof that one is right," he says with a smile and a shrug. "But surely it goes a long way."

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The controversy that rages around Garrison is set against the fact that he started out so all-American. He was born in 1921 in Denison, Iowa, to a family of tall lawyers that soon moved to New Orleans. At the age of 19, in 1940, he joined the U.S. Army and, in 1942, was commissioned as a lieutenant in the field artillery. He volunteered for flight training and spent the war on the European front flying light airplanes on low-level and often-dangerous spotter missions. He saw combat in France and Germany and was present at the liberation of Dachau.

He came back to New Orleans, earned his law degree at Tulane and joined the FBI, which sent him to Seattle to check out the loyalty of defense employees, a job he soon found "greatly boring." He left the FBI and returned to New Orleans to go into private practice as a trial lawyer. Then he went to work in the district attorney's office. He ran for a judgeship in 1960 and lost, but then, in 1961, quarreled publicly with Mayor Victor Schiro—whom he accused of "laxity in law enforcement"—and District Attorney Richard Dowling, whom he called "the great emancipator" because he "lets everyone go free."

This was the first burst of controversy in his career and it immediately propelled him to a higher orbit. He campaigned for D.A. in 1961, without the backing of the Democratic Party and without a big war chest. But he had the strong support of both blacks and blue-collar whites, a unique coalition in the South of the early Sixties. "To my surprise and to the astonishment of many others," he says, "I was elected."

He moved immediately to make good on his election promises. "If this entailed raising the level of confrontation," he recalls, "my attitude was, well, let the good times roll." He clamped down on organized gambling and prostitution, made Bourbon Street safe for tourists, challenged police corruption and criticized eight criminal-court judges for refusing to approve funds for his fight against racketeering. The judges sued him for defamation of character and won a judgment of $1000; but he appealed, arguing that elected judges were not exempt from public criticism. He won a reversal.

Jim Garrison was on the map.

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So was Fidel Castro.

Castro overthrew Cuban dictator General Fulgencio Batista and took power in 1959. He announced a communist program. Cubans opposed to his government began flocking to Miami and New Orleans. Many of them formed counterrevolutionary organizations with such names as Alpha-66, the Cuban Revolutionary Council, Free Cuba, the Cuban Expeditionary Force and the Cuban Brigade. All were sponsored by the CIA.

Their aim was to reverse Castro's revolution. This was the objective of their major military assault, Operation Zapata, organized by the CIA and the U.S. military. The world came to know Operation Zapata better as the Bay of Pigs fiasco of April 1961. This attempted invasion failed to inspire the mass uprising that was its major strategic premise. The Zapata guerrillas were pinned down on their beachheads without a chance to declare a provisional government. Instead of sending in U.S. military support, J.F.K. opted to cut his losses, standing by as the invasion force was captured and paying a humiliating ransom to rescue the prisoners. An angry self-pity soon gripped the anti-Castro militants and their U.S. supporters. They blamed Operation Zapata's failure on Kennedy. He had put them on the beach, then fled.

Then J.F.K. betrayed them again, as they saw it, in October 1962, when a spy plane revealed Soviet missile bases under construction in Cuba. In the year and a half since the Bay of Pigs, the CIA had helped the exiles stage a series of commando raids against a variety of Cuban targets. But in the secret deal that ended the Cuban Missile Crisis with the dismantling of the Soviet bases, J.F.K. promised that this activity would end.

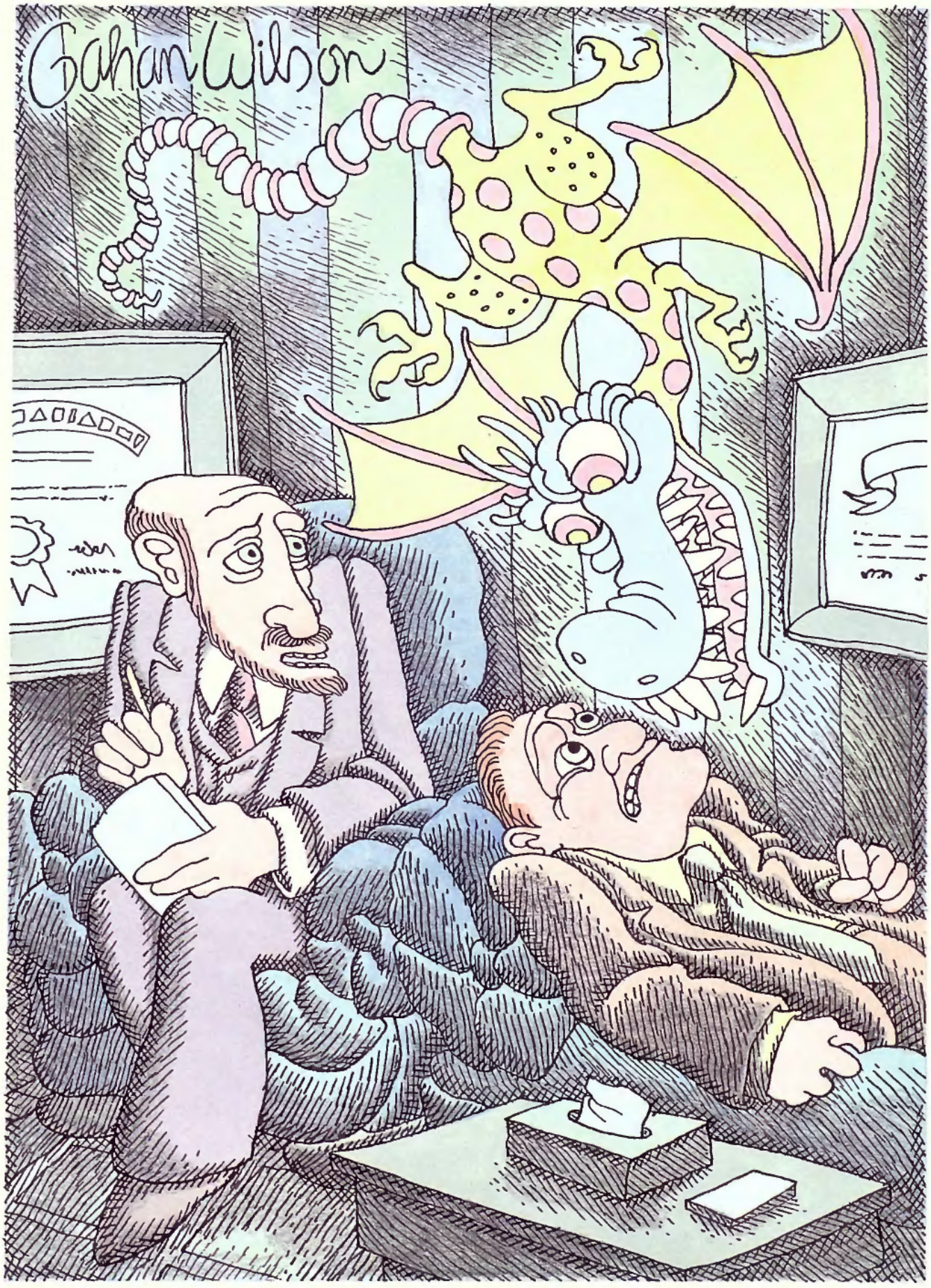
This arrangement deeply affected an ultra-right-wing acquaintance of Garrison's named W. Guy Banister, a key player in the anti-Castro games of New Orleans. Banister served in the office of Naval Intelligence during World War Two and after the war joined the FBI, rising to head its Chicago bureau. He left the FBI to become deputy chief of police in New Orleans, then resigned in 1957 to set up a private detective agency.

In 1962, at the time of the Cuban Missile Crisis, Banister was involved in running a CIA training camp for anti-Castro Cuban guerrillas on Lake Pontchartrain, north of New Orleans. Garrison had no idea at the time that Banister was involved in this activity. But he did know that Banister was not just another gumshoe for hire.

Guy Banister Associates, Inc., hung out its shingle, according to Garrison, "across the street from the building that housed the local offices of the CIA and the FBI. And across from that building was the New Orleans headquarters of Operation Mongoose." Operation Mongoose was an array of anti-Castro projects being run by the CIA, the Defense Department and the State Department under the coordination of Air Force Major General Edward G. Lansdale. Its CIA component, called Task Force W, was dedicated to the assassination of Castro. Its deepest secret was the fact that the CIA had contracted out his murder to the Mafia. Its headquarters was the meeting place for Cuban exiles coming in from Florida. "They were sleeping in the hallways," says Garrison.

Banister's key associate in these anti-Castro operations was a peculiar man named David Ferrie. Ferrie was an ace pilot, a kitchen-sink scientist, an omnivorous reader in the occult, a well-known denizen of the New Orleans gay scene, a militant activist against Castro and a great hater of J.F.K. His on-the-job homosexual activities had cost him

(continued on page 145)



"First, let me put your mind at ease about that being a hallucination. . . ."

SECOND TO NONE

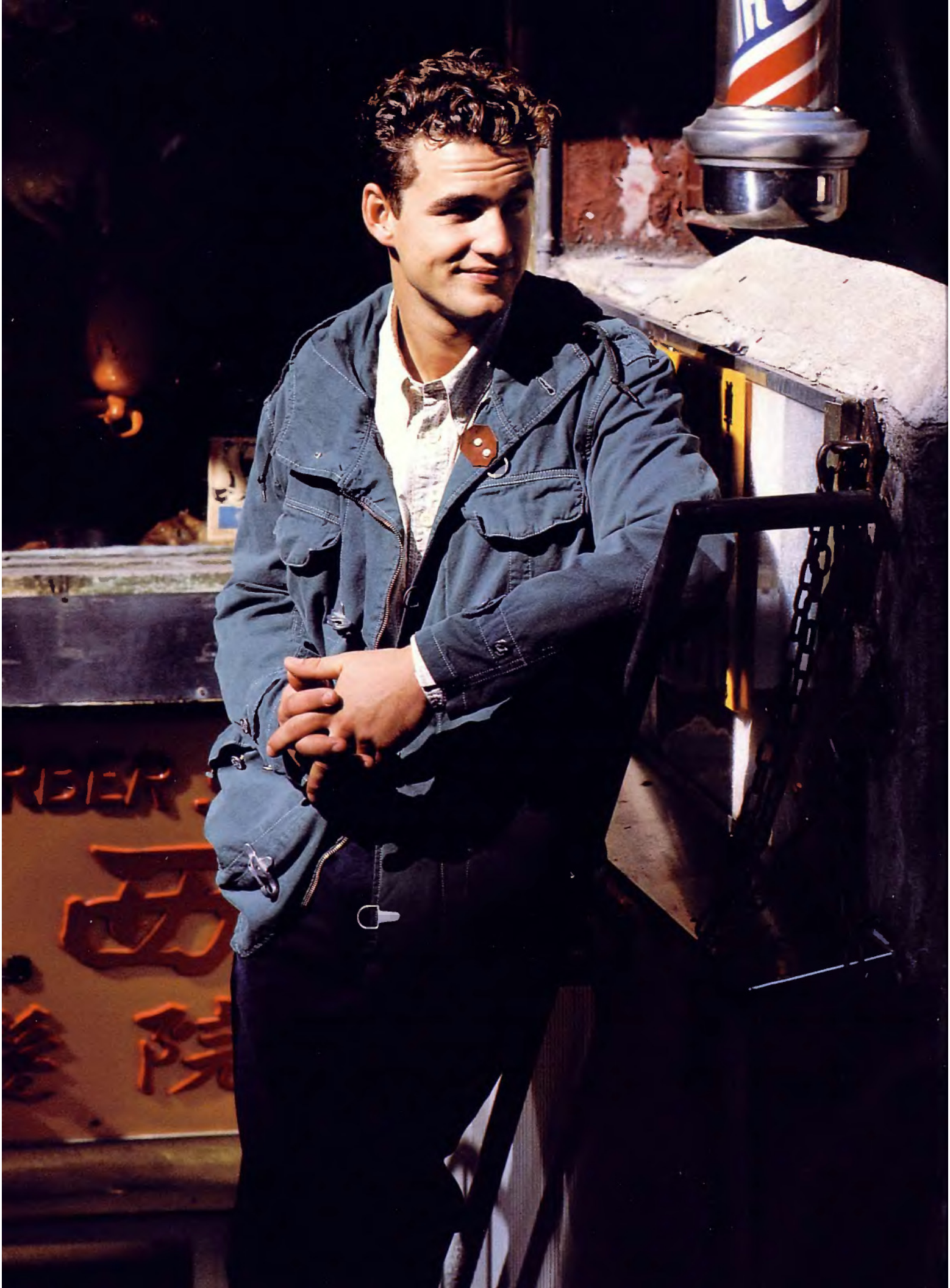
new menswear collections from top designers offer plenty of cachet for a lot less cash

fashion By HOLLIS WAYNE

MAYBE the megabuck fashion excesses of the Eighties have worn a bit thin: Lower-priced collections by major American and European menswear designers are getting the kind of attention once reserved exclusively for top offerings. The same $2200 that gets you a Giorgio Armani Borgonuovo suit, for example, buys three models from his Emporio Armani collection—and very handsome they are. There are also second collections from Jhane Barnes (Barnes Storm), Joseph Abboud (JA II), Gianni Versace (V2 by Versace), Nino Cerruti (Informale) and others. All maintain the looks and quality of their higher-priced alternatives—and several lines even share common colors, so it's possible to mix. You can bank on that.

"Men are what they wear, but what they wear shauldn't averpower the man himself," says Joseph Abboud, who created his new JA II line with that philosophy in mind. At left is his wool/linen sports coat, $495, linen trousers, $150, chambray sport shirt, $68, and silk tie, about $55; plus suede laafers, by Fratelli Rossetti, $350. Gianni Versace's avant-garde styling is still evident in his new V2 by Versace line of tailared clothing, but he's becaming mare canservative. The outfit at right includes a wool glen-plaid suit, $785, a cotton shirt, $75, and a scarf-print silk tie, about $90. The leather lace-up shaes are by Fratelli Rossetti, about $360.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD BAILEY



In addition to his original Borgonuovo line, Giorgio Armani has introduced Le Collezioni, Emporio Armani and Armani Jeans—now to be showcased in A/X: Armani Exchange stores. Armani Jeans features casual clothing that's often priced under $100. The selection at left includes a hooded cotton anorak with hidden zipper, fireman's coat closures and flap chest pockets, $385, worn with a cotton antique-striped shirt, $85, and cotton trousers, about $90. And who says you can't get a designer suit for under $500? Andrew Fezza has priced most of the models in his Assets by Andrew Fezza collection below that mark. Among them is the rayon/viscose suit at right, $495, worn with a snap-collared dress shirt, $55, and a silk tie, $65, both by Andrew Fezza.

Two made-in-the-U.S.A. labels, KM by Krizia and Nino Cerruti Informale, feature suits and sports coats with the kind of soft, easy construction you'd expect from Europe. The dry guy at far left is sporting a worsted-wool double-breasted blazer, $385, and wool trousers, $150, both from KM by Krizia; a cotton shirt, by Baccarat for Van Heusen, $30; and a Jacquard silk tie, by Lazo, $65. His pal is wearing a microfiber single-breasted suit, by Nino Cerruti Informale, $400; with a washed-linen shirt, by Mondo di Marco, $130. At right, Jhane Barnes goes casual with Barnes Storm, a sportswear line that includes this washed-linen jacket, $205, cotton knit hooded jacket, $85, cotton/microfiber Jacquard sweater, $145, and cotton twill trousers, $68.

Where & How
to Buy on page 159.

HAIR BY ROLANDO BEAUCHAMP JR., FOR BUMBLE + BUMBLE/MAKE-UP BY HELENE MACAULAY
WOMEN'S STYLING BY LORI MODUGNO FOR LEWIS VAN ARNAM

My Roman Holiday

the world's most neurotic comedian visits italy, where he runs from the pope, wrestles with sean young and has the best sex of his life—with a lesbian

HERE'S THE SCENE: The Gulf war just broke out and I'm in my house looking for condoms and packing for a three-month trip to Rome and Monaco to co-star with Sean Young in a film, *Once Upon a Crime*. Aside from abandoning my therapist (who will undoubtedly miss my sessions, particularly when I sing like Jolson), I'm leaving behind some of the most narcissistic, self-involved, controlling, manipulative, possessive, jealous, unappreciative, beautiful, seductive, magnificent women I have ever had the pleasure of dating.

Besides the thrill of leaving these abusive relationships in the dust, it will be the first time in 20 years that I won't have to do stand-up comedy and be lied to by some bogus promoter, like the time this guy—oh, I'll just call him Irv—said I was the one who misunderstood when he booked me into what I thought was a famed concert hall in Denver, which, in fact, turned out to be a dangerous mental-health facility where the patients were shouting out,

article by RICHARD LEWIS

ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON

"Where's Silas Marner?" and "Are Steve and Eydie one person?" The show went all right and I got paid (by a guy dressed like Captain Hook), and though I'd be the first to admit that I'm no genius, the pain of watching the audience, with their backs turned to me, making Pia Zadora dolls out of imaginary cloth took most of the spark out of my performance.

In truth, I'm also no genius when it comes to selecting the right woman, so I feel a little guilty about bad-mouthing these Satanettes. To be honest, I might have misled some of these women, because as unwilling, or rather, incapable, as they are to commit to a meaningful relationship, I am probably a thousand times more freaked, even with a great lady. One way of distancing myself—short of suggesting that I have only days to live—is to blurt out, "Did I tell you about Eve?" while my lover is (supposedly) having her climax. Since therapy has thus far been of no help to me, I was longing to disconnect my answering machine, get to Italy and work with an amazing cast, including one of my idols, Giancarlo Giannini, as well as John Candy, Jim Belushi and, of course, Sean Young. Unhappily, I was torn by my fear of going to Europe during a war and by my fear of acting with Sean, who has been a victim of more bad rumors than Joan Crawford and Lee Harvey Oswald combined.

Sean asked to meet with me at my house before we left for Rome. Despite all the gossip, which was pouring in progressively faster as my departure drew closer, I agreed, even buying a bottle of spectacular champagne and getting out my finest glasses for the occasion. Just as I finished fastening my bulletproof vest, the doorbell rang and, trying my best to hide the garlic necklace, I answered the door. There she was, the woman who gave Kevin Costner the best "limo lay" in film history, looking very sane, not in any costume and not carrying any suspicious-looking packages. Although the vest was making me sweat and the garlic was starting to stink, I gave her the opportunity to deny all the hundred thousand atrocities attributed to her.

The meeting went well, and she had a nice look in her eyes when she hugged me goodbye. After she left, I fell to my knees and prayed that the Sean I had just experienced was the real one and that I wouldn't meet my untimely death at the hands of some large, mechanical, homicidal rabbi that she was already having made to greet me upon my arrival at Leonardo da Vinci International Airport: "R.L.! Shalom, dead man!"

Days later, my excitement swelling, I needed to punish myself unnecessarily the last few hours at home by monitoring my answering machine. When I pack for a flight, I automatically think that I'm going to die. To be honest, I'm stuck with the same unfortunate feeling moments after I achieve an orgasm, but at least after I pack, I have a certain sense of accomplishment.

There's no way I'm going to answer the phone tonight.

Call from hell, number one:

"Richard. Cleo. Pick up. Shit, I know you're there, Lewis. Look, I'm really excited for you, but I can't fucking believe you don't call me on your last night home. How do you expect me to feel? Christ! Three months is a long time. I haven't bugged you, have I? And I'm not doing well, in case you haven't heard. [*Author's note:* Like I really subscribe to the *Struggling Actress Today* newsletter.] My landlord's on my ass and, by the way, I fell on my ass in dance class and my brakes won't work unless I scream at the pedal. But who can afford to fix them? Call me."

There were about ninety other calls, most of them from angry women. So, in a way, this lengthy trip was my first chance to be alone. The only goodbye call I made other than to a few close friends was to my lawyer. He insisted I bang out a will and talked me out of leaving a substantial amount of bread to bullies from my adolescence whom I periodically try to contact as self-punishment for not having safe sex.

•

The next day, I found myself on Alitalia, in first class, all alone and full of fears, dreams, expectations and sedatives. Being extremely nervous, I trusted a doctor friend who gave me the pills, but since she knows me so well, she also slipped me an article from some medical journal about the pill and its side effects. Fortunately, short of one rat out of a million that appeared less interested in eating cheese and more inclined to persuade the other rats to invest in a comedy club in a mall-like setting, the pill seemed safe enough. On that pleasant note, I, and only I, thank God, crashed.

"Welcome to Rome."

Wow, what a pill. What a sleep! Crazily groggy, I was ushered off the plane by a beautiful flight attendant and sort of collapsed into the arms of someone who worked for the production company of *Once Upon a Crime*. I passed out in the back seat of a Mercedes-Benz, rousing myself when we arrived at the Hotel de la Ville, adjacent to the Spanish Steps. After I mumbled something to the driver—"If you ever get to America and happen to make it to Vegas, I'll try and get you in to see Siegfried and Roy, but trust me, it's a tough ticket"—my fatigue escalated into a dreamlike state with the horrifying thought that I would become like that one rat in a million.

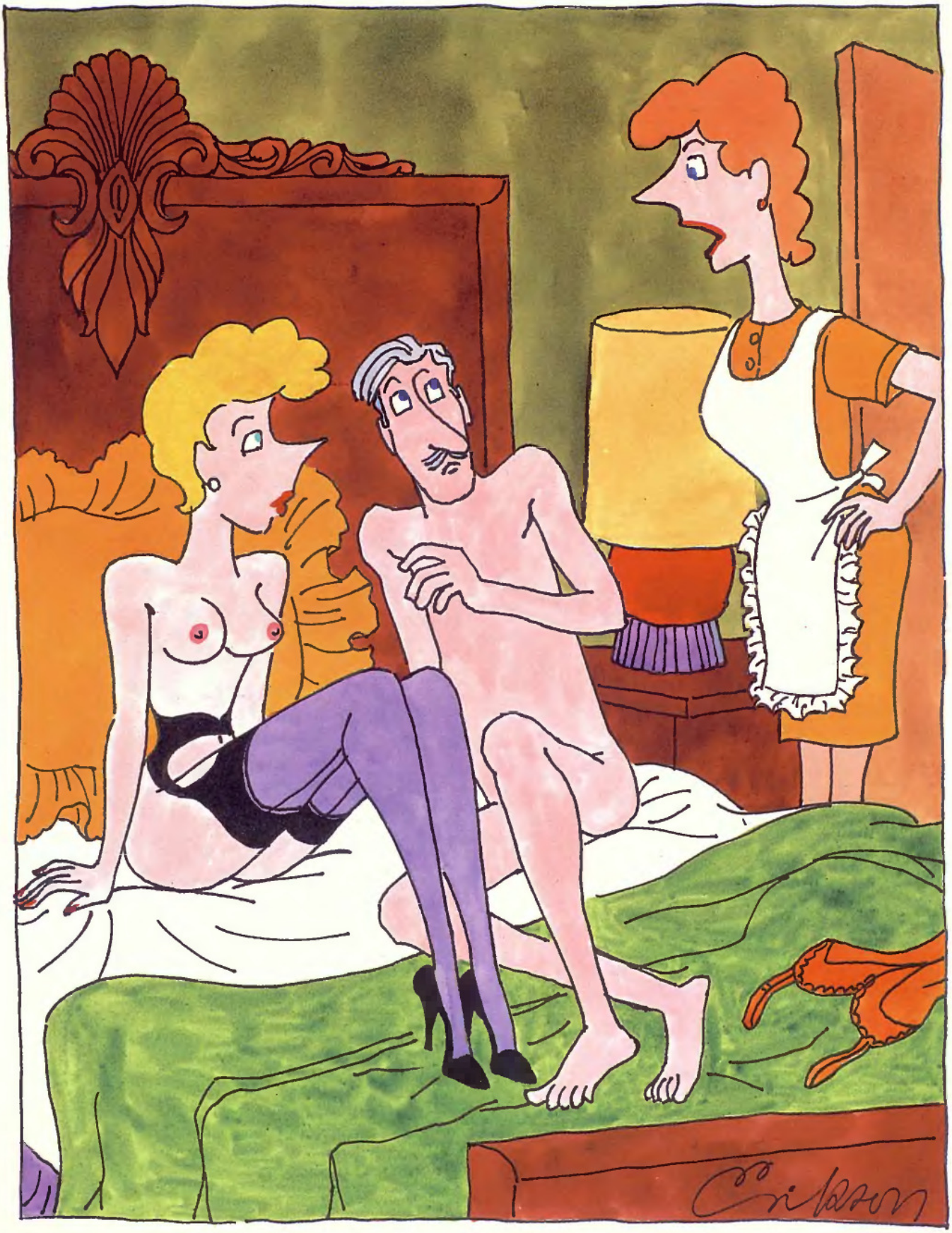
I can feel overwhelmed even during a pleasurable orgasm, so it's no surprise that the prospect of ten weeks in Rome, with a ministop in Monaco, made me feel disoriented and anxious, based largely on the fear that I'd miss one of the major sights that you hear about from some obnoxious asshole tourist: "You mean, you didn't see that little church next to the bar near the oldest synagogue where the Three Kings show up live and sing Tuesdays on open-mike night?"

So, with my paranoia of missing the boat, I began what was to become a ritual of walking all over Rome on my days off—guidebooks in hand and gigantic, unruly maps sticking out from my pockets—fearing that I might be standing at the place where Julius Caesar lost his virginity and not just in front of the new McDonald's. As luck would have it, I was a bit distracted on my first jaunt. On the way out of the hotel, I received a fax from a buddy, Mick Shaw.

Mick, unfortunately, as nice a guy as he is, is also lonely, dependent on me for practically every contact to the outside world and could give a rat's ass about art history. However, since he was going to be 50 soon, he felt desperate and had all this time on his boring hands because he successfully runs some strange mail-order business from his house in the Hollywood Hills. I have to give him some credit for being a fine photographer. He took shots of the HOLLYWOOD sign at different times of the day, and when I made comparisons to Monet's series of paintings of Rouen Cathedral, he blinked momentarily and said, "What do you say we order a few pizzas, huh, buddy?" That gives you a little clue about his capacity for discussing art. It's only women he wants, naked women who want him, and since he never leaves his house (except to walk his beautiful collie, Postage, which he so cruelly had fixed after realizing she had a better social life than he did), he felt it was high time to become less of a recluse and visit me while I was working on the film.

Don't get me wrong, the guy would give me the shirt off his back (though it most probably would be one of mine that he had begged for), but this was supposed to be *my* Roman holiday, and I was haunted by the thought of his becoming a blithering idiot in front of celebrities or, God forbid, doing something to set off Sean. Anyway, don't I have a responsibility for being good to myself, without feeling like I always have to be the nice guy? Damn right!

(continued on page 140)



"Well, if you intend to keep her, you're going to have to feed her and take care of her yourself."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Travels with Tanya

our highflying miss february wings her way to success

BY THE TIME she was old enough to vote, Tanya Beyer took the kind of risk few people ever take. She decided to test her looks—and her luck—against the world's toughest competition. She'd been modeling for only one year—as star client at a small agency in Colorado—but she headed for even higher altitudes, professionally speaking: to the rarefied atmosphere of the international modeling world. Unlike many of the aspirants she met, Tanya liked the work. "I always wanted to be a model," she says unapologetically. "People make fun of models, like they have to be stupid. I don't get that. You make decent money, you get to see the world—that's *stupid*?" Hard to argue with that. In just 18 months, Tanya's career choice took her to Italy, Greece, Taiwan and Japan—all before she was old enough legally to buy herself a celebratory glass of champagne

back at home in Colorado. These days, top models specialize. Does Tanya have a particular "look"? She laughs. "Sure, happy-smiley-face, healthy-athletic." There were modeling jobs, especially in Europe, that she didn't get because "I wasn't skinny and trendy-looking enough." Her wholesomeness is more than just skin-deep. The second of three sisters raised in Colorado Springs, Tanya blasted through a sporty youth filled with skiing, gymnastics, track and field and cheerleading. She was William Mitchell High School's homecoming queen in 1989 and, as she recalls, "one of the last virgins in my senior class." She explains, with a mysterious smile, "I was always real shy in those situations." A good student, Tanya was active in sports and a member of the pompon squad. She graduated a semester ahead of schedule and headed to Milan with $800 in her pocket and a meager two pictures in her modeling book. Within a week, she was encased in a slinky blue leotard, posing for an exercise article in an Italian magazine. Bodywork, as they call it in the trade, has been Tanya's bread and butter—quite a turnaround for the shy beauty from Mitchell High.

The future's wide open for 20-year-old Tanya. "I don't have a specific goal. I'm not planning. I don't know if I want to get married. I don't know if I want to have kids. I want adventure."

Between modeling jobs last fall, Tanya scheduled o longer-than-usual layover in Los Angeles, where, with the help of a record producer, she worked on a single. "Give in to my lovin'," she sang. "Give in to me." The man who coptures the heart of this siren will be "smart, funny, ambitious, down-to-earth," she stipulates. Send roses. "He hos to be very romantic."

MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Tanya Beyer

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25C HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8 1/2" WEIGHT: 123

BIRTH DATE: 6/4/71 BIRTHPLACE: St. Paul, Minnesota

AMBITIONS: Continue traveling, cut a hit single, further my acting career, go back to school.

TURN-ONS: Fresh air, sunshine, skiing, pasta, wine, pink roses, dirty dancing, ear kissing.

TURN-OFFS: Environmental abusers, Arrogance, Parking tickets, Smog, Rain, Burping, Flight delays, Big egos, Talk shows, Meat loaf.

WHERE I'VE BEEN: New York, L.A., Tokyo, Milan, Paris, Athens, Rome, Taipei, Osaka, Mazatlán.

WHAT I SAW: Sunset on the Mediterranean, white sand beaches in the South Pacific, the Vatican, the French Alps, and hundreds of great restaurants and clubs.

WHERE I'M GOING: First I'm going to visit more countries — Germany, Brazil, Australia, New Zealand, Africa. Here I Come!!! After that, we'll see....

Snowbound with "Misty"

Senior year spirit!!

Off to Milan and more....

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When the last of the U.S. airborne forces returned from the Persian Gulf, the press clamored for interviews. "Sergeant," one reporter said, stopping a young trooper, "what's the first thing you're going to do when you get home?"

"That's a very personal question," snapped the soldier. "I'm a married man and I've been away from my wife for eight months."

"I understand," the reporter replied. "So what's the *second* thing you're going to do?"

"Well," the sergeant said, "I guess I'll take off my parachute."

What do you call the shock absorbers in a Yugo? Passengers.

Boris Yeltsin burst into Mikhail Gorbachev's Kremlin office. "Mikhail, I have incredible news and bad news!"

"What is the incredible news?" Gorbachev asked.

"Lenin's mother is alive!"

"Unbelievable! What's the bad news?"

"She's pregnant again."

How do you know when your bank is about to fail? When it starts handing out calendars by the month.

An American Sherlock Holmes *aficionado* attending a party in London was intrigued when told that one of the guests, a Dr. Hemsley, was able to make remarkable Holmesian deductions about people. After introducing himself to the doctor, he pointed to a man in the corner and asked Hemsley what he could tell about him.

"Hmmm. Well, I believe he is a barrister. Lives with his wife and two children in Soho. He's had some financial difficulties lately, but things should ease up and he will buy a Bentley in a month's time."

"Amazing," the American said. "What about that fellow over there?"

"I should think he's a stockbroker. He collects wines and walking sticks, favors Italian food and is thinking of traveling to Lancaster next week."

"Very impressive," the American said. "But what about me?"

"Let me see," Hemsley mused. "You are from the Midwest—Iowa or Indiana, I should think. You are single and you graduated from Notre Dame."

"I'm flabbergasted! How did you know that I graduated from Notre Dame?"

"Because, sir, every time you pick your nose, I can see your ring."

What did the banana say to the vibrator? "What are *you* shaking for? I'm the one she's going to eat."

A Texas oilman died and went to heaven. After a few days, his constant bragging about the wonders of Texas began to get on Saint Peter's nerves. No matter what part of paradise he was shown, the oilman claimed it failed to measure up to the Lone Star State.

Finally, Saint Peter took him to the edge of heaven so that he could look down into the inferno of hell. "Do you have anything like *that* in Texas?" Saint Peter demanded.

"No, sir, we surely don't have anything like that in Texas," he replied, a bit shaken. "But I *do* know a good ol' boy in Houston who could put it out."

A busy surgeon returned from a two-week hunting trip complaining angrily to his wife, "I didn't kill a damn thing!"

"Well, darling," she replied, "that's what you get for neglecting your practice."

The difference between poker players and puppies is that puppies will eventually stop whining.

A farm boy accidentally overturned his wagonload of corn onto the road. The farmer who lived nearby went over to have a look. "Hey, Willis," he called, "ferget yer troubles for a spell and have dinner with us. I'll help you with the wagon later."

"That's mighty nice of you," Willis said, "but I don't think Pa would like me to."

"Aw, come on, son!" the farmer insisted.

"Well, OK," the boy finally agreed. "But Pa won't like it."

After a hearty meal, Willis thanked his host. "I feel a lot better now, but I just know Pa will be upset."

"Nonsense," the farmer said. "Where is your pa, anyway?"

"Under the wagon."

A friend in California reports that the state legislature is considering a bill to make it legal to shoot mimes. You would, of course, have to use a silencer.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.

"I don't care what Redbook said—I don't want you to make life more playful and romantic! I want you to make lasagna."

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

Bugsy Siegel's Fabulous Dream

he was the mobster who invented las vegas, and then died on its doorstep

LISTEN: A cold wind is blowing through the desert night. It is blowing from the western mountains beyond Las Vegas, blowing across the icy waters behind Hoover Dam, blowing down blind canyons, combing trees and chaparral. In this wind there is nothing of the warm, damp Pacific slopes, no verdant green, no salt off the vast sea. This wind is dry and lean and hard. It does not celebrate the human. But if you stand back from the neon and the traffic, if you find some barren patch beyond the action, you might hear the wind whisper the name of a man long gone.

A man named Ben Siegel.

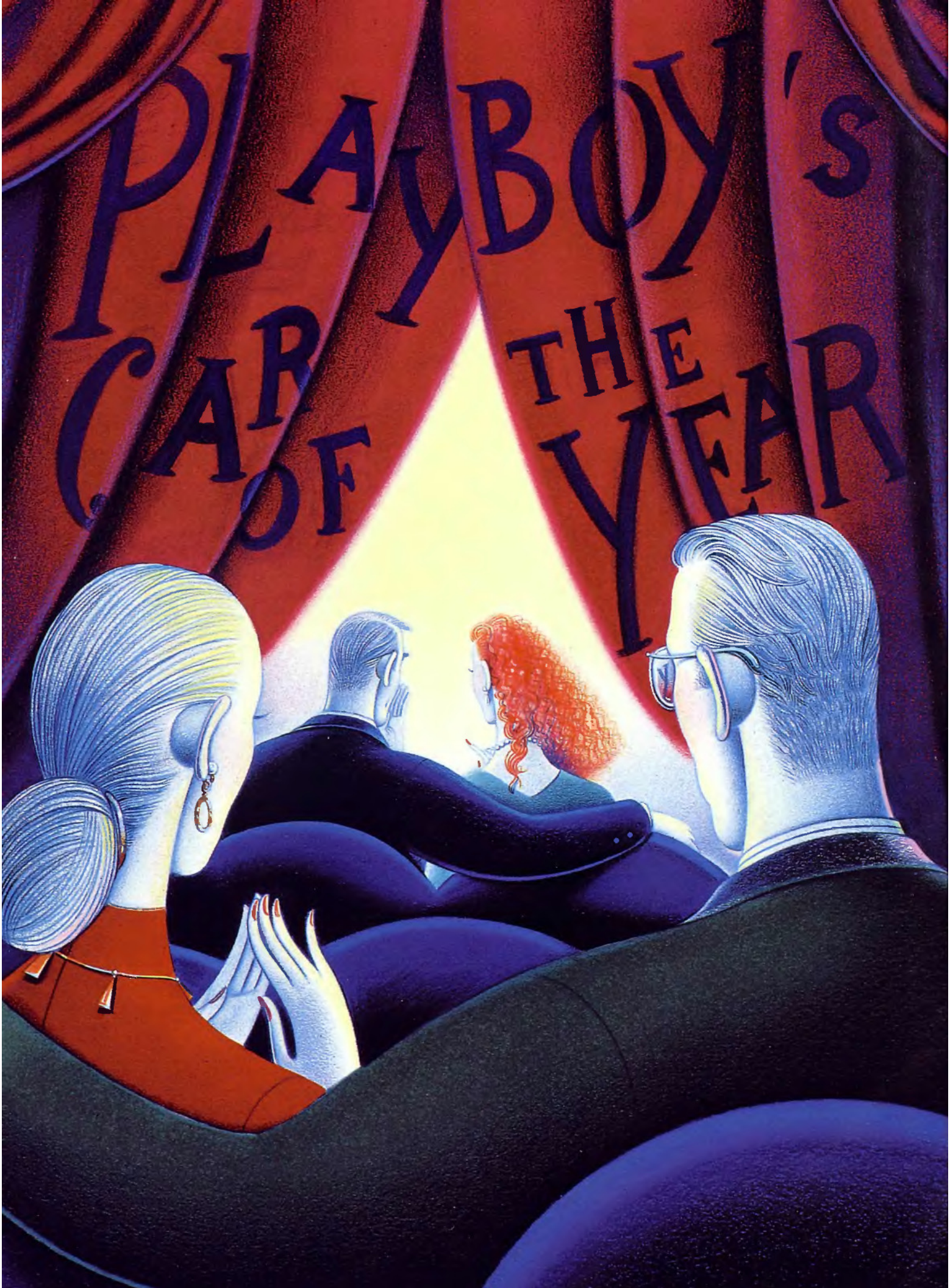
A man nobody on earth ever called Bugsy except the cops and those tough old fakers who wrote for the tabloids.

In all the places touched by the desert wind, few have heard the name of Ben Siegel. In the great casinos, lit by a billion light bulbs, the tables are jammed with conventions of losers: crapshooters in polyester suits and old ladies with Dixie cups lumpy with quarters, tough dolls with rouged cheeks and pale boys on the lam from life. They never heard of Ben Siegel. Nor have the cowboys playing blackjack, the Frenchmen at the baccarat *(continued on page 130)*

article

By Pete Hamill

HOTEL + CASINO
FLAMINGO


PLAYBOY'S
CAR
OF
THE
YEAR

PLAYBOY'S AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

five leading writers team up with indy 500 winner arie luyendyk to pick this year's hottest wheels; plus: playboy's 1992 car of the year

article By KEN GROSS

TIMES ARE CHANGING quickly in the car business. The 1992 model year will witness major shifts in influence. Forget what you think you know about American cars. Quality is up, defects are down and fresh styling is again turning heads. Cadillac's elegant new Seville STS, for example, is challenging the Japanese and European luxury leaders, and Buick's supercharged Park Avenue Ultra and the new Oldsmobile Eighty Eight Royale look like winners. Chrysler continues to lead the minivan wars. And Dodge's thundering V-10 Viper sports roadster invades a franchise Corvette has owned for years. Still, the big news for Chrysler won't come until this fall. Lee Iacocca has to hope that his company won't bleed to death from discounting before it can launch its flashy 1993 LH sedans. European luxury cars are faltering under relentless attacks from the Japanese. Some European brands, such as Peugeot and Sterling, have already abandoned the U.S. playing field; more will surely follow as competitive pressures increase. And Japanese carmakers, despite intense public scrutiny from Americans who are tired of watching their industry decline, are responding with still more cleverly designed, attractively priced new models—many of them built in the U.S. Environmental concern is heating up. Mitsubishi and Honda are touting new fuel-efficient, lean-burning engines. BMW and Volkswagen lead in recycling technology. They predict that some cars will be totally recyclable by the end of the decade. Safety is suddenly very fashionable. Air bags and antilock brakes are available on models in every price range. On the retail front, customer service is in, salesperson indifference is out. We're watching a revolution, and when the exhaust smoke clears, there will be fewer makes to contest the battle. With all these changes—there are currently 60 makes and more than 600 models to choose from—*Playboy* has again assembled a panel of automotive experts (their biographies can be found on page 139) to evaluate 1992 cars in a variety of categories. And for the second year in a row, as part of our annual new-car roundup, we're presenting Playboy's Car of the Year award. The winner is pictured overleaf. Gentlemen, start your opinions. . . . **Hottest Pocket Rocket Under $20,000:** Mazda's devilishly quick, egg-shaped MX-3 eased out Nissan's NX2000 in the voting. Ken Gross picked the MX-3, commenting that its "head-turning looks, high-tech features and Miata-like handling make it a winner in the minisupercoupe class." David Stevens thought that *(continued on page 110)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

According to Brock Yates, a panelist in this year's automotive raundup, our Car of the Year, the Lexus SC 400 sparts coupe, is "just the beginning of Toyota's onslaught into the upscale car market."

Our second annual Playboy Car of the Year award and accompanying bronze statuette (pictured above right) goes to Lexus, a divisian of Toyota Motar Sales USA, for its sleek SC 400 sports caupe. Why did we select the SC 400 over the Dodge Viper, the Subaru SVX and other worthy competitors? Lexus' willingness to take risks in the design process, for one thing. Created in Toyota's Calty Design Research center in Newport Beach, California, the car's body began as a sculpture rather than as a drawing and was transformed into metal without losing its unique lines. But visual impact is just the start. Beneath its smooth-skinned body, the Lexus' four-cam V8 is coupled to an

PLAYBOY'S CAR OF THE YEAR

electronic automatic transmission with reworked shift points for a 0-to-60 time under seven seconds. Plus, stiff shocks, beefed-up brakes and aggressive tires give it the kind of ride and handling that befits a world-class sports coupe. *Playboy*'s Automotive Editor, Ken Gross, says, "Comparisons with the Mercedes-Benz 560 SEC and the BMW 850i are inevitable. You'd expect to pay significantly more for a coupe like this if it had originated in Europe." In fact, it should surprise no one that, at o base price of $37,500, the SC 400 has already outdistanced the competition. Lexus' motto is "the relentless pursuit of perfection." So far, they seem to have that right.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

the MX-3 had a slight case of "insufferable cutes" but loved the handling. "Buying one without the optional V6 engine would be like ordering a new Rolls-Royce with cloth seats." Len Frank hadn't driven an MX-3, but he chose it anyway, saying, "Mazda is an exception to the stiff-spring-no-damping school of Japanese suspension tuning." Brock Yates preferred the Nissan NX2000, calling it "the Saturday-night special of automobiles." John Lamm wasn't knocked out by the looks of the NX2000, "but the driving fun makes up for it." Arie Luyendyk cast his vote for the redesigned Volkswagen Golf, saying "its handling and acceleration are the equal of some thirty-five-thousand-dollar cars."

Most-Improved Old Model: "Talk about Cinderella stories," said Gross, "Mazda's unobtrusive old 929 looked like an ugly duckling alongside a Legend. The new 929 echoes the styling cues we've come to expect from Mazda, plus it offers technical innovations, such as a solar-powered ventilation system, that everyone will want to copy." Frank called the old 929 "the car to offend no one. But the new one leaves Acura, Lexus, et al. posing far behind." Stevens felt the redesigned 929's steering was "a bit light for his taste," but the over-all remake was superb, "like watching your homely sister grow up to become Julia Roberts." Lamm liked the Pontiac Bonneville SSEi: "This car is proof that Pontiac's alive and kicking." Yates voted for the Oldsmobile Eighty Eight, saying "nothing here is terribly revolutionary, but the Eighty Eight is a great leap forward for GM, along with Buick's Park Avenue. Considering past offerings from Lansing, Oldsmobile would win a Nobel Prize if one were given for cars." Luyendyk praised the face-lifted Jaguar XJ-S. "It's cleaner now, and in white, it looks like you're driving royalty."

Biggest Kick to Drive: "A kick to drive" said Yates, "implies a certain zany unpredictability that disqualifies near-perfect cars like the Acura NSX. The Dodge Viper is a runaway—literally—winner. It won't save Chrysler, but it will scare the piss out of a few thousand lucky owners. It's a pure Neanderthal that's more fun than a night out with Pee-wee Herman." After driving a Viper prototype, Stevens said, "The old saying about there being no atheists in foxholes applies to the Viper. Take it from zero to one hundred and back to zero in fourteen seconds and you'll be praying, too." Frank questioned Viper's development costs: "How do you spend fifty million dollars developing yestertech?" His choice? A GMC Syclone truck, ideally built especially for him with an extended cab and no body cladding. Luyendyk preferred the Corvette ZR-1: "It's a product Chevy can be proud of. Handling is great, acceleration is good and you can't beat the price compared to the Italian exotics." Gross's choice was the Lamborghini Diablo, which he felt was "a worthy successor to the Countach." Lamm picked the Mitsubishi 3000GT/Dodge Stealth: "This is the real world-winner, particularly if you find yourself on curving roads in nasty weather."

Best-Handling Car: Stevens liked last year's Playboy Car of the Year, the Acura NSX. "If my ex-wife were this forgiving," he said, "we would still be married. On second thought, naaaah, the NSX is better-looking." Lamm agreed—about the car, at least: "The NSX is the state-of-the-art winner with precise handling and a decent ride." "For a live-with-it-everyday exotic, you can't beat the NSX," said Gross. "Hop in and little voices urge you on to Ayrton Senna–like driving feats. Porsches and Ferraris still have the cachet, but the NSX is more drivable and now they're even being discounted!" "The NSX is an A-plus student here," added Yates, "in a class loaded with good-time Charleys sporting gentlemen's Cs." Luyendyk also liked the NSX for its high-speed-cornering capability. Frank commented that he likes to race, and for that, "Corvettes do it better than most cars."

Sexiest Car for Your Girlfriend to Buy: Gross said if price is no object, he'd go for the Mercedes-Benz 500SL—which was also picked Ultimate Convertible in this feature. "So what if it's expensive? She can drive it forever. What woman wouldn't want to 'wear' the closest thing Europe offers to *haute couture* on wheels?" Yates agreed: "If she has any class at all, she'll go for the bucks. The Mercedes-Benz 500SL drips status like the crown jewels and costs only slightly less." Frank also chose the 500SL: "Among dozens of desirable cars, none carries the polish and panache of an SL. What better car for anybody's girlfriend?" Lamm's choice was the Subaru SVX: "It's my girlfriend's stated preference because of the design and the way it drives." Luyendyk's only choice was the Jaguar XJ-S convertible, especially a white one driven by a "tanned, beautiful girl." Stevens picked the Alfa Romeo 164S sedan, calling it "a really overlooked beautiful piece of machinery that's nimble and sexy like Rebecca De Mornay in mirrored aviator sunglasses, a scoop-necked top and tight jeans."

Coolest Car for a High School Reunion: "As Zero Mostel said, 'If you've got it, flaunt it.'" said Stevens, who would go rolling back to his high school reunion in a brand new Bentley Continental R. "So what if the back seat is small? Just don't let your old flame poke a hole in all that supple leather with her spike heels." Luyendyk agreed: "This car is a symbol of success and very inviting for your high school girlfriend to jump in and reminisce." Gross called the Continental R "a British men's club on wheels that drips class. Driving it guarantees your new money will look just like old money." Yates opted for the Ferrari Testarossa, calling it "a visual home run. Even the former president of the chess club would know that it's a hot machine." Lamm, who grew up in a small farming town in Wisconsin, chose a GMC Syclone truck, calling it "*the* pickup of 1992. I'd probably get a speeding ticket, but then I really would feel like I was back in high school again." "Back in my home town, Youngstown, Ohio," said Frank, "anyone showing up in an import would have been stoned—that is, hit with rocks. I'd drive an Avanti, the last car manufactured there."

Hottest New Feature: "It has to be the Mazda 929's new solar-powered fans that exhaust the hot air out of a parked car," said Gross. Stevens agreed: "Anything that automatically sucks the hot air out of a car before I drive it is a sure winner. What could be better? Maybe air bags in the shape of blow-up dolls?" Yates leaned toward the Mazda MX-3's miniature V6 "simply because it's such an *outré* example of show-off engineering by the Japanese." Luyendyk praised the Mercedes 500SL's fully automatic, one-button top-closing device. Lamm preferred the Infiniti's full-active suspension "for doing what everybody else is just talking about." And Frank thought the Porsche Tiptronic transmission was "pretty neat, but didn't go far enough. Why not something like the Ferrari Formula I car shifter with a fully automatic mode for those occasions when your right hand has better things to do?"

Ultimate Convertible: "Is there a choice beyond the Mercedes SL?" asked Frank. "How bourgeois of me." Gross felt that the Viper "*is* a head-turner, but you wouldn't want to drive it from New York to California. The Mercedes SL is still the finest two-seater droptop available at any price—for long distances or just dawdling around town. Too bad it's nearly a hundred grand, and that's with just a V8." (A V12 engine will be coming in late 1992.) Yates is a Mercedes fan, too: "Any machine that's as fiendishly complex and as expensive as the 500SL has to qualify as the ultimate sportster." Luyendyk also picked the SL, applauding its "looks, smoothness

(continued on page 138)

"I didn't feel the earth move, but I think I had an Elvis sighting."

PLAYBOY

COLLECTION

things you can live without, but who wants to?

If you really want to punch up your daily exercise routine, check out the Hitman Boxercise Home Gym. In addition to feoturing o freestanding steel frame that holds speed and heavy bags, the Hitman comes with o Jump 'N Jog low-impact aerobics platform, from NDL Products, about $480.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

This deluxe hardwood-framed Monopoly set, The Collector's Edition, includes gold-plated tokens and hotels, silver-plated houses and more, from the Franklin Mint, $495.

The Pullman, a copy of a Twenties French corkscrew, comes in nickel with a gold-plated handle and trim (shown), $65, or all nickel, $50, by Gadgets, including a gift box.

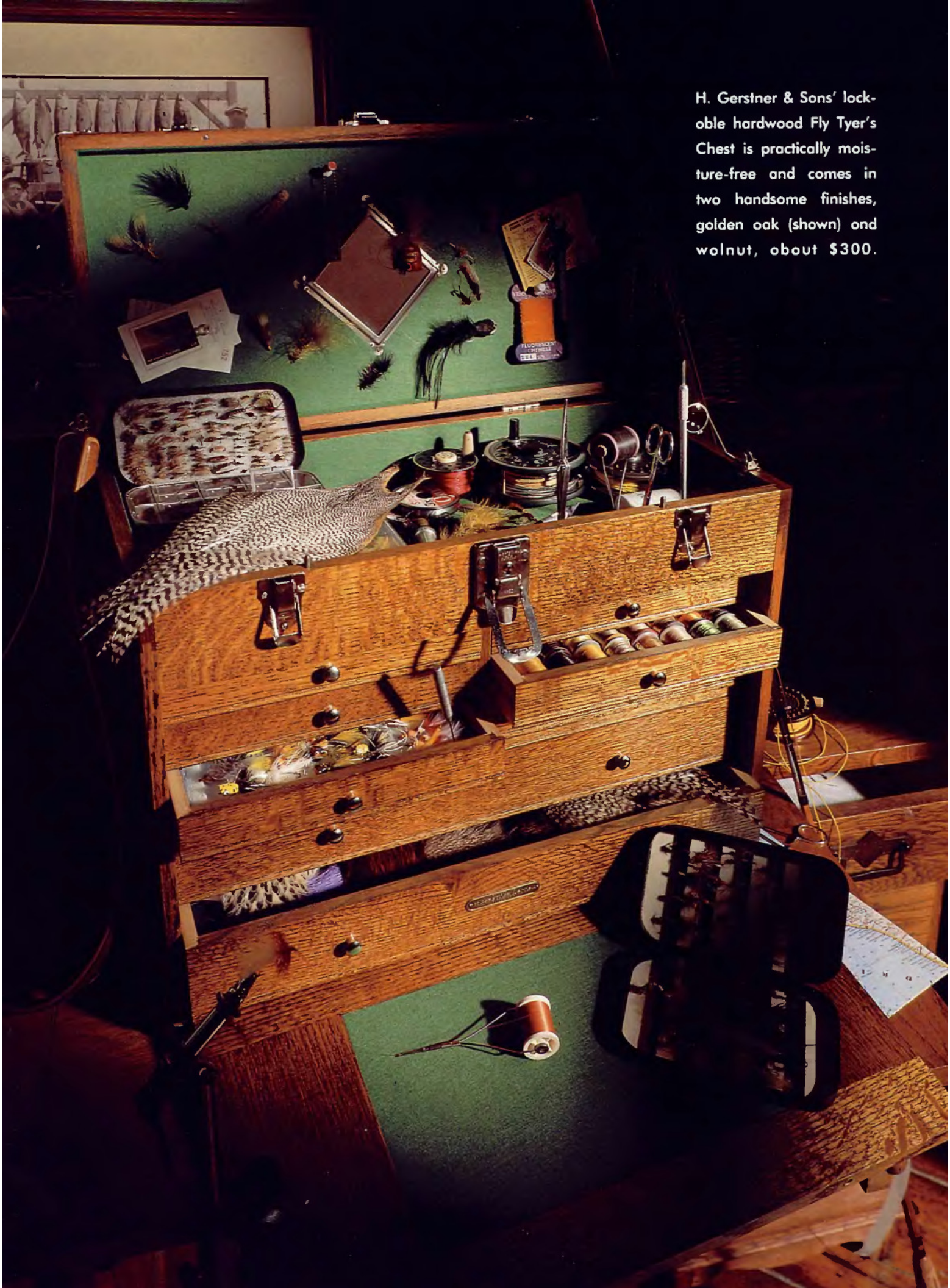
TAG-Heuer's 1000 Meters Super Professional stainless-steel diver's watch also includes a leather kit for replacing the stainless-steel band with a rubber strap, about $2000.

Atari's newly improved Lynx hand-held video-game system is reduced in size but still boasts a 3½" screen, the largest in its class, $150, including an A.C. adapter and a game.

Put the pedal to the metal in Sebring Hot Shoes, the official shoe of the Sports Car Club of America. Made of leather (shown) or suede in a variety of styles, from $60 to $80.

This porcelain U.S. Navy & Marine Corps Ship Decanter comes with a bottle of Pusser's 95.5-proof rum, a blend of rums from the British Virgin Islands and Trinidad, about $70.

Where & How to Buy on page 159.



H. Gerstner & Sons' lockable hardwood Fly Tyer's Chest is practically moisture-free and comes in two handsome finishes, golden oak (shown) and walnut, about $300.

THE THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO WORKING WITH WOMEN

DON'T BUY THE HARASSMENT HYSTERIA. THERE'S A SMARTER ANSWER, AND OUR MAN HAS IT

IT USED TO BE the office. Just the office, a dull spot in the Twilight Zone of work, where men went to do a job, pick up a pay check and get on with their lives.

Not anymore.

Suddenly, offices, factories and shops are electrified arenas where the great gender issues of our day are bruited about by angered beasts. It is turf, troubled ground peopled by oppressors and oppressed, where tense flirtations and secret romances live right next door to hurt feelings and rejection. The air is hot and damp with frustration. Memos and reports compete with tears and bad manners. Danger lurks everywhere: Personal ruin can be found in a curly hair on a Coke can.

Once, long ago, when working men would rise from their breakfast tables, kiss their wives and kids goodbye and go to work, it was as much for the company—largely of other men—as it was for the money, which was largely spent on wives and kids. Men's lives were lived on the job as much as at home. Men would tirelessly joke that the trouble with women was that you couldn't live with 'em and you couldn't live without 'em, but you could complain about them either way.

But things have changed. Maybe you still can't live with women and maybe you still can't live without them, but, if you're an average Joe, you must spend all day working

article By DENIS BOYLES

ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHEN TURK

with them, which is very much like living with them, except no complaints are allowed.

MAKING A MOUNTAIN OUT OF ANITA HILL

We might as well talk about sexual harassment right off the bat, since the noise surrounding that issue is drowning out all rational conversation. A little background, maestro, please:

The Prohibition impulse: As a social phenomenon, organized feminism—which is, remember, not the natural political state of most women—has a cyclical pattern, like ballroom dancing, 3-D movies or economic depression. Activist feminist movements are spawned by a pressing need to redress a social ill, but they overreact by trying to legislate nice behavior.

For example, the last time women organized for justice, they got the vote, which was a very good thing. But we also got Prohibition, an attempt to use law to make men behave the way politically correct women wished them to behave, and that was a very bad thing.

This time around, we got antidiscriminatory labor and social statutes, and that's a very good thing. But now we're being threatened with censorship (of magazines like this one, for example) and, in the case of sexual harassment, with once again using the law to make men behave the way politically correct women wish them to behave, and that's not so good.

Sexual harassment, either as described by the law or in practice, is meaningless as a fixed concept. Ask 500 people what constitutes sexual harassment and you'll get 500 answers. In fact, during the Thomas hearings, that is precisely what the media did. They asked over and over again what constitutes sexual harassment. They devoted hours and hours to the subject. "This is great," said one female activist. "This is a national teach-in."

Trouble is, nobody learned anything. Nobody knows with any more clarity now than they did before what sexual harassment is. "We can't say in all cases a hug or an invitation for a date is sexual harassment," Fraeda Klein, a consultant who organizes sexual harassment training programs for businesses, told *The Washington Post*. "But what we can say is that, in some cases, it is sexual harassment. We have to know how the recipient feels."

Last year, a federal appeals court ruled that an action that a "reasonable man" might find inoffensive may in fact be recognized as sexual harassment—but only by a "reasonable woman." That means that sexual harassment is a crime that reasonable men cannot always recognize, that it is a crime that can be discovered only by women, and even then, presumably, only by a specific woman, since it hinges on unwanted sexual advances, which, under different circumstances, may be wanted sexual advances, in which case, a reasonable woman wouldn't mind.

Now, art, not law, is something you recognize when you see it. As a law, this won't work—and certainly not as a crime, the mere accusation of which can destroy families and marriages and ruin careers. It's the sort of thing that divides reasonable men and activist women, especially since some feminists have sought to put sexual harassment on a par with rape—something that rape victims must find grotesque. Imagine if "sexual provocation" to gain a personal or professional advantage—a certain glance, plunging neckline, short skirt, too-high heels, a coy invitation for coffee—were a statutory offense that could be comprehended only by reasonable men, and even then, only by those who were annoyed by such behavior.

Men get it, all right: Confront a politically correct woman on this subject, and bereft of logical argument, she'll tell you that men "just don't get it."

She'll be wrong, of course. Men understand that sexual harassment is simply a bogus invention used to fuel bad political rhetoric. Reasonable men recognize that genuine sexual harassment actually involves two wildly different transgressions, namely extortion and bad manners.

It's extortion when a man says to a female colleague or subordinate, "Give me a blow job and make it a hummer or tomorrow you'll be out of here."

It's bad manners when a man says to a female colleague or subordinate, "Nice hooters, hon," or whines for a date or plays Siskel and Ebert with *Longdongophobia*.

Extortion is a crime everyone understands. You can go to the slammer for extortion, and it would serve you right.

Bad manners, well, that's something else: Everybody understands bad manners, too, but vulgarity, bad breeding and coarseness are part of life in our particularly brutal age, and they aren't gender-specific. By and large, even jerks understand when they're being rude, and if they don't, there's certainly nothing impolite in telling them so. People guilty of egregiously rude behavior—whether it's making stupid comments to colleagues, stubbornly refusing to take no for an answer or running around the office making fart noises—should be warned, reprimanded or fired. And if a business allows extortion or bad manners to go unpunished, it should be held liable.

Women, of course, are as accomplished as men at manifesting bad manners or committing extortion.

Bad talk: Both of those violations contribute to the real crime in this situation—bad communication between the sexes. The organized feminist view of what constitutes sexual harassment can also be seen as a simple failure to communicate across gender lines. Women react to men, sometimes accurately. Men react to women, sometimes accurately. But most of the time, something's going to go amiss, especially when there's an undercurrent of potential sexuality compounded by a decided lack of perspective and humor.

Here's the news: Women really do seek to gain the attention of men. Shocking, yet true. Some women—maybe nobody you know personally—actually hope the right guy will initiate a conversation that will lead, ultimately, to a badly wanted sexual advance. Sexual provocation and sexual harassment are sometimes officemates. Sex is everywhere in this culture. It is a vital, engrossing, transcendent, sometimes charming fact of our common lives. It's not only on TV, in the movies, on radio and in art and literature, it's also in Bible camps, under the bleachers and on top of the Great Smokies. It's in stores and supermarkets. Is it any surprise that it's also at work?

Men go to work, sense sex in the air and feel compelled, from time to time, to react to it. Sometimes this can result in an unwanted sexual advance. But such advances are a way of life for most men. It is most men's experience that almost all of their sexual advances are unwanted. Men, perforce, are empiricists when it comes to experiments in sexual chemistry: It's all trial and error, with errors outnumbering successes 20 to one. Men just hope that when rejection comes, it won't be extraordinarily painful. Certainly, they hope it won't come with an arrest warrant.

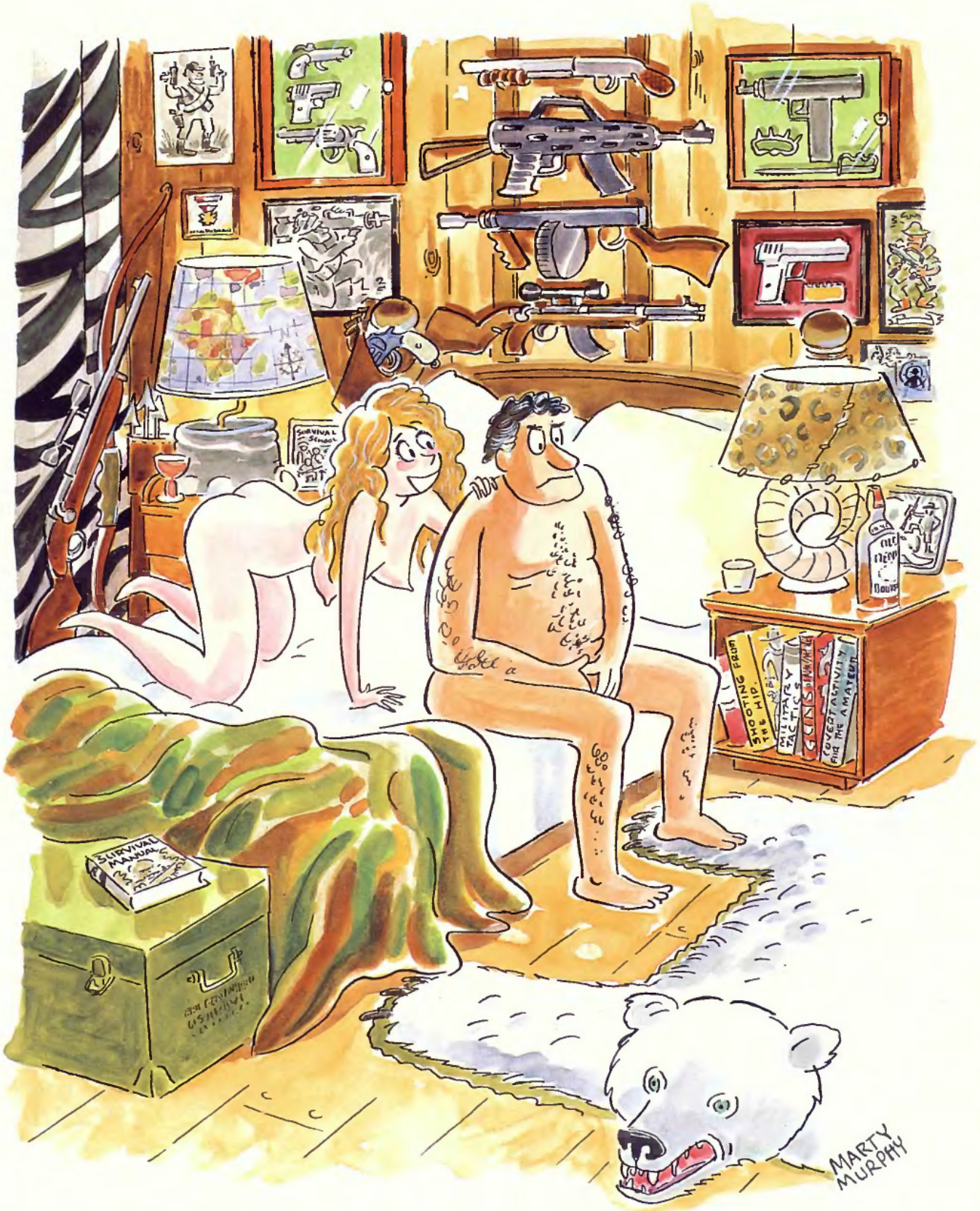
Maybe women have been right all along: We just don't talk anymore. How did it get this bad?

FERN OFFICES

Women invented fern bars. Then they went to work, where the same transformation is underway. Instead of the pickup bar, we have the singles' water cooler.

The secret life of men: The sexualization of the office was inevitable as an unprecedented number of women baby boomers came of working age. Relatively well-educated and prosperous women rejected their mothers' examples and headed straight for the amusements of the work world, where they hoped they might find the same rewarding life they were certain that men secretly must be leading. Women

(continued on page 156)



"Hey, big guy, it happens. You thought you had a round in the chamber, but you were really out of ammo. . . ."

THE WORLD has been a busy place lately. The Soviet Union has undergone a chicken coup, Europe is again reshuffling its deck and the Middle East is, well, acting like the Middle East. Through it all, *Playboy* hasn't missed out on the global action. Last May, with the launch of the landmark Czechoslovakian edition (our second in eastern Europe, after Hungary), we reached a new high, with publications in 15 locations world-wide. To our mind, that's cause for celebration. Here, then, is a summit of sorts—a gathering of some of the finest diplomats we know: the ladies who grace the pages of our foreign editions. Call it the Olympics of beauty, call it the *real* "new world order." Welcome to *Playboy's World Tour '92*.

PLAYBOY'S WORLD TOUR '92

the guy in the white house may have his new world order. here's ours

Check out sultry Šárko Lukešová (opposite), *Playboy Czechoslovakio*'s first Ploymote. (Does that make her a Czechmote?) A student of ethnography, Šárko longs to travel to Fronce to study its orchitecture. French-born Sophie Dupont (top), last seen os o Playmate in our Italian edition, hopes to become o supermodel. And how would she spend her supersolory? "I'd buy a ronch in Conado ond odopt o lot of stroy dogs." Lucky dogs. Don't woit for Budapest's Simonne Munkacsi (above) to wosh up on western shores. Trusting in *perestroika*, Simonne (who also oppeored in *Ployboy edizione Italiana*) plans to "find my own way in my homeland."

At five feet even, Munich's Petra Kitt (above left) may be tiny, but she made a big impressian an *Playboy* Germany readers. Currently working for her dad, wha awns a chain of phato stores, Petra likes spending her down time at the beach. From aur Taiwanese edition comes Carrie Binkley (above right), whase ideal evening consists of "a romantic dinner, a warm bath, glowing candles and a passionate night of lovemaking." Meanwhile, a hot date far *Playbay* Japan's 1990 Playmate of the Year, Rie Sugimota (below), is going aut for ice cream and *okonomi-yaki* (Japanese pizza). Rie also has a yen for Chibi Marukachan—a cartoan character. Look out, Bart.

For some guys down under, mail call is a treat: The letter carrier is Playmate Angela Rottier (abave left). She now lives on Australia's Gold Coast, where, despite being bitten an the job ("in a most unfortunate place"), she keeps a fierce kennel—two bull terriers and a German shepherd. "I want ta experience everything," says Amsterdam's Anna Garcia (above right), a songbird who appeared in *Playboy Germany*. She has already cut a record. Below are *Playboy Brazil*'s Patricia Melo (left) and Monica Fraga (right). Patricia likes "fondue when it's cold and lambada when it's hot"; Monica enjoys the baoks of Milan Kundera and the films of Alfred Hitchcock.

Playboy Turkey brings us Buse Şahin (top left), a budding folk singer who's not nuts about being thin. (Her favorite refrain: "I wish I would be more fat.") Although she's fallen in love 12 times, Buse doesn't believe in tying the knot. "But thirteen will be unlucky," she predicts. "I'll probably get married." Below Buse is Nani Venacio, also from *Playboy Brazil*. Reportedly once the main squeeze of Spain's Prince Felipe, Nani likes karate, jogging on the beach at Ipanema and strong, blond men who will "let me take the initiative." Brazilian knockout Rosangela Caetano (above) is passionate about her love of country, "the beauties of nature" and the electricity of Carnaval. Featured twice in *Playboy Italy*, Rosangela was briefly engaged to a handsome Neapolitan while shooting on location in Italy. "But he was so jealous," she says, explaining why the romance ended. His loss, we'd say.

Say *buon giorno* to delectable Zhen-Lin (left), who appeared in *Playboy Italy* in 1990. Born in Zhejiang, China, she moved to Italy with her parents when they opened a Chinese restaurant in Genoa. *Playboy* Greece's Olga Dimos (above) says she is partial to roast chicken and potatoes. Below is Olga's countrywoman Niki Ioannou, who won *Playboy Australia*'s Great Victorian Playmate Hunt Competition. Niki is into fashion design, *The Addams Family*, sexy men, Lamborghinis and posing for *Playboy*. "There's nothing wrong with the naked body," she says. "I'm content with mine." So are we, Niki.

It's safe to soy that model Cali Adinolfi (above left) has a leg up on her career. In addition to her appearance in *Playboy Argentina*, the 27-year-old model has also been pursuing the actor's life—and succeeding—on stage and TV. İpek Pinar (above right) is a Turkish temptress whose first name means "silk" in her native tongue. ("My skin is like silk also," she says.) İpek has been engaged several times—though never married—and is not the slightest bit shy when it comes to talking about sex: "Nobody compares to me during love time." *Playboy Germany* Playmate Verina Wimmer (below) works in hotel management and loves to dance the night away in Cologne, her birthplace and favorite city. What's her secret wish? "To, just once, have the time to tramp from New York to Los Angeles." Moving clockwise around the facing page, from top left: *Playboy Germany*'s Iris Zimmerman was born in Vienna, hates rainy weather, adores "fast cars and a faithful boyfriend" and wants a modeling career that doesn't interfere with her love life. For China's Ma May May, who appeared in *Playboy*'s Hong Kong edition, future plans are as solid as her name is musical: "to get married, have children and be happy in life." The scintillating Lüps sisters—Zefania (left) and Fouzia (right)—hail from Holland, where they appeared in *Playboy*'s Netherlands edition. Although best of friends, the girls share different tastes in men: "I'm fond of half-breeds," says 24-year-old Zefania, adding that they must be "gentle but tough," while Fouzia, 26, likes a man who is "tall, blond and, if possible, a good cook." For those keeping caunt, the ladies have two more sisters, and all four agree: "No boyfriend can harm our sisterly love." *Playboy Mexico*'s Roxana Chavez has already found success as an actress in the Mexican soaps *Gabriel y Gabriela* and *Senda de Gloria*. Thrice-married and the mother of two, Roxana tells us she's forever exercising and always tan.

Playboy Brazil's Sonia Campos (left) flew to London in 1989 and fell in love—with the fog, the wind and the falling leaves. Spain's Manuela Tiller (right) traveled to Kenya to shoot her pictorial for *Playboy Germany*. "I wanted to be photographed in a region that would produce beautiful pictures," she says. Wild, we say. *Playboy Netherlands* party girl Sharon Maihluhu (below) also loves to globe-trot, especially to the night clubs on the Balearic island of Ibiza. These days, Sharon doesn't have a boyfriend. "I'm waiting for a nice man with whom I can raise an old-fashioned family," she says—"in ten years." Finally, say *wilkammen* to *Playboy Germany*'s Lisa Forward (opposite). Brits recognize Lisa's face—and more—from her exposure as a Page 3 Girl in a daily tabloid. Fan mail, they say, arrives at her doorstep "by the laundry basket."

Bugsy Siegel *(continued from page 104)*

"The ballad of Bugsy Siegel deals with all the universal themes, punctuated by an almost operatic death."

tables, the bust-outs marking keno cards, the drawn, tense men staring at the roulette wheels or the flickering numbers of the sports book. There are thick, pink Germans in Bermuda shorts, hookers from London, Arabs plump with oil money, groups of Japanese men with grave, worried faces. Ben Siegel means nothing to any of them.

But Las Vegas is his truest monument. He invented the place. That garish skyline, those ten thousand blinking, popping, humming electric signs defying the night, defying time's passage, were imagined first by Ben Siegel. Today, the signs, the casinos, the millions of visitors are proof of the creed by which Siegel lived his short and dangerous life: Sin is more profitable than virtue.

More than four decades after his death, there is no monument to Ben Siegel on the Strip. In the schoolrooms of Las Vegas, nobody speaks his name. The present caretakers of his gaudy vision want to create the illusion of perpetual all-American respectability. They want you to believe that Las Vegas was the invention of cowboys and businessmen and Rotarians, not of Ben Siegel. Not some Jewish gangster the papers called Bugsy, for God's sake.

But the ghosts know. Ghosts of dead hoodlums. Ghosts of old losers. Ghosts of forgotten women. Ghosts of bootleggers and hit men, comedians and jugglers, crooners and horn players. They knew the real story. They knew Ben Siegel and would never forget him.

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After his vision of Las Vegas rose from the sand, Ben Siegel became the stuff of legend. After his brutally violent death, the legend of Bugsy was told in all the histories of the Mob and in movie after movie. Warren Beatty appears in the latest version of the tale, starring in a movie directed by Barry Levinson. I wrote my own fictional version of the dark and fabulous legend a few years ago in a three-hour television drama called *The Neon Empire*. But no writer, no film maker seems able to exhaust the subject. The reason is simple: The ballad of Bugsy Siegel deals with all the universal themes. It is punctuated with an almost operatic death, but it most certainly doesn't end there. It ends with a vision grandly realized after the visionary's death. It has everything—sex, money, violence and *hubris*.

With the legend looming so large, it is difficult to separate the facts of the man's life from the legend. We do know that Benjamin Siegel was born in New York City on February 28, 1906, and that he grew up in Williamsburg, a tough Brooklyn neighborhood of factories and tenements across the East River from downtown Manhattan. Almost every resident of Williamsburg had one goal: escape. And the quickest way out was across the Williamsburg Bridge, completed in 1903. This ugly span connected Brooklyn to the Jewish slums of the Lower East Side. Past those slums, across Manhattan and the Hudson, lay America.

When Siegel was a child, he was called Benjy. He was the second of five children born to parents who had arrived in America from eastern Europe in 1903. In many ways, they must have felt at home in Williamsburg, which was a kind of *shtetl* within the larger city. Outside their neighborhood, however, they were anything but welcome. Benjy must have known about bigotry close at hand from the Irish and Italian gangs in Williamsburg, the tough guys from Havemeyer Street, the hoods from Bridge Plaza. In school he heard the platitudes about America, but in the streets he learned quite a different lesson.

Many Jews accepted these conditions as unfortunate facts of life; they shrugged and went on living, hoping for better lives for their children. Others refused to accept. They read the Yiddish-language *Forward* or the *Freiheit* and embraced socialism or militant trade unionism. Some turned to crime. By 1910, the old image of the Jew as passive and docile was finished forever.

All of this must have affected young Ben Siegel. He was intelligent and quick and, as he grew into adolescence, he became a handsome man with dark hair and blue eyes. By all accounts, he had considerable charm. But he was also given to sudden anger and violent rage. This is not surprising. During my own childhood in the slums of Brooklyn, the angriest, most violent young men were also among the most intelligent. They saw injustice and hypocrisy more clearly than others, so their furies were more explosive; some of them later became gangsters. So did Ben Siegel.

He saw a world where only the oratory was splendid. The tenements were filled with rats and roaches. On summer nights, the poor slept on fire escapes while the foul stench of Newtown Creek stained the air. Horses died in the summer heat; their bodies soon swelled and bloated and kids used them as trampolines. In schools, children had their heads shaved to prevent ringworm and lice. Tuberculosis was everywhere. The centerpiece of most kitchens was a bathtub covered with a metal top. After he became famous, Ben Siegel was said to shower four times a day. But there are some things about poverty that can never be washed away.

Siegel was 11 when the United States entered World War One. The city boomed as the garment industry began manufacturing uniforms and tents and shipping them along with other war matériel through the great port. People like Siegel's parents made the clothing; tough guys made the money.

At some point during the war, young Siegel met two men who were to change American life. One was Charles "Lucky" Luciano, then a smart, hard teenager in Little Italy. The other was a man named Maier Suchowljansky. He was four years older than Siegel and had arrived at Ellis Island from Russia with his mother and younger brother in 1911. He became better known as Meyer Lansky.

Lansky was an A student in the grammar schools of Brownsville and the Lower East Side, a reader of books from the Educational Alliance, a gifted man with numbers. In a different era, he might have been successful in almost any business. But Lansky and his friend Siegel were unwilling to serve long apprenticeships or live humble lives of self-sacrifice. They were drawn instead to the rackets. Whatever America had to offer, Siegel and Lansky wanted it now. And in 1919, the prevailing American hypocrisy gave them their opportunity. That year, Congress passed the absurd 18th Amendment, prohibiting liquor sales. Americans thought they could legislate morals; instead, they created the Mob.

Siegel and Lansky didn't start at the top of their craft. As teenaged apprentices, they did small jobs, taking paydays where they could find them: burglaries, collecting for loan sharks, providing tough young muscle for booze smugglers. Lansky was smart and resourceful and understood the new technology of the day—automobile engines. He was soon operating out of a garage on Cannon Street on the Lower East Side with Ben Siegel as his partner. Lansky was not above

(continued on page 150)

"Let's sample the splendid '69 vintage—that was the year they added the pubic hair."

JENNIFER JASON LEIGH

Jennifer Jason Leigh, 29, is an actress who considers the comment "Oh, were you in that film?" a compliment. It means she's doing her job well. Since her debut in "Fast Times at Ridgemont High," as the sexually precocious Stacy, that job has included playing two very different hookers in "Last Exit to Brooklyn" and "Miami Blues" and straighter roles in "Backdraft," "The Hitcher" and "The Big Picture." Her latest excursion is "Rush," based on Kim Wozencraft's powerful book about an undercover cop who gets mixed up with drugs.

Contributing Editor David Rensin met Leigh and she served tea, strawberries and cookies. "True to her reputation for shyness, Jennifer began the interview scrunched up on the couch, arms folded around her knees. She confessed to having worried all day about what she would say. But by quitting time, she had become almost outspoken—and she had eaten all the strawberries."

1.

PLAYBOY: What's so good about playing bad girls? What do you know about bad girls that good girls don't?

LEIGH: Bad girls don't know how to suppress anything. They act out a lot. They're living more sensationally than the good girl, who is responsible. And they're probably more tired. [*Laughs*] So they have more experiences than good girls, and probably a lot more pain. I was a very, *very* good girl growing up. My older sister was the bad girl. When my mother and my sister would be screaming at each other downstairs, I'd be cleaning my room. You take these roles when you're children and it's part of the family balance. So playing bad girls is a way for me to explore the dark side—parts of myself and of my sister, who I loved so much that I didn't explore my own life. Of course, my sister was never nearly as bad as any of my characters, but what interests me is the psyche that operates from the gut. I was very cerebral as a little girl, and my sister was all gut, all emotion.

hollywood's reluctant star holds forth on risks, rewards and what she allows into the bathtub with her

2.

PLAYBOY: As someone who has perfected the art of playing hookers, would you have liked Julia Roberts' role in *Pretty Woman*?

LEIGH: *That* was a recruitment film. It was like *Top Gun* for hookers: "Come to Hollywood, be a prostitute, meet a millionaire—a very handsome millionaire—and get married." [*Laughs*] And first you get to go shopping in Beverly Hills and spend a lot of money. It's a pretty amazing message, and millions and millions of girls are seeing it over and over again. I don't think the movie had anything to do with prostitution. I don't even know why they kept her a prostitute when they changed the script, which originally was a real downer. [*Pauses*] I met with the director, Garry Marshall, on that role. It was very dark. And I was really surprised that Disney was doing it. It seemed a bizarre fairy tale for them. I remember he said to me, "Now, she's really happy. She hasn't been doing this that long." And I said, "Well, how happy can you be after your eighth blow job in the back of a car? How happy can you be, Garry?" It just struck me as an odd statement to make.

3.

PLAYBOY: After doing the play *Sunshine*, in which you played a woman in a Times Square peep-show booth, how did life behind the glass wall make you feel about men?

LEIGH: Sunshine doesn't understand how her life and job are screwing her. She thinks what she's doing is beautiful and that she's really kind of a star at it and that she's helping men. And then she goes home to an abusive husband who won't make love to her. It's a great problem for this character. But soon, even in the booth, she starts to feel degraded. When I was doing the research, watching the shows, I came home really hating men. You can smell the semen in the booth. You can see the stains everywhere. The first girl I saw was like a windup toy: The wall came up, her fingers were in every orifice over and over again, the same words were repeated over and over again. It was depressing to see a woman make herself into this . . . hole, basically; and to know that a man goes in there and ejaculates and leaves. Obviously, there's such a fear of intimacy, or such a desire *for* intimacy. Confronting that—and not simply in an intellectual way—made me sad and angry. It's like the first time I saw *Last Tango in Paris*. I ran into a friend of mine, a guy, in the lobby, and he said, "Oh, this is a really sexy movie. You're with your boyfriend? When you get to the sexy part of the movie, touch him." And I sat through that entire movie waiting for the sexy part. It wasn't about sex, it was about death.

4.

PLAYBOY: What do you know about yourself that might surprise us?

LEIGH: Noise makes me go to sleep. This is from childhood: If we went to a noisy restaurant, I'd be under the table in five minutes. It continues to this day.

5.

PLAYBOY: When you go to the movies now, is it hard to stay awake?

LEIGH: It depends on the movie. I go looking for an experience: Can I become involved, lose myself, even if it's in absolute silliness? The last fantastic movie I saw was *In the Realm of the Senses*. It stayed twelve steps ahead of me and crossed all sorts of lines. They're really fucking on screen, but the film can't be termed pornography because it's clearly made by a genius. And very few love scenes are good. Before that, the last great love scene I saw was in *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!* It's a pretty rare experience to see a movie that presses all these buttons and goes past all these boundaries.

6.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you're not aware of the intense sexuality of some of the women you play. Should we believe that?

LEIGH: Yeah. I've also never had a problem with the sexuality in the roles, but I've never seen it as a focal point. My hookers are three very different women, and it's the woman that I wanted to play, not the occupation. [*Smiles*] Of course, it happens to be a pretty interesting occupation in terms of the psyche that gets involved. On the one hand, you're given all this money and this great sense of power. On the other hand, you're being degraded and humiliated. So it's a total mind-fuck. They're opposite ends of the spectrum

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALBERTO TOLOT

in one transaction. Yet they don't balance each other. They destroy each other. They destroy the person. There's just no way that you can compartmentalize your life like that and stay whole. Still, a prostitute chooses this life and I'm not about to make a moral judgment here. There are a number of real issues of why a woman would prostitute herself. Eighty percent of the time it's because the person has a drug problem and it's an easy, quick way to make money. I know a girl who prostitutes out of a market in Venice. She does a blow job for fifty bucks, and she makes about three hundred bucks in four or five hours from men shopping in the market. It's like those bad porn films, in the vegetable department. She's rubbing the cucumbers and looking at guys. It's hard to imagine, but for her, that's normal life. She has a cocaine addiction.

7.

PLAYBOY: Where do you draw the line in letting yourself be absorbed into a character?

LEIGH: I'll go as far as I feel I need to go for the character. I've never actually prostituted myself. I played a cocaine addict, but I never shot cocaine. Where I go really far is psychologically. I'm in pretty deep. I might endanger my health. I might endanger my mind, but that's why I have a therapist.

8.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you take her on location?

LEIGH: [*Laughs*] No. I call her from location. I don't fly her out. [*Smiles*] What? I'm her only patient? Isn't it fabulous what can be done in Hollywood? God! Look, it's not like some huge deal. I am in therapy. It helps keep me sane. Not that I'm insane. Therapy is not about problem solving for me, it's about stuff that's much deeper. And I love it. It's made me a better actress.

9.

PLAYBOY: In *Rush*, you play an undercover police officer who gets seduced by the drugs that she's trying to eradicate. Since you didn't do the drugs, what tricks did you employ to simulate being high?

LEIGH: I tried a bunch of things. For the cocaine, I drank six cups of coffee in the morning for the extra edge and didn't go to sleep for a couple nights. For the heroin, I talked to heroin addicts, who were very lyrical about it. Some say it's like being a baby, like being in the womb; you feel all warm and soft, and everything's fuzzy around you. You itch a little but you don't care, you vomit but it feels great. Then I had all the technical data: what happens to your pulse, your stomach, your eyes, your tongue. I also saw tapes of people shooting up. I found out that if they can't find any heroin, sometimes they'll take Tuinal. Tuinal is like Percodan. I had an operation and I was on Percodan for ten days. I remember Percodan very well. [*Smiles*]

10.

PLAYBOY: Which was the toughest character to shed after filming, and what extreme measures did you take to get rid of her?

LEIGH: A hard one was Tralala [the hooker] from *Last Exit to Brooklyn*. I loved her innocence. She's living in a pile of shit and thinks she's a movie star. She thinks her life is great. And it so clearly is a hellhole. That was so tragic. She had no idea what love is, had never been raised in it, had never been cared for a day in her life. But she had to go pretty quick because I had another job. And I had to lose the extra weight I'd gained.

11.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you based Susie Waggoner, the dim prostitute in *Miami Blues*, on your dog?

LEIGH: I based a part of Susie Waggoner on my dog, Bessie, and a part of her on these girls I met in Okeechobee. But it's true: When I walk in the door, Bessie will lie on her back with her paws in the air, waiting for me to rub her tummy. That's sort of how I saw Susie—just wanting unconditional love and constantly telling you that you're the boss. And there's this look Bessie gets when I'm mad at her. When I saw the film, I realized I look exactly like my dog when Alec Baldwin yells at me.

12.

PLAYBOY: In *The Hitcher*, how'd you prepare for being pulled apart by a tractor-trailer?

LEIGH: All the preparation I did could not have helped me more than what actually happened. [*Grimaces*] They had it all set up, the tractor-trailer and me on this pulley thing, and then another huge semi. And then they said, "We're gonna have a rehearsal now. Do you want to get up on it or should we put your stunt double up there so you can watch it first?" I said, "I think I'd like to watch it." And they said, "OK. Now the truck's just gonna move a little bit." So they put her up there, and she's a mighty girl. But you cannot control precisely the movement of a truck that big. Then they stepped on the gas and her body went like this [*stretches*]. If it had been me, my arms would have been torn out of their sockets. It was terrifying. As soon as it happened, of course, everyone started screaming and hollering and promising, "The truck's not gonna move! The truck's not gonna move!" They took the tires off and jacked it up to make sure it couldn't move. They had people pulling my legs. But I had seen a terrifying vision—and that was pretty much my prep. It really scared me.

13.

PLAYBOY: You worked on *Flesh and Blood*, much of which was shot in Spain. For the summer Olympics–bound, describe the joys of life on the Iberian Peninsula.

LEIGH: On *Flesh and Blood*, we all thought we were going to die. It was a tough, tough shoot. It was colder that year than it was in Russia. We were shooting at a castle and we had only these little gas heaters. My feet were blue at the end of every day. I was working seventeen hours a day, six days a week. We had no stand-ins. During the rape scene, which took five nights to shoot in zero-degree weather in a ravine outside, they wouldn't even let me wear underwear—forget about a parka—to cover myself while I was lying on the ground standing in for myself. I got huge welts, cuts and bruises from five nights of this. But [co-star] Rutger Hauer was great. I'd be shaking on the ground and he'd put his hands over the fire and then come and put them on my face and my ears while they were lighting me.

14.

PLAYBOY: What clichés about actors do you find particularly offensive? Are there any that are true?

LEIGH: Actors are stupid. Actors will fuck for a part. But the biggest cliché is that all actors are liars and you can't trust them because they lie for a living. It's so bad that it's funny. Actually, I'm a terrible liar, and I don't lie for a living, either. Actors are pretty self-involved. Which isn't always a bad thing. Some clichés are true for some actors, but they could be true for some plumbers, too.

15.

PLAYBOY: For what household emergencies are you currently prepared?

LEIGH: Not very many. I have bottled water. I have a fire extinguisher somewhere. I don't know where my flashlight is. I don't have a medical kit. I have some canned foods, but they're not really canned foods, they're more like soup. That's about it.

16.

PLAYBOY: You have always described your off-screen life as boring. You're

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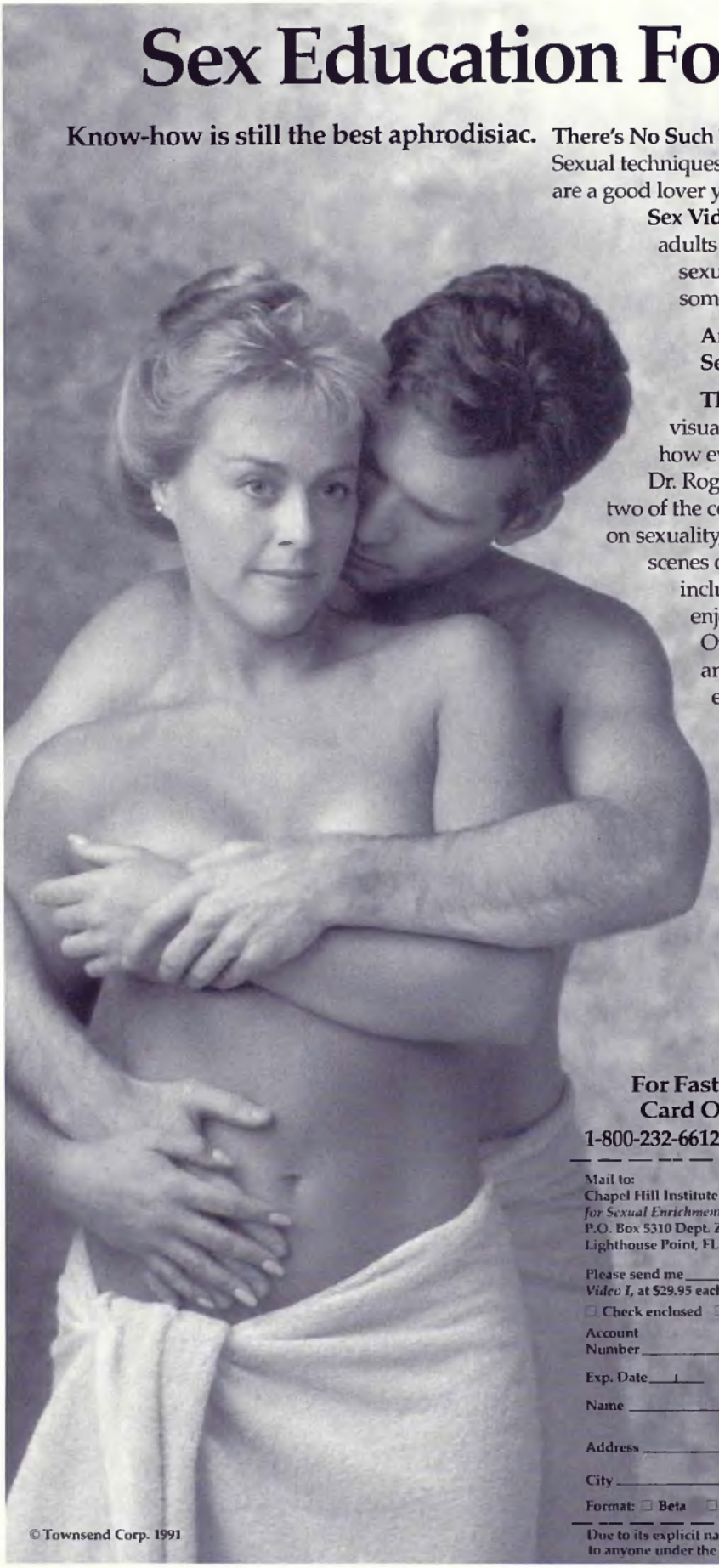

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a movie star. Just how boring does your off-screen life get?

LEIGH: I say that so that my private life can remain my own. But by your standards, it may actually be boring. I don't go skiing, I don't go trail blazing, I don't go to parties, I don't go to premieres. I don't like group situations at all. I go out to eat, perhaps. I walk my dog. I go to a movie. I read. I clean my house. I organize a drawer. I talk on the phone. I read some more. If it's Sunday, I'll watch *In Living Color* and *60 Minutes*, and that's the only time I watch TV. Then I walk my dog again, maybe to the magazine stand. Then I'll come home, sit on the couch, stare at a wall. If I'm researching a part, then I'm reading constantly and I'm interviewing people. I'm very active. I also try and work out every day with my personal trainer. This is a new thing I started on *Rush*.

17.

PLAYBOY: When you do go out, say to a Hollywood party, we hear you like to hang out by the food table. What are some of the more successful edibles you've spent time with?

LEIGH: Moroccan food is always good. It's finger food and interesting-looking. There's salad, cucumbers and tomato sliced up. And there's this chicken in a beautiful pastry with powdered sugar on top and scrambled egg in it. Greek is also good. *Tabbouleh* and *hummus*. Grape leaves. What I don't like is when I stand by the food table and there's nothing I can eat. [*Laughs*] Just chips and dip is very distressing to me. I'll eat them, but I won't be happy about it. Not only will I not enjoy the party, but I'll start to hate myself. Not only am I not talking to anybody, I'm gaining weight.

18.

PLAYBOY: What's the strangest thing you've ever put in your bath besides yourself?

LEIGH: I don't have many bath toys anymore, but I used to have some windup things: boats and floating camels and ducks. Now what I really like are smelly things: beautiful bath oils or bath salts.

19.

PLAYBOY: At your age, what can you still learn from your mother?

LEIGH: I learn from her all the time. For example, for the last couple days I've had this terrible pain in my chest on my left side. I immediately thought, It's cancer. I'm gonna have to go through radiation. Oh, my God. This because I had a friend who, at 23, got cancer. It was behind the sternum, it was inoperable, she went through radiation. So I started to obsess and get frantic. I called the doctor; he wasn't in. Then Mother called. She said, "How are you? You sound awful." She can always tell what mood I'm in. I said, "Oh, I'm feeling horrible. I have this thing." She said, "Does it feel like it's your heart?" and I said, "Yeah." She said, "And it's just like a dull pain? In your chest on your left side?" Anyway, she knew everything. She said, "Oh, I've had that. I used to get that for years and years. It's tension. It's just tension." And, sure enough, an hour later the doctor called me and you know what he said? "Take two Advil every three hours." [*Laughs*] My mother always tells me when I'm feeling particularly strange or something's upsetting me that wouldn't normally upset me, "It's this character you're playing. In two months, it won't affect you that way." She's really understanding of the process.

20.

PLAYBOY: If you saw an issue of *Money* magazine with a story about investing in mutual funds, would you pick it up, call your broker and tell him, or figure he knows more about it than you do?

LEIGH: I'd be at a total loss. I'm bad with money. I would never pick up a magazine like that. Even at the dentist's office. It's like a foreign language. So I have a business manager whom I trust. But maybe someday, I'll play an accountant and learn about it. But it would have to be a complicated accountant. Mixed up and neurotic. I don't like doing successful *and* competent people. She'd have to be successful but unhappy.

$150 AN HOUR! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD COST $150 AN HOUR!
Neither did I.
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.
We'll go out to dinner and take in a movie.
THEN WE'LL CHECK INTO A HOTEL AND SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER.
OK, dear.
MARRIAGE COUNSELOR
S. Harris

MIXED COMPANY

(continued from page 47)

requirements of the workplace demand that we behave as though celibate.

Ira Glasser, in *Visions of Liberty*, compares sexual styles to religious expression: "Imagine, for example, that Jews or Moslems were to be permitted their beliefs and practices only so long as they remained hidden from public view. Religious beliefs and practices would be permitted under this imagined regime, but public expressions of such beliefs would remain a crime. No Stars of David; no Moslem clothing; no visible churches or synagogues. No American today would consider such a regime constitutionally permissible. Yet that was precisely the situation gay men and women faced, and in many places still face."

The Catharine MacKinnons of this world view all sexuality as hostile. A pinup is as offensive as a burning cross. A sexual joke is as crude, they say, as a swastika painted on the wall of a synagogue. A recent decision by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit swallowed this paranoid philosophy: "Because women are disproportionately victims of rape and sexual assault, women have a stronger incentive to be concerned with sexual behavior. Women who are victims of mild forms of sexual harassment may understandably worry whether a harasser's conduct is merely a prelude to violent sexual assault."

We don't buy the link. Rapists don't flirt. Sexual assault is an act of discontinuity. The attack comes out of nowhere. In contrast, the courtship rituals of lunch, dinner, drinks do build—to intimacy.

The reasonable-woman standard is a classic example of discrimination. Imagine arguing that since blacks are disproportionately represented in prisons and on death row, the "reasonable white" has every right to exclude them from the workplace in order to protect himself from violence.

So how does one distinguish between the promiscuous and the prude? Through talk. Through more communication, not less.

Let's go back to our hypothetical professors. Imagine a dinner conversation devoted to Romeo and Juliet's attempt to deal with the life-imperiling sexual harassment policies of the Capulets and Montagues. Is this hostile? Are women so frail, so vulnerable, so timid, so delicate that they must be protected from such language?

Must we behave as though we are in the mixed company of the Victorian age? It is ironic that the same sort of law that kept women from the workplace is now being used as a tool to discriminate against sexually open men.

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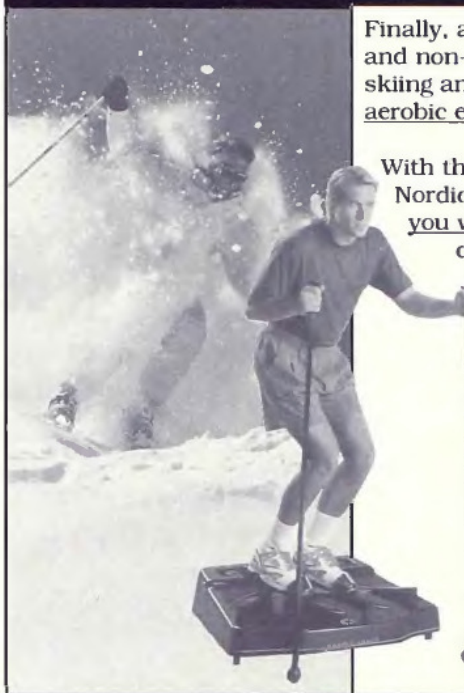

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AUTOMOTIVE REPORT

(continued from page 110)

and wonderful top mechanism." Lamm tipped his hat to the Mazda Miata, calling it "the choice for the regular guy because it's affordable and so much fun. Also, it was designed so that the driver can raise or lower the top with one hand while stopped at a red light." Stevens' vote went to the Morgan Plus 8: "Gross and I borrowed one from the importer, Isis Motors in San Francisco, earlier this year," he recalled. "Driving around, we had women crawling all over the car like eels rising up from the Sargasso Sea. At least, I think they were women."

Most Car for the Money Under $20,000: The all-wheel-drive Eagle Talon just edged out Ford's restyled Taurus and the new, Kentucky-built Toyota Camry in this category, with panelists acknowledging that any of the three is an excellent value. Lamm opted for the Talon, saying "anyone who has driven one in rotten weather knows the reason why I chose it. The Talon looks aggressive and can be driven that way." Stevens also chose the Talon: "For eighteen thousand and change, it's a great buy, providing you're not the size of Michael Jordan." Yates: "For Mr. and Mrs. America, and everybody in between, you've got to go with that old Dearborn standard, the Ford Taurus, with the Honda Accord finishing a wink behind, based on size and power." Frank also liked the Taurus, as well as Nissan's Maxima and the new Toyota Camry, "providing they're all properly optioned, of course." Luyendyk split his vote between the Acura Integra and the Honda Accord, because both of them are "luxurious, comfortable, handle well and look good." Gross felt that the "made-in-America, all-new Camry has what it takes to dislodge Honda from the number-one-selling spot. And the sporty SE version will give other wanna-be BMWs a run for their money."

Best of the Homeboys: "Some new cars restore your faith in America," said Gross, "like Buick's Park Avenue, the Olds Eighty Eight or Ford's Crown Victoria." However, he thought the Cadillac Seville STS was "the best of a tough bunch. Good looks, capable handling and real road presence make STS the best grand-touring Cadillac ever, arguably one GM car with a chance to entice back import drivers who fled the General in droves." Lamm seconds the motion. "Now *this* is the modern Cadillac," he said, "not an overweight, throwback Caddy that forgot to bring its tail fins. As nice as the exterior is, the interior is even better, with some of the best seats I've ever tried and an instrument panel that the Germans could learn from." Stevens agreed, basing his vote

solely on the exterior restyling "because I haven't been able to pry one of these babies away from Cadillac." His second choice: Chrysler vans. "They still do it the best." Yates went for the Taurus SHO "now that they've fixed the shifter. The Buick Park Avenue, sans glitz, is nice. And on paper, I like the as-yet-untested Cadillac Seville STS." Frank's pick was the Ford Crown Victoria: "It shows how well Detroit understands cars of this type." And Luyendyk would see the U.S.A. in a Chevrolet Caprice, which, he says, "looks different yet is priced right."

Top All-Wheel-Drive Wheels: "Subaru's SVX is an impressive value," said Gross, "but Porsche's go-anywhere Carrera 4 is the best sports all-rounder. I drove one from Manhattan to Washington, D.C., in a six-inch snowfall. The only vehicles that could pass me were pickups—and they were sideways. As an eighty-thousand-dollar Jeep, it's unbeatable." Racer Luyendyk preferred the Carrera 2: "Give me two wheels to play with, that's all I need," but conceded that the Carrera 4 "is fun to drive." Said Yates, "It's difficult to choose a four-wheel-drive from a mixed bag of off-roaders and sports all-wheel-drivers. Forced to do so, I have to go with the Carrera 4." Lamm liked the Subaru SVX. "I've been on a ski trip in one," he said, "and it was outstanding. On packed snow, it goes like hell, and with ABS, it stops quickly. Remember though, when you turn, the SVX is bound by the same basic physics as a Yugo." Stevens added, "The Green Hornet would have loved the SVX—low and sleek with that eye-catching window in the window." Frank also liked the SVX, but asked, "Does it really need all-wheel drive?"

1993s We Can Hardly Wait For: Stevens picked the Chrysler LH sedans. "The year 1993 will be do or die time at Chrysler," he said, "and from what I've heard, the LHs will be worth waiting for. At least, they'd better be." Said Frank, "The LHs look wonderful. If only they didn't have wrong-wheel drive. They're probably OK for the family, though." Lamm: "OK, they're family cars, but they are a good indication of whether or not Chrysler will even exist in the next five years." Gross agreed: "I was given a sneak preview of the LH and I think it has what it takes to turn Chrysler around." Luyendyk looked forward to the Ferrari 512 GT America: "I just love Ferraris, that's why." Yates: "I'll have to pick the 600 Mercedes S-Class to see if the marketing geniuses at Mercedes-Benz of North America can actually convince some rich guys to dump one hundred and fifty thousand dollars into a mass-produced sedan that weighs about as much as a humvee—which, by the way, I'm *really* eager to see on the street!" Frank was equally skeptical: "Six hundred years ago," he said, "men wore stuffed codpieces and women had shoes with toes so long and pointed that they had to be supported with fine gold chains. Of course, they couldn't walk in them. The soon-to-come V12 600SL is a little like those medieval affectations: excess that doesn't mean much. I wish they had spent that development time on a 190 replacement."

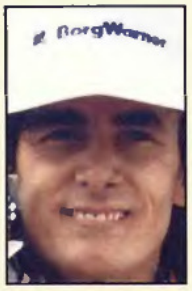
Well, there you have it. Informed, irreverent and not always in agreement, our panel of experts has had its say again. One thing they do concur on, the battle for American sales supremacy has never been tougher in the car game. Despite rising prices, the need for carmakers to move metal is spurring dramatic discounting, often with stickers slashed before the paint has even dried on new 1992s. If you bargain skillfully, terrific buys await.

PLAYBOY'S PANEL OF JUDGES

FRANK

GROSS

LAMM



LUYENDYK

STEVENS

YATES

LEN FRANK: If it has four wheels and is built for the highway, then Frank has probably driven it. As host of the syndicated radio program *The Car Show*, it's his job to report on what's hot and what's not in the world of automobiles. Frank races in his spare time, hitting the tracks in a Cheetah and a Scaglietti-Corvette.

KEN GROSS: As *Playboy*'s Automotive Editor, Gross keeps readers up to speed on what's new in the world of wheels with *Playboy's Automotive Reports* and special car features (his most recent was the July 1991 article on convertibles, *Going Topless*). He is columnist for *Automobile Magazine* and *Automotive Industries*.

JOHN LAMM: As we went to press, Lamm, editor at large for *Road & Track* magazine and *Road & Track* specials, had photographed the oldest Ferrari in existence, an 815. It was a typical assignment for this writer/photographer, who spends 75 percent of his time on the road in pursuit of the latest dream machines.

ARIE LUYENDYK: A professional race-car driver for the past 20 years, Luyendyk made his Indy Car World Series debut in 1985 and was named Rookie of the Year. In 1990, he won the Indianapolis 500 with a record-breaking speed of 185.981 (it still holds today) and currently is ranked sixth among all PPG CART drivers.

DAVID STEVENS: A 26-year veteran with *Playboy*, our Senior Editor of *Modern Living* has the enviable task of being responsible for features that include the stuff men's dreams are made of—the world's fastest and finest cars, the latest wines and liquors, hot new electronic products and other manly pleasures.

BROCK YATES: In addition to being a columnist for *Car and Driver* and co-host of the Nashville Network's *American Sports Cavalcade*, Yates is a screenwriter and author. He recently completed two screenplays for director John Frankenheimer and currently is at work on an autobiography of George Steinbrenner.

RACHEL, RACHEL

(continued from page 70)

shoes are Manolo Blahnik, size 11. Her favorite watch is the Rolex Explorer II. Rachel's favorite fast-food restaurant is Orange Julius. Her favorite cocktail: a bloody mary. Her favorite pasta: shells. Her favorite appetizer: figs and prosciutto. Her favorite sandwich: avocado, tomato, sprouts and mustard. Her favorite pie is blueberry.

Rachel's favorite flowers are peonies. Her favorite smells are Vicks VapoRub and bread baking. Rachel's favorite building is Mies van der Rohe's Barcelona Pavilion. Her favorite architects are Poppa and his partner, "Momma-*san*" (her stepmother).

Her favorite artists are Picasso, Léger, Caravaggio, a Japanese artist who steams and bends tree trunks, and Sophie Calle, who impersonates hotel maids so she can photograph guests' possessions. Her favorite authors are Gabriel García Márquez, Marguerite Yourcenar and Émile Zola. Her favorite dancer is John Travolta; her favorite criminal, Philippe Petit, who walked a tightrope between the towers of the World Trade Center. The song going through Rachel's head is *YMCA*, by the Village People.

When she gets the hiccups, Rachel cures them by tickling the back of her throat with her tongue while holding her breath. You can fantasize about her curing your hiccups this way, but don't hold your breath.

Claustro is her favorite phobia. Her favorite curse is "fuck a duck." Her favorite cartoon is *The Far Side*, by Gary Larson. Her favorite cartoon character is Wile E. Coyote, who she swears lives in her back yard in the hills of Beverly.

Although she's not especially political, Rachel wouldn't mind seeing a President who cares about building a future for our planet, our children and the poor. She doesn't want to meet the President; she'd rather meet Marlon Brando, or if it were possible, Joan of Arc.

Rachel's favorite name for a waitress is Sandra. Her favorite name for a gas-station attendant is Sandra. Her favorite comedian is Sandra Bernhard. She thinks Sandra Bernhard should get more recognition and maybe should be sainted.

Rachel's favorite bedtime is midnight. Her favorite sleeping position is horizontal. The weirdest dream she ever had involved two pink Gumbylike creatures trying to drown her because she couldn't read. Boy, were they wrong.

Rachel Williams' favorite season is the mating season.

"I drink because my country needs the tax revenue."

MY ROMAN HOLIDAY

(continued from page 88)

So with every bone in my body yelling, "Don't be a schmuck!" I faxed him back immediately and told him, "I'll take care of everything. Start packing."

Mick and the history of angina in my family aside, I'm more into paintings than ancient ruins, and quite frankly, as amazing as some of these sites are, my budding existential lifestyle was getting me more in touch with my horniness than with anything else. I saw these crumbled reminders of the glorious past as locations where lots of people screwed their brains out. So I dedicated myself, on my time away from the filming, to finding the woman of my dreams.

Being alone is not particularly easy, even if you are lucky enough to be sipping wine at an outdoor café that faces the magnificent Pantheon. This is one hell of a romantic city. I mean, pigeons do it rather than eat bread crumbs from five-star restaurants. Everyone does it, will do it, is doing it, plans to do it or, like me, is looking to do it. As cautious as I have been in practicing safe sex at home (in fact, it took a concerned Shaker, who was very knowledgeable in sexual etiquette, to beg me to stop asking my lover to boil herself before we had intercourse), it seemed that in Italy, lovemaking was dangerously carefree. Although I had all the intentions of using condoms, let's face it, it's like throwing a penalty flag in bed. Putting a balloon over your dick never fails to ruin your "erection, direction or Mafia connection" (my apologies, Mr. Dylan).

My mood continued to decline when I discovered that my cologne broke on the flight over and drenched my warehouse-sized box of condoms, forcing me to use sign language in a drugstore to buy prophylactics. After an hour, the young girl waiting on me went into the supply room and brought out a curling iron, which proved that I needed a better dictionary.

I had promised myself not to have phone sex with any women from the States—even though my occasional premature-ejaculation problem would have saved me a bundle. I mean, is an orgasm between you and yourself really worth a thousand bucks? Plus, the hotel's operators listen in. If I'm nothing in the sack, I am at least the best dirty-talking lover this side of Columbus, Ohio, and it's not a ball in a hotel to have the doorman say, "Good morning, Mr. Lewis, and how is your ladyfriend, scum suck my cock you pussy slime queen whore bandit of the Nile?" Phone sex was definitely out. The last thing I needed was a reputation for being foulmouthed to get back to Dino De Laurentiis, the movie's producer, and the cast and crew.

Still determined to fall in love, worried sick over the escalation of the bombing in the Gulf and clutching my script for security, I realized that for the first time, I could live the life of an artist, with almost no responsibility except for making sure my mother was in good health back in the States. I could throw myself into the film with total self-indulgence, just like my actress ex-girlfriends did. When they were on a job, they'd gladly ignore me as I lay dying in an emergency room and refuse to give me lifesaving blood if it meant missing out on doing another take. Thankfully, I couldn't hurt anyone by being selfish because I *had* no one—at least not until the moment I first saw her, the possible Mrs. Lewis. I always know it's a potential bride when I stop breathing.

Greta was unreal and either Chinese, German, Scandinavian or African American—I'm really bad at nationalities—but I knew I wanted her to want me with the same irrational lust I already had for her, even though she was probably madly in love with someone else—a pimp, an impressionist, whomever, who cares? There was the chance she might be available, so I tried desperately to make a toothpick out of a napkin to remove some cheese from between my teeth, turned around as subtly as I could, spit out a piece of pepperoni that was lodged somewhere near my former tonsils, stood up and, in some kind of primordial dance (which I attribute to being at the many weddings my father—may he rest in peace—catered so magnificently), bunny-hopped over to this raven-haired wonder. She laughed. So far so good.

Hyperventilating in the most sexual way I could, I sat down next to her and told her that I was a choreographer for weddings and *bar mitzvahs* and was looking for an assistant. What happened next is a story that I will sadly fill you in on later, but now it's time to tell you about the *real* love of my life there—*Once Upon a Crime*.

•

Once Upon a Crime was being directed by yet another idol of mine, Eugene Levy. He and his *SCTV* cohorts were, for my taste, the very best improv troupe ever on television, right up there with *Your Show of Shows*. I instantly discovered that Eugene appeared to be on the verge of falling into a deep sleep at any moment, even in midsentence. In actuality, it was just his erudite way of concentrating. He introduced me to Sean, who was to play Phoebe to my Julian, and left us alone to get acquainted, not knowing we had already met in L.A.

"Hello, Sean," I said as we eyed each other, me in my funereal outfit (everything I wear, even if I were duped into trying on Bermudas, is black) and her in her leotards and a T-shirt with a pattern that looked like an eye test Picasso might have created during his cubist period. There seemed to be a long pause before she shoved me up against a wall and threw me down on a cot like some usher gone berserk at a heavy-metal concert while seating last-minute fans. Upon reflection, Sean has this wonderful way of getting close to her co-stars by (in my perception) combining stuff like yoga, karate, screaming, laughing, slap-fighting, you name it.

Of course, she didn't realize that I have trick knees, and when she suddenly got me in this nooselike position—which to me seemed like the "suicide lotus" position—all the tabloid headlines about her appeared in hologram fashion before me. Then she gave me this strangely tough yet tender squeeze that sucked out all my oxygen and my paranoia about her. As she saw my half-frightened grin, she said, "OK, now I guess we're buddies."

Easy for her to say, but any other guy, even Gandhi, might have flattened the bitch for her unexpected physical stunts. But I sort of understood how she wanted to reach out in some loving, cosmic way, and I will always think that her behavior—even that which seems inappropriate or pathological—comes from either a scared or a good place. Of course, my benevolent analysis of her sometimes hyperkinetic actions was somewhat altered when she occasionally drew blood, but I'm certain that it was only accidental. I'm an adult and I didn't have to say yes all those times to what I think she called—and don't quote me on this—the Pit and the Pendulum game, which she easily convinced me was an actors' warm-up exercise.

We rehearsed at the old Pathé Studios, a cavernous lot with some of the largest sound stages in all the world. Why not, considering that it was Dino De Laurentiis who was behind it all. He sort of transcends whatever project he is working on. I could easily see him stopping the chariot race during *Ben-Hur* (had he produced it) and demanding that the hundred thousand extras "Shut the hell up" (put in a more aristocratic way, of course) so he could tell his stars where he wanted to have dinner with them that night. If, God forbid, one of his actors tried to back out, there would be a good chance the script would be changed on the spot, even if it meant that Mr. Hur came out the loser and the screenwriter killed himself.

Thus, I never said no to a dinner invite by the main man, though I was initially afraid to dine with him because his heavy accent caused me to lose the thread of many of his amazing stories. At our first meal together at his Beverly Hills home, I recall being paranoid that he would have me fired after popping a surprise quiz with a question like, "What the fuck did I say in the last fifteen minutes?" Eventually, I started to comprehend every word of his storytelling, so vividly in fact, that I would often reflect upon the stories the next day.

Before trying to sleep at night, I usually sat in the famous American Bar at the De la Ville, which is run by some of the greatest, friendliest bartenders, who serve you appetizers until your cardiologist appears in a lifesaving hallucination and scares them away. I was either going over my next scene and jotting down any jokes I might want to share with Eugene, rereading a Richard Yates novel or nervously leafing through some new tabloids overnighted to me by jealous exes. It was hard for me not to be concerned with one headline: HE DIDN'T KEEP HIS DISTANCE SO I HACKSAWED HIM IN HALF. I kept my distance from Sean for lots of reasons, not just because she was happily married.

Basically, it was a pleasure to be alone, and, lest you forget, I was—and I say this in the strictest feminist sense—on the make and didn't want to talk to anybody except people on the set or to a potential new lover. I felt that I desperately needed a woman to fondle and nurture, someone with whom I could enjoy restaurants, make out on the Spanish Steps or simply snuggle under the covers while watching the war news on CNN.

When I would get really bummed, I would visit the Keats–Shelley Memorial House, which is one of the most astonishing hidden treasures in Rome. The last place Keats resided has been magnificently preserved, with a wonderful collection of works by the romantics. Even more thrilling was looking out of his bedroom window toward the Via Condotti, a sort of Fifth Avenue of Rome, and spotting a place that became my favorite hangout, the Antico Caffé Greco. More than two centuries old, it was *the* hangout for artists and literati. You could just feel the presence of Orson Welles and Goethe and Byron and even Buffalo Bill, all of whom frequented the place before it was surrounded by chic stores.

Once again, I discovered a potential Mrs. Lewis. This one looked French, perhaps, though there was something Dutch about her or even maybe Southern Californian. Her face was so astonishing that you knew she was in show business. Although I've had visitations from Moses himself telling me to stay away from people in "the biz," I was too horny to care. I would have been grateful for someone whom I could worship, or who would worship me. With a little luck, perhaps we could worship simultaneously.

She seemed to be talking to herself (a problem I could handle if certain other conditions between us were met, like, for openers, her unconditional love) and she was studying photographs with a

type of magnifying glass that lots of models use. Between angry snorts and joyous smiles, she would return to talking out loud. Finally, stricken with the fear that she would leave before I had the chance to be rejected, I went over to her table. She, too, had a Keats book and was reading his poetry. What a break! It was too good to be true, because I, by sheer fate, had memorized the very poem she was reading, *On Death*.

Her name was Colette and she had to get right to bed because she needed at least 17 hours of sleep before a shoot. She told me to call her in two days, which was fine with me. That floating period of high expectation is usually the most fun anyway and, with all due respect, she wasn't the only one working the next day.

Since it was my first day on the set, it was just as well that a potential wife hadn't rejected me the night before. As I looked around, I thought, Jesus H. Christ! What a place to start! Like a rookie pitcher making his debut in Yankee Stadium. I'm hardly a rookie, but shooting a film in Rome with hundreds of people—not to mention Dino and Eugene behind the camera—it was hard not to feel some butterflies. I felt like the only known Jewish porpoise at Sea World that, legend has it, wouldn't do tricks on Yom Kippur.

It was quite a first day, the kind you hear about. I got there at seven A.M. and left at six P.M. and didn't act for one second. Even so, I thought I was fabulous, as did Eugene. He directed patiently and was capable at any moment, especially when he was around John Candy, of launching into some inspired improvisation to break the tension. Eugene, in his own quiet way, asserted much authority and knew exactly what he wanted, and once he got it, he had the nice habit of allowing another take for his actors to do it their way, though his favorite take was usually mine as well.

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Sure, Monaco is pretty and all, and I know that royalty lives on this big rock and you can gamble, but after hanging out with Bernini and Michelangelo in Rome, Astroturf lawns didn't cut it. I rarely left my hotel suite in Monaco except for an occasional jaunt to the sea with Sean, who tried to convince me to meditate. Mostly, I counted the days till I could get back to Rome and—*voilà!*—through the magic of writing, I was again back at the Greco. I felt at peace, unfortunately not with myself but with some stranger sitting across from me, but, hey, I hadn't spoken to my shrink in what seemed like ages and I felt it was a good sign. I even started to feel good about the acting I had been doing until the excruciating realization hit me, like I imagine a heart attack would feel, sort of like a big brick on my chest, that my pal Mick was coming to town.

To this day, he foolishly thinks that his presence in Rome was a positive influence on me. I, on the other hand, blame him for my declining health, constipation, a general lethargy about the 1992 election and an obsession with whether or not I will ever get into the Mile-High Club.

But who needs to have sex in a cramped airline john when I had Greta on her gigantic bed in the Grand Hotel for what turned out to be the greatest oral sex I had ever had? By the way, the only reason I didn't say blow job is: (1) it would offend my mother and (2) I think it's a little sexist unless I could boast of returning the glorious favor. Unfortunately—maybe this is why I'm still a bachelor—I sadly admit to having this freak nerve problem in my jaw that not only takes away my sexual prowess in that area, but I even have to pace myself when I'm eating my favorite steak (no pun intended) at the Palm because I can get spasms. Luckily, through spending many hours in those weird, mystical bookshops all over L.A., I have found an illustration of how to give a woman a tremendous orgasm without its affecting my jaw.

(*Author's note:* I must pause here for a second because I am racked with guilt. I'm proud that I can share these feelings with you, but I couldn't live with myself if by chance this openness caused my mother to suffer a life-threatening illness and she was overheard on her death bed to mutter to her nurse how "my baby *goes down*" on women.)

Greta the Great was the name I coined for her moments after having the most satisfying orgasm in my life. So much so that the next day, I followed her around to different cafés and ordered with bravado. "And what does my Greta the Great want now?" Well, you might think I was in heaven, but I was (as I later discovered) in the presence of a brilliant, gorgeous, proud *lesbian* who was busy writing a manual on gay lovemaking and wanted, for the sake of research, to give

"Hello, NASA. Intromission accomplished, but the condom flew off into space."

head (sorry, Mom) to a guy for comparison. And as it turns out, her mind-boggling technique was pure luck.

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Thank God, Colette was a heterosexual. I knew this because after the Greta shocker, I made her swear to it during foreplay. Since coming to Rome, I had had the overwhelming desire to make love as Julian Peters, my character in the film. I did this in an attempt to improve my acting technique. It's not easy acting with a guy like Giannini without pulling something new from your actor's bag of tricks. Of course, an actor of Giannini's stature would not need this tomfoolery, but his seemingly all-knowing acting sense made it easy for him to glide effortlessly over to me (gliding effortlessly is yet another gift of his) the day after my experience with Colette and whisper, "Don't make love as the character. You don't need it." He grinned and made his way into a sea of admirers, leaving me standing there wondering whether he was psychic or, more importantly, if he had fucked Colette. That bastard! How could he? I'd met his wonderful wife. They seemed perfect together, so my initial fear of his having bedded down with Colette quickly evaporated. However, it's fair to report that in Italy, the men seem to get a particular kick out of publicly announcing their flings to just about everyone—terminally ill people, clergy and everybody on the production—and they even have letters of approval from adoring wives and girlfriends. In a panic, I just figured Giancarlo was psychic and let it go at that.

The night before, Colette didn't have to be psychic to see that I was intent on unleashing an awesome display of sexual prowess. This was going to be my best performance ever, making my Carnegie Hall show look like some Greenwich Village gig back in the early Seventies. Screw my bad knees. Screw my jaw problem. This was going to be the first day of the rest of her sexual life.

We started to neck and it got so steamy she insisted on taking a walk before the inevitable. Each step away from the bed made me want her more and more, but just as we got back to the De la Ville, the revolving door crashed into my face, knocking me momentarily senseless. Two bellhops helped carry me away as Colette, perhaps as a harbinger of things to come, waved at me unsympathetically. My last memory of Colette, even under those dire circumstances, was trying to figure out the proper tip for Gig and Raphael, the two bellboys. By the next morning, Colette had disappeared without a trace. Needless to say, I was feeling miserable when the doorbell rang.

"Hiya, buddy boy," Mick Shaw blurted out, adding, "Jesus, you look like shit."

Now mind you, though he bares no physical resemblance to Max von Sydow in *The Exorcist*—who also was standing outside a doorway but dressed in black as opposed to Mick's pastel outfit—Mick still looked like a Jewish aurora borealis with kinky hair. He seemed to have something very secretive on his mind, besides making my next seven days off the most miserable, anxiety-provoking, guilt-ridden Roman holiday in history. He was smirking because he had devised a plan on the flight, but he steadfastly refused to share this with me until Easter Sunday when "we just had to see the Pope at St. Peter's." What Mick wanted to tell me was that he had developed a plan to make my death easier for him. What a guy.

As it turned out, Easter was a nightmare. Not only did we get to the Vatican about four hours too soon, but the Pope very graciously blessed every country, coffee klatch and semipro baseball league, all done alphabetically under a torturously hot sun. Worse, I was being pushed into a wooden barrier as if I were erroneously being blamed for the death of Christ. The Pope is a crowd pleaser, though from our vantage point, for all we knew, he could have been Flipper. For most people, it's a joyous day, but not to a Jewish comedian with a heat rash on his inner thigh and burdened with a friend who has no discernible personality.

I think it was just about after the thousandth blessing (and my fuse was very short at this point) that I seriously thought about murdering Mick. That, however, would ruin his idiotic "secret death plan." You see, this cheap maniac felt that since one of us will die first (and by the way, we are, inexplicably, great friends and really do care for each other—in fact, since neither of us has a wife and kids, we never eat in the same deli at the same time to minimize the possibility of having simultaneous heart attacks), he figured we should put in our respective wills that the first to die gives the other $50,000 to help cushion the devastation. It would happen something like this: A mutual friend would call and say, "Mickey, Larry. You better sit down."

"Why? What's wrong?"

"Richard's dead. A massive coronary. And on stage, too. But that son of a bitch, wouldn't you know it, doing all new material."

The tears would start to stream down Mick's penny-pinching face. But with the new plan he had so sickeningly devised, a little smile would soon overtake the tears because he had just made a bundle off my passing.

Meanwhile, I was still suffering back at St. Peter's. Proudly being in show business for almost 25 years, I make it a rule never to leave a show before it's over, unless there's a death in the family. Hoping for the best, I told my chum that on "three," we were going to turn around and, like great, rare Jewish running backs, clear a path through the sea of

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Pope-adoring gentiles, keeping our heads down, never stopping until we hit the De la Ville. He came through and for that, I bought him a book on erections because he complained all week that he felt he might have a potential problem after seeing "those damn obelisks" all over Rome.

The next morning, Mick's last, as the driver was loading his bags, Mick reached into his ugly orange sports jacket and pulled out a souvenir ashtray from Keats's former pad, which he had visited. I was touched—until he told me that he hadn't actually gone *in* but had bought it from a vendor out front. With a "*Ciao*, buddy," I waved goodbye ecstatically since I could now, once and for all, devote myself to *Once Upon a Crime*.

I celebrated with a walk across my favorite bridge, the Ponte Sant'Angelo, where you can marvel at the angels designed by Bernini. Those geniuses were so prolific. And yet, why shouldn't they have been? Where could they go? Let's assume Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were at the Paramount Theater then and a couple of masters were pretty well burned out working on ten churches at once and said, "Hey, fuck it, let's go get some laughs." It would have taken them about sixty years just to get to the Jersey side of the Lincoln Tunnel, assuming it had been there. So they worked instead. And so did I.

The last day's shooting was coming up and I made a mad attempt at revisiting the sights and smells that I will always cherish. Since there are zillions of guidebooks, I'm not about to tell you that, for example, Michelangelo's original concept for the palazzo on the Capitoline hill was eventually changed by the architect Della Porta. Half the fun of visiting cities in Italy is finding places on your own, by walking if you want to be safe, since most Italians drive like madmen out of *Rollerball*. In Rome, dings on men's cars are not so much a source of stress and body-shop bills as they are documentation of how many bars they crashed into or women they impressed with their driving.

Mick, being the obnoxious businessman he is, obsessed on all the little openings in the Colosseum by proposing aloud his fantasy about putting in boutiques like St. Pizza Pie and St. Undies. His demented entrepreneurial funk aside, that old place truly gives you goose bumps, particularly when lit up at night. The last straw for me with Mick was when he got us thrown out of the Sistine Chapel. He laid on his back and screamed like an escaped mental patient. "Lewis, there are those two guys who are almost touching their fingers." Well, at least he showed some passion.

At the Piazza del Popolo, I suggest you walk up the steep stairs from there to the corner of the Villa Borghese, look down at the city, especially when the sun is setting, take a deep breath and, if you're better adjusted than I am, enjoy yourself.

As far as gifts are concerned, I don't have a clue. Everything I ever bring back from abroad is greeted with either a scared smile or phony thanks. This trip, at the last minute, I found a store that had autographed codpieces for sale at half off. They were supposedly worn by gladiators who fought with emotional problems. So I made a deal for a hundred. I'm no fool.

I sadly had to race through a Dali exhibit. It occurred to me that it's easy to become drained in even the world's greatest museums, since many noted painters focused mainly on Jesus in his most glorious moments. As a result, you wind up seeing about four billion versions of three events. Maybe it's just me, but every once in a while, it would be refreshing to see an unexpected broiler in the painting or someone who looks like, say, Steve Allen sitting next to a disciple, just to whet your palate for the next three million works on this same theme. That's my one complaint, not bad for a guy who went cold turkey without therapy for the entire filming. One drunk tourist told me that he called his shrink from his hotel room and it took him almost an hour to put in all the digits from his credit card. His session ran about a thousand dollars. So, proudly, I survived without it and made it to the last day, which ended just about as surreal as one might dream it should.

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Although Sean Young wasn't meant to be Catwoman, she was the quintessential Phoebe. The night we wrapped, she threw a catered party for the crew. I had to break away to get back to the hotel to pack. I got about 50 feet down the spooky corridor at the studio and was heading toward the Benz for the final drive back when I heard something that sounded like Eugene's voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, Richard Lewis." I looked back at the group of 80 or so people applauding and saw it not only through my eyes but also the way Giuseppe Rotunno, our director of photography, would see it. He had been next to Fellini during his film making more times than anyone else. As I stood there doing some silly bows, I truly felt very happy with myself for having stuck it out in this business when there were so many fucking times I wanted to hang it up. Thank God, I stayed around long enough to get the chance to be appreciated by all these warm, eccentric, talented people. In the car as I sat back and listened to my driver give me kudos in his own incomprehensible manner, I shut my eyes and didn't want to look out the window because I felt I had finally earned the right to say, "I know Rome."

"It's wonderful! You just dial a special 900 number and you get this crack division of airlifted mercenary paratroops."

THE CONSPIRACY

(continued from page 78)

his pilot's job at Eastern Airlines, but he had flown several clandestine flights to Castro's Cuba and was part of the training staff at the Lake Pontchartrain guerrilla camp. A rare chronic disease (*alopecia praecox*) having taken all his hair, he wore a wig made out of mohair and drew on his eyebrows with a grease pencil. He worked out of Banister's office, but he also served as a free-lance investigator for G. Wray Gill, a lawyer who represented Carlos Marcello, the Mafia godfather of New Orleans. Ferrie reputedly flew Marcello back into the United States after his deportation by Robert Kennedy in 1961. On the day of J.F.K.'s murder, Ferrie was with Marcello in a New Orleans court as Marcello won a verdict against R.F.K.'s effort to deport him again.

But far stranger still among Banister's associates in the summer of 1963 was a young ex-Marine named Lee Harvey Oswald.

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At first look, Oswald seems to be a creature of contradictions. On closer examination, the contradictions become complexities.

There was, on the one hand, the patriotic Oswald, a true-blue if emotionally mixed-up American kid raised in and around New Orleans, New York City and Fort Worth by his widowed (and twice-divorced) mother with the help of aunt Lillian and uncle "Dutz" Murret, a bookie in the Marcello gambling net. As a teenager in New Orleans, Oswald joined the local Civil Air Patrol and there met David Ferrie, its commander, in 1955. He tried to join the Marines but was rejected for being underage. He went home and memorized the Marine Corps manual, and came back to try again as soon as he reached 17 in October 1956, this time succeeding.

Oswald served his three years ably, rated "very competent" and "brighter than most" by his officers. The Marines cleared him for access to the performance characteristics of the top-secret U-2. They put him in a program of Russian-language training and instruction in the basics of Marxism-Leninism, as though he were being prepared for intelligence work. Indeed, a Navy intelligence operative named Gerry Hemming had thought as far back as 1959 that Oswald was "some type of agent." The House Select Committee on Assassinations noted that "the question of Oswald's possible affiliation with military intelligence could not be fully resolved."

On the other hand, there was Oswald the traitor. With only three months to go in the Marines, rather than await the normal discharge process, he applied for a hardship discharge for no good reason (citing a minor and already-healed injury to his mother's foot), then hurried to the Soviet Union. After two and a half years of Soviet communism, Oswald recanted. Now with a Russian wife and a daughter in tow, he returned to the United States, explaining in a written statement that "the Soviets have committed crimes unsurpassed even by their early-day capitalist counterparts."

So was he a good patriot again? No, now he announced himself to be a member of the Communist Party and became the founding and sole member of the New Orleans chapter of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, three times passing out pro-Castro leaflets in New Orleans.

Yet, paradoxically, Oswald's frequent companion that summer in New Orleans was the militant anticommunist David Ferrie, with whom he had joined in loud public condemnations of Castro and J.F.K. During this same period, Oswald also spent time with Banister. He stamped Banister's office address on his pro-Castro leaflets and stored his extra copies there. He and Banister twice visited the campus of Louisiana State University and made themselves conspicuous in discussions with students in which their main theme was that J.F.K. was a traitor. Not once during this time did Oswald associate with anyone actually sympathetic to Castro.

Oswald left New Orleans on September 25, 1963, and on the next day in Mexico City, according to the Warren reconstruction, registered as O. H. Lee at the Hotel del Comercio, a meeting place for anti-Castro Cuban exiles. He spent the next several days trying to get visas for travel to Cuba and the Soviet Union. In the process, he got into a prolonged row with a Cuban consular official.

The CIA had the Soviet and Cuban embassies staked out. It was later able to produce several photos of Oswald taken at these sites—as well as to supply tapes of several phone conversations between a Soviet embassy official and a man calling himself Oswald. There was a problem with the photos: They showed a large, powerfully built man in his mid-30s not in the least resembling Oswald. And there was a problem with the tapes: The CIA destroyed them, and the transcriptions contained garbled Russian, whereas Oswald was considered to be fluent in Russian. Even the row with the Cuban official presented a problem: Interviewed by the Select Committee on Assassinations in 1978, the official said his Oswald was not the same one as the man arrested in Dallas. Moreover, two CIA spies working inside the Cuban consulate in 1963 agreed that "the real Oswald never came inside." They told the House Committee that they sensed "something weird was going on" in the Oswald incident.

There is also abundant evidence that Oswald was often impersonated quite

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apart from the alleged Mexico City trip.

Item: An FBI memo dated January 3, 1960, noted that "there is a possibility that an impostor is using Oswald's birth certificate." The real Oswald was in the Soviet Union at this time.

Item: Two salesmen at the Bolton Ford dealership in New Orleans were visited on January 20, 1961, by a Lee Oswald in the company of a powerfully built Latino. Oswald was looking for a deal on ten pickup trucks needed by the Friends of Democratic Cuba. On this date, Oswald was in the Soviet Union.

Item: On September 25, 1963, a man calling himself Harvey Oswald showed up at the Selective Service office in Austin to request help in getting his discharge upgraded from undesirable. On this date, Oswald was supposedly in transit to Mexico City.

Item: A highly credible Cuban *émigrée*, Sylvia Odio, told the Warren Commission that she was visited in Dallas by Oswald and two other men recruiting support for the anti-Castro cause. On the date of this encounter, the Warren Commission placed Oswald either in New Orleans or en route to Mexico.

Item: On November 1, 1963, a man later identified by three witnesses as Oswald entered a gun shop in Fort Worth and made a nuisance of himself while buying ammunition. The Warren Commission had evidence that Oswald was at work in Dallas that day.

Item: On November 9, 1963, when Warren Commission evidence placed Oswald at home in Irving, Texas, a man calling himself Lee Oswald walked into a Lincoln-Mercury showroom in Dallas and asked to take a car for a test drive. The salesman found the ride unforgettable in that Oswald reached speeds of 70 miles an hour while delivering a harangue about capitalist credit and the superiority of the Soviet system. Oswald, in fact, did not know how to drive a car.

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Curiouser and curiouser, this Oswald who was all over the map and all over the political spectrum, in New Orleans and Fort Worth and Austin and Mexico City all at once, here a radical and there a reactionary. What to make of this man?

"This question became a very practical one for me," says Garrison, "on the day the President was killed and Oswald's picture was flashed around the world. As his résumé filled in over the next day and we found that he'd spent that summer in New Orleans, it became my duty as D.A. to see what we could find out about him."

Garrison soon discovered Oswald's ties to Ferrie. He brought Ferrie in for questioning on Monday the 25th, the day after Ruby murdered Oswald, then turned Ferrie over to the FBI for further questioning. "In those days," Garrison recalls, "I still believed in the FBI. They questioned Ferrie, found him clean and released him with a strange statement to the effect that they wouldn't have arrested him in the first place, that it was all my idea. Then they put a SECRET stamp on their forty-page interrogation report. But what did I know? I had burglaries and armed robberies to worry about. I went back to the real world. I was happy to do so."

•

Garrison's happy life in the real world came to an end for good about three years later. He at first saw no problem when the Warren Report was published in September 1964, holding that Oswald was a lone nut and Ruby another one. "Warren was a great judge and, one thought, wholly honest." Here and there a few spoilsports—Mark Lane, Edward J. Epstein, Harold Weisberg, Penn Jones, Sylvia Meagher, Josiah Thompson—were discovering problems with Warren's double lone-nut thesis, but Garrison was inclined as most Americans were to go along with it. "It seemed the easiest position to take," he says, "especially since the war in Vietnam was getting nasty and Americans of critical spirit were now caught up more in the mysteries of Saigon than in those of Dealey Plaza."

Then in 1966 came a fateful chance meeting with Louisiana's Senator Russell Long. The conversation turned to the Kennedy case. Long astounded Garrison by saying, "Those fellows on the Warren Commission were dead wrong. There's no way in the world that one man could have shot up Jack Kennedy that way."

Garrison immediately ordered the Warren Report plus the 26 volumes of its hearings and exhibits. He plunged in, dedicating his evenings and weekends to the case.

He expected to find "a professional investigation," he says, but "found nothing of the sort. . . . There were promising leads everywhere that were never followed up, contradictions in the lone-assassin theory that were never resolved."

In particular, he was troubled by evidence that:

- Shots were fired from the so-called grassy knoll to the front and right of J.F.K. as well as from behind.
- The maximum number of shots the alleged murder weapon could have fired was inadequate to account for the total number of bullet holes found in Kennedy and Texas Governor John Connally (who barely survived) unless one of the bullets had magically changed its direction in mid-flight.
- Nitrate tests performed on Oswald when he was arrested supported his

claim that he had not fired a rifle in the previous 24 hours.

• Oswald appeared to have been trained as an intelligence agent in the Marines, which implied that his awkward display of sympathy for communism was phony.

Any one of these possibilities, Garrison realized, was enough to reduce the Oswald-acting-alone theory to ruins. "I was stunned," he says. "There were nights I couldn't sleep."

Finally, in November 1966, as he puts it, "I bit the magic bullet." Basing his jurisdiction on Oswald's 1963 summer in New Orleans, he secretly opened an investigation into the President's murder.

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Of the four New Orleanians of primary interest to Garrison, the most interesting of all was Oswald himself, since Oswald had in a sense become Garrison's client. But he was dead. Next most interesting was Guy Banister, clearly at the center of New Orleans' anti-Castro scene. But Banister had died, too, of a heart attack in 1964.

Third came David Ferrie, quite alive in 1966. Garrison's investigators started compiling a portrait of Ferrie as a talented and impassioned anticommunist, a far-right soldier of fortune whose relationship with the reputedly procommunist Oswald during the summer of 1963 posed a question crucial to the clarification of Oswald's purposes—namely, as Garrison puts it, "What the hell were these guys doing together?"

By reconstructing the 1963 relationships of Oswald with Ferrie and Banister, Garrison hoped finally to make sense of the bundle of contradictions that was Oswald. But he never got a chance to do a proper job of it.

A bright young reporter for the *New Orleans States-Item*, Rosemary James, was routinely nosing through the D.A.'s budget in February 1967 when she noticed some unusual expenses. Garrison's men had spent some $8000 during the previous three months on such things as trips to Texas and Florida. What could they be up to? A few questions later and she had the story.

D.A. HERE LAUNCHES FULL J.F.K. DEATH-PLOT PROBE read the headline on the February 17 *States-Item*. MYSTERIOUS TRIPS COST LARGE SUMS. James's lead ran, "The Orleans parish district attorney's office has launched an intensive investigation into the circumstances surrounding the assassination of President John F. Kennedy."

In the ensuing pandemonium, Garrison found himself under enormous pressure from city hall and the media. He felt he had begun to build a strong conspiracy case against Ferrie in that Ferrie clearly hated J.F.K. and clearly had a tie to Oswald, but that it was still not time to arrest him. His staff was meeting to debate the timing of Ferrie's arrest when word came that Ferrie had been found dead in his apartment, killed by a brain aneurysm. The coroner ruled the cause of death as natural, but Garrison saw indications of suicide: an empty bottle of Proloid—a medicine that could have pushed the hypertense Ferrie's metabolism over the red line—plus two typewritten and unsigned suicide notes.

Within hours came a report that Ferrie's militant anticommunist comrade, Eladio del Valle, had been found in a car in Miami, shot point-blank through the heart and with his head hatcheted open.

Now what? The stage was filled with enough dead bodies for an Elizabethan tragedy, and two of Garrison's key suspects were among them. Just one other was left.

•

Clay Shaw, born in 1913, was one of New Orleans' best known and most impressive citizens, a charming, richly cultivated and cosmopolitan businessman, a much-decorated Army officer during World War Two detailed to the Office of Special Services and a founder and director of the International Trade Mart, a company specializing in commercial expositions. Shaw retired in 1965 to pursue interests in the arts, playwrighting and the restoration of the French Quarter, where he lived. He was a silver-haired, handsome *bon vivant* with high cheekbones, a ruddy complexion and an imposing six-foot-four frame.

Garrison had come to believe that he was part of the J.F.K. conspiracy. Research had turned up indications that Shaw was the mysterious Clay Bertrand who had phoned New Orleans attorney Dean Andrews on the day after the J.F.K. hit to see if Andrews could arrange legal representation for Oswald. Garrison had found that Shaw led a double life in the New Orleans gay community and that Shaw was a friend of Ferrie's, who had been his pilot on at least one round trip to Montreal. Garrison had a witness, Perry Russo, who claimed to have been present when Ferrie, Shaw and a man Russo thought was Oswald discussed assassinating J.F.K.

More important, one of the D.A.'s assistants, Andrew Sciambra, had discovered an Oswald-Shaw link in Clinton, a rural Louisiana town. Dozens of people had seen Oswald in Clinton on two occasions in early September 1963, once as a passenger in a battered old car driven by a young woman and later in a shiny black Cadillac with two other men who waited for hours while Oswald, the only white in a long line of blacks, tried unsuccessfully to register to vote. Five Clinton witnesses testified that the men with

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Oswald were David Ferrie and Clay Shaw. The local marshal, curious about strange Cadillacs in town, traced the license plate to the International Trade Mart. He talked to the driver and later, at the trial, identified him as Shaw.

Garrison knew that such fragments didn't add up to an airtight conspiracy case. When I asked him if he was surprised to lose, he said, "Not really. I'm too good a trial lawyer. So why did I go to trial against Clay Shaw? Because I knew that somehow I had stumbled across the big toe of someone who was involved in one of the biggest crimes in history. And I was not about to become the person who did that and then let go and said, 'Oh, I might be violating a regulation.'"

Looking back, does he think this was an error?

"If it was an error, then it was an error that I was obliged to make."

But Garrison did not leap blindly into the prosecution of one of New Orleans' leading citizens. He first presented his evidence to a panel of three judges. They told him he had a case. Then he presented the evidence to a 12-member grand jury. The grand jury also ruled that there was sufficient evidence to try Shaw. And at that point, the decision was out of Garrison's hands: The law required him to proceed. Shaw's lawyers went all the way to the Supreme Court with an argument that the case should be thrown out, and they lost. After Shaw was acquitted, he filed a $5,000,000 damages suit against Garrison for wrongful prosecution; the Supreme Court dismissed it.

But Garrison's case ran into many strange problems. One of his assistants provided the list of state's witnesses to Shaw's attorneys. An FBI agent with detailed knowledge of anti-Castro projects in New Orleans refused to testify for the prosecution, pleading executive privilege. The U.S. Attorney in Washington, D.C., "declined" to serve Garrison's subpoena on Allen Dulles, CIA chief at the time of the Bay of Pigs, who was in a position to clarify the relationship between Ferrie, Banister, Shaw and the CIA. The governors of Ohio, Nebraska and other states refused on technical grounds to honor Garrison's requests for the extradition of important witnesses. A federal agent told Garrison privately—but refused to testify—that Ferrie, Shaw and Banister were involved in handling Oswald. A witness critical to establishing that Shaw used the alias Clay Bertrand, a key issue, was not allowed to present his evidence.

Some of these difficulties may have arisen because, as later became known, both Shaw and Ferrie were contract agents of the CIA. This was revealed in 1974 when a former aide to CIA director Richard Helms, Victor Marchetti, noted he had heard Helms wonder aloud if the CIA were giving Shaw and Ferrie "all the help they need."

Without this knowledge, the jury got the case on March 1, 1969, two years to the day after Shaw's arrest. It took a little less than an hour to conclude unanimously that Shaw was not guilty of conspiring to kill Kennedy. In posttrial interviews, some jurors said Garrison convinced them that a conspiracy existed but not that Shaw had been a part of it. The Garrison who two years previously had promised, "We are going to win this case, and everyone who bets against us is going to lose his money," could now sit down for a long, slow chew.

The loss didn't hurt him at the polls. He recorded his most lopsided victory ever in the elections of 1969.

But the story wasn't over.

•

Garrison had just risen from his breakfast and was still in his pajamas and robe when the doorbell rang. It was a posse of IRS men, there to arrest him on a charge of allowing pinball gambling in exchange for a bribe.

This was June 30, 1971. About two years later, in August 1973, the trial was held, Garrison arguing his own case (with the donated help of F. Lee Bailey). His defense revolved around one powerful basic point, namely, that the government's star witness against him, his former wartime buddy and colleague, Pershing Gervais, had been bribed by the government to make the accusation.

Garrison was acquitted of the bribery charge as well as of a follow-up charge of tax evasion the government pressed against him in 1974. "A thing like that," he says, "can be enjoyable if you have a cause and you're wrapped up in it. I'd say it was one of the high spots of my life. It was nothing to feel sorry about. I never went to bed with tears on my pillow."

But another kind of attack on Garrison began about this time, most often in the work of other conspiracy theorists who began to wonder why Garrison said nothing about Mafia involvement in the J.F.K. hit. There were Mobsters all around Jack Ruby. The New Orleans godfather, Carlos Marcello, was right in Garrison's back yard. A Marcello lawyer worked with Ferrie. Ferrie was with Marcello the day J.F.K. was shot. Yet Garrison seemed to ignore all this.

The charge is raised by writers (notably G. Robert Blakey and John H. Davis) who champion a Mafia-did-it theory of the crime and who themselves spend little ink on the evidence pointing to renegade federal agents. But Garrison's position on Mafia involvement was reflected in the 1979 report of the Select Committee on Assassinations (Blakey was its chief counsel), which stated that "the national syndicate of organized crime, as a group, was not involved in the assassination." As for the presence of individual Mobsters, Garrison was

among the first to see it. An FBI memo of March 28, 1967, reported that "Garrison plans to indict Carlos Marcello in the Kennedy assassination conspiracy because Garrison believes Marcello is tied up in some way with Jack Ruby." According to another FBI memo, June 10, 1967, "District Attorney Garrison believes that organized crime was responsible for the assassination," the memo going on to explain Garrison's fear that the Mafia wanted to blame the crime on Castro and thus spark a U.S. retaliation that would lead to restoration of the Mafia's control of Cuban casinos.

More recently, Garrison has written that "Mob-related individuals do figure in the scenario." After all, the CIA and the Mafia shared an interest in Castro's overthrow, as is evident in their murderous alliance of Task Force W.

But Garrison does not believe that the Mafia could have set up Oswald, controlled the investigation of the crime and influenced the conclusions reached by the Warren Commission. "The CIA hired the Mafia," he points out, "not the other way around. If Carlos Marcello had killed J.F.K. on his own, he would never have gotten away with it."

The merits of the CIA-*vs.*-Mafia debate aside, however, this was not a great time for Garrison. He lost a close race in the next election, and in 1974 left the D.A.'s office after 12 years of service. He spent the next few years in what he calls his interregnum, a period of relative quiet in which he wrote his one novel, *The Star-Spangled Contract*, a fictional treatment of his view of the J.F.K. hit. That period ended in his successful campaign for a seat on the Louisiana court of appeals in 1977. He was inaugurated to a ten-year term in 1978 and reelected in 1987. He reached mandatory retirement age of 70 in November 1991.

•

During the Seventies, the J.F.K. case suddenly shot forward. Watergate and the resignation of President Nixon had already put the country in a mood to listen to conspiracy theories when Mafia boss Sam Giancana was shot down in his home on June 19, 1975, five days before he was to testify to a Senate committee. On July 28, 1976, mafioso John Roselli was asphyxiated, dismembered and dumped into Miami's Dumfoundling Bay. Giancana and Roselli had both been deeply involved in the CIA-Mafia plots. The atmosphere created by these events persuaded the House of Representatives by a vote of 280–65 to enact H.Res. 1540, which established the Select Committee on Assassinations.

That was September 17, 1976. Two and a half years and $6,500,000 later, this committee reported its findings: that conspiracy was "probable" in the death of J.F.K. and a "likelihood" in the 1968 death of Martin Luther King, Jr. In neither case could the House committee offer a solution.

But then came the Reagan years. The new Justice Department found the conspiracy evidence unconvincing and decided not to bother about it. And there the case has stood for the past decade—"stuck," as Garrison says, "not for want of something to do but for want of a government with the will to do it."

•

But Garrison is not resigned.

"Who killed President Kennedy?" he demands, just as though he still expected an answer. "That question is not going to disappear, no matter what the government does or does not do. It may fade into the background sometimes, but something will always evoke it again, as Oliver's movie is about to do now. It's basic to who we are as a people. We can no more escape it than Hamlet can escape his father's ghost."

But what can Hamlet do three decades later?

"There's a lot to do," says Garrison, "and since well over half the American people still gag on the lone-nut theory, there would appear to be a supportive constituency."

Garrison's program:

"First, open the files that the Warren Commission and the House committee classified as secret until the year 2039.

"Second, declassify the House committee's so-called Lopez Report, a 265-page document on Oswald's supposed trip to Mexico. Lopez himself has said he believes Oswald was set up. Why is this report still secret?

"Third, declassify all the files on Operation Mongoose and the CIA-Mafia murder plots. The Mongoose group seems to be at the center of the J.F.K. conspiracy. We need to know every detail about it.

"And, no, these steps will not crack the case, but they will help us understand it better, and we can move on from there."

Someone else who had put so much into such a cause and who had so often been abused for his pains might feel defeated to have to settle for such small demands as these, and to realize that, small as they are, they are almost certainly not going to be met.

But Garrison doesn't see it that way. "The fight itself has been a most worthy one," he says quietly. "Most people go through their lives without the opportunity to serve an important cause. It's true that I've made some mistakes and had some setbacks. But who knows? To manhandle a line from *The Rubáiyát*: The moving finger has not stopped moving on yet. The full story's not in."

His smile becomes a beam. A light dances in his eyes.

"Clarence Darrow lost the Scopes trial," he says. "But who remembers that today?"

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Bugsy Siegel

(continued from page 130)

using violence in those days. But Siegel had a true gift for applied aggression. Any weapon would do: fists, feet, lead pipes or guns.

At one point, Siegel was a cabdriver, probably out of Lansky's garage, most likely as a cover for delivering rotgut to prized customers. He certainly wasn't driving a cab to make a living; one biographer claims that Siegel handed out business cards to the guzzlers.

But Prohibition wasn't simply a time for home delivery. In their campaign to escape from the ghetto, Lansky and Siegel had larger ambitions. They even had what is now called a role model: a suave gambler named Arnold Rothstein. Before the war, Rothstein had perfected the alliance between racket guys and politicians in the belief that crime was a business like any other. It followed one basic rule of capitalism: You had to spend money to make money. The more you spent on the corruption of politicians, cops and judges, the more you would make later. You followed the rules of the market, giving the customers what they wanted. Image was important: You dressed carefully, you had good manners, you kept your word, you recruited younger men in an intelligent way. Public violence should be avoided; it was bad for business.

By the time Rothstein was murdered in 1928, the gangster style had been set, and nobody personified it better than Siegel. As he and Lansky moved up from protecting cargo to running their own bootlegging network, the money rolled in. The boys moved uptown. Siegel began to dress elegantly. He moved through the rowdy nightside of New York with showgirls or fancy hookers on his arm and was greeted like a young prince in the speak-easies. He carried a thick roll of cash and moved into a suite in the Waldorf Astoria, a few floors below Charlie Lucky. Park Avenue, at last. No more roaches. No more bathtub in the kitchen. Ben Siegel had escaped from Williamsburg. He was never going back.

There were some minor detours. Siegel was arrested in Philadelphia for carrying a concealed pistol but jumped bail and never returned. Mysteriously, the cops in Philly sent his mug shot to New York but never asked for Siegel's extradition. In 1929, he was arrested again in New York. This time the charge was more serious: dealing heroin. But Siegel's luck held. The charge was dismissed, this time for lack of evidence.

Throughout his career, Siegel had a way of avoiding the jailhouse. As Boss Tweed once remarked, it's better to know the judge than to know the law.

The same year that he was arrested on the drug charge, Siegel married Estelle Krakower. Lansky also chose to marry, taking Anne Citron for his bride. The two friends decided to have a combined ceremony, with Ben and Meyer serving as best man for each other. Marriage was a big change in Siegel's life. He had to plan his moves beyond Saturday night. As always, Lansky led the way.

On May 13th, Lansky traveled to Atlantic City for a national convention of major hoodlums, usually considered the constitutional convention of the Mob. The hoods began to plan for the inevitable end of the noble experiment. Some even talked about setting up a fund for going legitimate. "After all," Luciano asked, "who knows more about the liquor business than us?"

Urged on by Lansky, who wanted his friend to settle into a less-flamboyant style, Siegel sought a piece of legitimacy himself. He bought a Tudor-style home in Scarsdale, the exclusive suburb just above New York City. When Wall Street laid its famous egg, some of Siegel's neighbors leaped out of windows in downtown Manhattan. But for a while, Siegel only got richer. Estelle soon gave birth to a daughter named Millicent, followed two years later by Barbara.

The mask of bourgeois respectability didn't even slip on April 15, 1931, when Siegel took part in one of the most significant murders in Mob history. That day, at the Nuovo Villa Tammaro in Coney Island, Luciano dined with Joe "the Boss" Masseria, the last of the old-time mustache Petes. At one point, Luciano excused himself and went to the men's room. In walked Siegel and three other men. They blasted Masseria into eternity. Outside, the driver of the getaway car froze in panic at the wheel. Siegel shoved him aside and drove the hit men back to Manhattan. He had plenty of time for dinner in Scarsdale.

Then on November 12, 1931, the cops raided a conference at the Hotel Franconia on West 72nd Street and, for the first time, Siegel's name appeared in a New York newspaper. He was in the company of eight men, including Louis "Lepke" Buchalter, Harry "Big Greenie" Greenberg, Jacob "Gurrah" Shapiro and Joseph "Doc" Stacher. These were some of the most murderous hoodlums in the history of the Mob. A few years later they would become famous as executives of Murder, Inc.

But on that evening in 1931, the cops had nothing on any of them. They were photographed in their overcoats and wide-brim hats and released at the station house. Siegel went into one of his patented rages. He hired a lawyer and insisted that his mug shots and fingerprints be erased. Again, a judge agreed. But the arrest demonstrated that Siegel was more than a charmer with baby-blue eyes; he was involved with some of the most ruthless killers in New York. Years later, Siegel admitted that he personally

had murdered 12 men. "But don't worry," he said. "We only kill each other."

•

Siegel went west in 1936. The reasons were complicated. Tom Dewey was now special prosecutor in New York (later district attorney). Urged on by New York's flamboyant mayor, Fiorello H. La Guardia, he was directing the toughest investigation of organized crime in the city's history. The heat, as they said, was on. Siegel wanted to get out of the way.

Another reason was economic. The city was bogged down in the Great Depression, and even the racket guys were beginning to feel the pinch. Of all the old bootleggers, only Siegel seemed to be without his own fiefdom. He couldn't shoot his way into personal power in New York; he didn't have the manpower and, besides, these were his friends. So when Dewey applied the big heat, Siegel—possibly at Lansky's suggestion—went to California. In 1936, that state was not the economic powerhouse it is today; in many ways it was provincial, underpopulated, isolated from the mainstream. But Siegel loved it. The hard desert colors, the palm trees bending in the breeze, the beaches spreading away to north and south, the glassy expanse of the Pacific: This was as far from the hard dark alleys of Williamsburg as a man could go. And it had Hollywood.

Ben Siegel acted as if he'd walked into a dream. Through Louis Lepke he had introductions to Willie Bioff and George Browne, two Chicago hoodlums who had muscled their way into the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees in Hollywood and were shaking down the studios. Siegel immediately understood that Bioff and Browne were imbeciles, but they were also rich; he then got his own union, the screen extras', and began collecting dues from the studios.

Instinctively, he understood that Hollywood loved a glossy front. He leased the $250,000 mansion of opera singer Lawrence Tibbett at 326 McCarthy Drive in Beverly Hills. He parked a new Cadillac and a new Buick in the driveway, later adding a Duesenberg. More important, he called on George Raft. The movie gangster had grown up Jewish among the Irish gangs of Hell's Kitchen. He dropped out of school at 13 and had become a prize fighter, a pool shark, a ballroom dancer and a gigolo. Siegel's kind of guy. They met in the gin joints of the Twenties, then lost touch when Raft went to California and became a movie star in *Scarface*. Now, in the Thirties, the real gangster came knocking on the movie gangster's door. They became friends.

"Benny took a personal interest in motion pictures," Raft told his biographer, Lewis Yablonsky. "He bought cameras, projectors and other equipment and often came to the studios to watch the technical processes. He asked me to photograph him one day and I took some footage of him with his camera in my dressing room, and he later showed the film at home. I had a hunch that, like a lot of people, he was a frustrated actor and secretly wanted a movie career; but he never quite had nerve enough to ask for a part in one of my pictures."

He did play a part in the life of Hollywood. Siegel brought his wife and two daughters to California. He gave his girls horseback-riding lessons and enrolled them in the best private schools. He joined the exclusive Hillcrest Country Club (formed as an alternative to the anti-Semitic clubs of the Los Angeles establishment). He played golf. He had his shirts, even his underwear, adorned with monograms. He had his thinning hair done at Drucker's barber shop in Beverly Hills. He was vain about his good looks and was said to use a variety of skin creams and to sleep wearing a chin strap. He dieted, drank very little, smoked one cigar a day and worked out at a gym. A perfect Hollywood man.

He was also a social creature. He went with Raft to Hollywood parties and such clubs as the Brown Derby, Ciro's and the Mocambo. His name made an occasional column, where he was described as a sportsman. If anybody knew about the bad old days in New York, it was never mentioned. And nobody called him Bugsy. Soon his friends included Cary Grant, Jimmy Durante, Georgie Jessel, Mark Hellinger, Jack Warner. While his wife Estelle stayed at home, Siegel went out with a series of starlets, usually bedding them at a private cottage in the Garden of Allah. He had brief flings with the British actress Wendy Barrie and the luscious Marie McDonald, and had a long affair with the Countess Dorothy di Frasso. Class, he said. He wanted class.

The affair with Di Frasso was the most enduring. The countess was the former Dorothy Taylor, an American heiress who married an Italian count and who lived a life that was a combination of Henry James's and Hedda Hopper's. She was older than Siegel, a famous giver of parties, a character around the town. Their affair led to one of Siegel's more Runyonesque adventures and the end of his immunity from publicity. In September 1938, he sailed off with the countess on a schooner called the Metha Nelson, which had been used during the shooting of *Mutiny on the Bounty*. The destination was the Cocos Island, off Costa Rica, where $90,000,000 in pirate gold was supposed to be buried. The whole voyage swiftly turned loony. They reached the island all right, but for more than a week, the gangster, the countess and their various attendants foundered around in the sands, guided by a treasure map. All they found were some rusted shovels from an earlier expedition. Siegel finally took charge, ordering the

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captain, a naturalized German, to get him out of there.

Siegel was dropped off at Panama while the furious countess remained on board the ship of fools. The Metha Nelson then sailed right into a tropical storm and had to be towed by a passing Italian freighter to the port of Acapulco. Safe on shore, the German captain charged mutiny and the story made the newspapers back home. The *Los Angeles Examiner* dubbed it the Hell Ship, related the hilarious fiascos in Hearstian detail and finally broke the story that one of the voyagers was that notorious gangster from the East, Bugsy Siegel.

That was the beginning of Siegel's decline in Hollywood, though he didn't know it at the time. The *Examiner* wrote story after story about him, and even the intercession of so famous a newspaperman as Mark Hellinger didn't silence them. Soon the questions about Siegel's occupation were being answered. What did he do? He had the extras' union. He had a piece of a gambling ship called The Rex and of the race track at Agua Caliente, across the border from San Diego in Mexico. He had established himself as the Mob superior to Jack Dragna, the old boss of the L.A. rackets. The countess defended him: "Yes, Ben . . . may have done some wicked things, but at heart, he is a good man."

Others disagreed. The board at Hillcrest forced him to give up his membership. The cops started paying attention. He was questioned about the whereabouts of his murderous pal Louis Lepke, then the quarry of a nationwide manhunt. They came to Siegel's house one day to investigate a tip that he had contraband Chanel No. 5 in his basement; all they found were canned figs. In 1938, Siegel went to Europe with the countess, staying at her Villa Madama in the suburbs of Rome. He didn't stay long.

Lepke had a contract out on Big Greenie Greenberg, who had threatened to turn stool pigeon if the boys from Murder, Inc. didn't send him $5000. He was tracked to Montreal by a killer named Allie "Tick Tock" Tannenbaum but slipped away. Then someone saw him on the street in L.A. and he was tracked to an apartment at 1804 Vista Del Mar. Siegel was asked to supervise the execution of the contract on Big Greenie. For reasons no longer knowable, he agreed.

So Ben Siegel stepped aside and Bugsy Siegel went back to his old trade. He did the job with his customary daring and efficiency. He enlisted a gunsel named Frankie Carbo, who was to become famous in the Fifties as the underworld's commissioner of boxing. He brought in his brother-in-law, Whitey Krakower. He was joined by Tick Tock Tannenbaum and finally by his old pal Champ Segal, a former Rothstein henchman. On the evening of November 22, 1939, they went to Big Greenie's house and waited in their cars. They watched as Big Greenie bought a newspaper and went to read it in his yellow Ford convertible. He was sitting there when he was shot to death. The gunmen calmly departed for another day of sun and fun.

But if the job was done with dispatch, the story didn't go away as fast. Siegel and others were repeatedly indicted for the murder of Big Greenie, managing to squirm free only with the help of a plague of death, disappearance and disallowal among key witnesses—and some high-profile payoffs to elected officials.

Although he was able to steer clear of a conviction, Siegel was no longer welcome in Hollywood society. It was time to move on, and this was as good a time as any to do so. The country was again preparing for war, and the Mob bosses once more had to plan for the future, as they had before the end of Prohibition. Most entered the lucrative black market or expanded their existing prostitution, gambling or drug rackets. Siegel looked east. But not very far.

Siegel's final incarnation was about to be born: Bugsy the visionary.

•

Siegel first saw Las Vegas before the war. One story says that he was with another hoodlum named Moe Sedway. They went to Vegas together to try selling a racing wire to some casino operators. In those days, Las Vegas was a town of about 6000, most of them men who had come to work on Hoover Dam or descendants of early Mormon settlers. There was a notorious street of bordellos called Block 16 and a group of sawdust joints, where gambling was legal. There were some cheap hotels. On that first trip, Siegel failed to sell his racing wire; the established gamblers weren't interested in change, particularly not in change suggested by a New York Jew.

But he never forgot Las Vegas. Siegel looked at a scruffy desert town and saw a glittering future. He had in mind a hotel and casino that would serve as a pleasure palace for grownups. He would build it and others would follow, dozens, perhaps hundreds of them, all glittering in the desert town that would become the capital of the sin business.

Some say the idea wasn't his. Credit has gone to Sedway or to a man named Billy Wilkerson, who published the *Hollywood Reporter* and operated Ciro's. But Siegel certainly was the main man in the Mob to push for the development of Las Vegas. A new world was coming. The country would expand into the empty West. Jet airplanes would reduce travel time. Air conditioning, and the hydroelectric power that ran it, would make it possible to play in the desert, even in the dead bottom of August. By all accounts, Lansky was dubious. But Siegel grew more insistent.

Most believe he was driven in his ambition by a tough, beautiful woman named Virginia Hill. She lived an extraordinary life before she ever met Siegel and began the most famous romance in the history of the Mob. She was born on August 26, 1916, in Lipscomb, Alabama, and soon moved with her parents and five brothers and sisters to the steel town of Bessemer. She dropped out of school at 14 to marry, and quickly divorce, a local rich boy. It was her characteristic entree into the wide scary world.

By early 1941, she had married and divorced her way across the U.S. and Mexico, picking up plenty of influential friends along the route. At last, she arrived in her natural element: Hollywood. The big time. She lived at the Beverly Hills Hotel. She went out on dates with Victor Mature and Gene Krupa. She even had a movie contract. Mostly she partied.

And at some point during this period, she met Ben Siegel. Hill was moving back and forth across the border, carrying cash for the Mob, making contacts at high levels of the Mexican government. By 1942, she had two homes in Los Angeles. One was called the Falcon's Lair, at Two Bella Drive above the Pacific Coast Highway; it had once belonged to Rudolph Valentino. The other was at 810 North Linden Drive in Beverly Hills; it had once been owned by the comedian Georgie Jessel. Both houses were owned by a man named Juan Romero, one of the many contacts she had made in her journeys across the border. Hill was his tenant.

We don't know if the first encounter of Siegel and Virginia Hill was a case of "meet cute" in the Hollywood style or something more elaborate. But it must have been electric. Certainly, they were made for each other. Siegel was the epitome of the romantic gangster style; other gangsters recognized that Virginia Hill was a genuine female hoodlum, the highest compliment they could pay a woman. Ben and Virginia were soon inseparable.

"When I was with Ben," she said, "he bought me everything."

She wasn't exaggerating. There was $43,000 worth of gowns bought from the designer Howard Greer. She once walked out of a jewelry shop with a bracelet and ring worth $19,000. She moved through clubs picking up tabs. She hosted lavish parties. She spent $4800 on one such fiesta in Ciro's, $7500 on another night. Add another zero at the end of each of those numbers to get the current-day equivalents. The money was probably coming from the drug trade that had begun to flow through Mexico after the smuggling routes from Europe were disrupted by the war. And

Siegel must have been involved, too.

The countess began to fade out of Siegel's life. So did his wife, who went to Reno and got a divorce. He sold the Holmby Hills mansion and was soon living with Virginia Hill at the Falcon's Lair. Meanwhile, he was beginning to operate in Las Vegas. He sold his wire service to some of the sawdust joints and bought into them for good measure. He persuaded Lansky to invest some money; Moe Sedway and a tough Phoenix gambler named Gus Greenbaum also went in on the deal. On their expeditions, they noted the congested traffic around the downtown railroad station and saw the steady flow of automobile traffic along Highway 91 to Los Angeles. Again, Siegel the visionary made the right decision. They would build their postwar pleasure palace on the highway. That was the beginning of the Strip.

In mid-1945, with the end of the war in sight, Siegel got serious. He arranged financing from Lansky and the other gangsters back East. Wilkerson invested, as did Sedway and Greenbaum, who also arranged loans from banks in Arizona. In December 1945, ground was broken. Siegel and Virginia Hill celebrated. And the vision started becoming a reality.

There were still wartime restrictions on building materials, shortages of lumber and plaster and marble, and very few available construction workers and craftsmen. Siegel enlisted Nevada Senator Pat McCarran to ease some of the shortages. Wilkerson sought help from the designers and craftsmen at the movie studios, who also helped supply material. Virginia Hill supplied the name: the Flamingo.

Almost from the beginning, things started going wrong. Unusual rains pounded down for one nine-day stretch. The precious materials were sometimes stolen during the night and then resold to the contractors the next day. In the penthouse, where Ben and Virginia were supposed to live happily ever after, a ceiling beam was found to be only five feet, eight inches above the floor and had to be replaced at a cost of $22,500. Bugsy decided that the aisles in the kitchen weren't wide enough; they were reconfigured at a cost of $30,000. The boiler room was too small, the plumbing was lousy and the curtains in the main rooms were flammable. Siegel insisted that the air conditioners in individual rooms were too loud; he fumed and raged and had them replaced. The construction budget ballooned from $1,500,000 to $6,000,000.

Siegel was losing control of the project. He raised additional cash from Lansky and the others, but those gentlemen grew increasingly dubious about the whole venture. Hill raised some money, too, and there were reports later that some of this was money from the heroin racket. But Siegel had sworn that he would open the Flamingo by the end of 1946. And as the pressure intensified—particularly from Mob investors—he went ahead and opened before the hotel was ready.

On opening night, December 26, 1946, Siegel expected glamour, excitement, hordes of excited movie stars. He got George Raft, whose career had faded. He got Charles Coburn and George Sanders, Vivian Blaine and Sonny Tufts. Hardly the A list. Jimmy Durante was the first act to play the main room, along with Xavier Cugat's orchestra; that night, the room wasn't full. With Siegel's arbitrary rules about class (no hats, white tie for dealers), most of the locals stayed away. The hotel rooms were not finished, so those who did come from L.A. returned almost immediately. Before the night was over, there were more dealers than customers. And Bugsy Siegel emerged from the darkness.

In the next two weeks, Bugsy beat up a dealer he thought was cheating. He had to be restrained from attacking columnist Westbrook Pegler, who pecked away at him relentlessly in print and was spotted playing the slot machines. Furious at bad publicity, he chased his press agent around the swimming pool, firing a pistol. He grew increasingly paranoid, for good reason. Silverware and food were being stolen from the kitchen. The hard-eyed professional gamblers from the downtown casinos arrived to play the tables and started busting the bank. Nothing worked, not fresh dice, new cards, the shifting of dealers from table to table. At the end of the first two weeks, the casino had done the impossible: It had lost $300,000. Hill suddenly announced that she had an allergy to cactus and moved back to the house on North Linden Drive. By the end of January, Siegel had to close the Flamingo so that construction work could be finished. He went back to Hill. His doom was approaching.

In December 1946—before the opening of the Flamingo—there was a Mob convention at the Hotel Nacional in Havana. Among those in attendance was Lansky. And a major point of discussion was Ben Siegel, who was not invited.

The charges against him were the gravest that could be made against a fellow gangster: He was cheating them. No minutes were kept of the Havana meeting, of course. But later tales indicate that the Mob's intelligence service had received disturbing reports. Siegel had taken $600,000 in cash out of the casino. Hill had traveled to Switzerland, depositing large sums in a Zurich bank, while also buying an apartment there.

According to *The Last Testament of Lucky Luciano*, by Martin A. Gosch and Richard Hammer, Luciano later remembered the discussion this way: "There was no doubt in Meyer's mind that Bugsy had skimmed this dough from his

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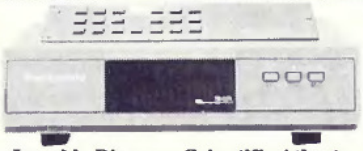

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buildin' budget, and he was sure that Siegel was preparin' to skip as well as skim, in case the roof was gonna fall in on him. Everybody listened very close while Lansky explained it. When he got through, somebody asked, 'What do you think we ought to do, Meyer?' Lansky said, 'There's only one thing to do with a thief who steals from his friends. Benny's got to be hit.'"

Siegel's behavior was getting more erratic and violent. His checks were bouncing, including one for $50,000 to Del Webb, one of the Flamingo contractors. Virginia Hill came back and got into a drunken fight with Siegel. She drew Siegel's blood by smashing him in the head with a high-heeled shoe. He punched her in the stomach. She returned to L.A. and within a few days was ready to leave for Europe. Former beau Joe Epstein re-entered her life, providing money and words of consolation—and perhaps of warning. She left by ship on June 10.

On June 20, 1947, Siegel was staying in Hill's house at 810 North Linden Drive. In the morning he went to Drucker's barber shop. He visited with Raft. He had meetings with an attorney and a Flamingo publicist. Virginia's brother, 21-year-old Chick Hill, was staying at the house with his girlfriend, Jerri Mason. He remembered a telephone call during which an angry Siegel said, "You son of a bitch. Over my dead body, you will. You haven't got the guts."

That evening, Siegel took Chick Hill, Mason and a gambler friend named Allen Smiley to dinner. They went to Jack's Restaurant in Ocean Park. They dined well. Siegel paid. On the way out, Siegel was given a complimentary copy of the early edition of the *Los Angeles Times*. They all went home to North Linden Drive. Hill and Mason went upstairs. Smiley sat at one end of the couch. Siegel sat at the opposite end, beside a lamp, and started reading the newspaper. It carried a sticker that said: GOOD NIGHT. SLEEP WELL. WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF JACK'S. The drapes were open, the night dark beyond the French windows.

At about 10:30, someone in the darkness of the adjoining driveway fired nine rounds through the windows with a .30/30 carbine. One bullet went through Smiley's sleeve. Six others smashed into Siegel. One destroyed his teeth. Another blew his right eye across the room.

Twenty minutes after the shooting, Gus Greenbaum, Moe Sedway and two other men walked into the Flamingo and said that they were the new bosses.

•

Listen: The wind moans. It tells of daughters crossing a country by train to bury their father. It tells of the discarded wife standing bitterly beside a burial plot in Beth Olam Cemetery. It tells of Virginia Hill at a Paris ball, hearing the news, then racing to Nice, where she tries to kill herself. Years later, she finally succeeds. Joining Ben. Joining Bugsy.

Listen, for the ghosts remember Williamsburg, too, and thrilling nights running rum with Meyer. And they tell of Meyer Lansky old and wizened, his small body shriveled, walking his dog in the Florida sun, driving a blue Plymouth to the deli while the feds watch. Sometimes the old man must think of his lost friend, who was 41 forever. You can hear them all in the desert wind, as it blows steadily through the neon metropolis that lives because of Ben Siegel's fabulous dreams.

"Wow! And you learned that in charm school?"

LEAN YEARS

(continued from page 64)

"Yes, isn't it? Bruce is so important to me now, I can't imagine how I got along all those years without him. Oh, but that brings up a depressing subject. I suppose I must really insure Bruce's life, mustn't I?"

"The more important your husband is to you," he said, with his salesman's instant comprehension, "the more you must consider every eventuality."

"But he's priceless to me," I said. "How could I choose any amount of insurance? How could I put a dollar value on *Bruce?*"

"Let me help you with that decision," Mr. Swerdluff said, leaning that moist red face toward me over the desk.

We settled on an even million. Double indemnity.

•

"Strike while the widow is hot." Unattributed, I guess.

It did all seem to go very smoothly. At first, I was merely enjoying Stephanie for her own sake, expecting no more than our frequent encounters, and then somehow the idea arose that we might get married. I couldn't see a thing wrong with the proposition. Stephanie was terrific in bed, she was rich, she was beautiful and she obviously loved me. Surely, I could find some fondness in myself for a package like that.

And what she could also do, though I had to be very careful she never found out about it, was take up that shortfall, those pennies between me and the white medicine that makes me such a winning fellow. A generous woman, certainly generous enough for that modest need. And I understood from the beginning that if I were to keep her love and respect and my access to her piggy bank, I must never be too greedy. Independent, self-sufficient, self-respecting, only dipping into her funds for those odd sixpences which would bring me, in Mr. Dickens' phrase, "result happiness."

The appearance of independence was one reason why I kept on at Rendall/LeBeau, but I had other reasons as well. In the first place, I didn't want one of those second-rate account churners to take over the Morwell—now Kimball—account and bleed it to death with percentages of unnecessary sales. In the second place, I needed time away from Stephanie, private time that was reasonably accounted for and during which I could go on medicating myself. I would never be able to maintain my proper dosages at home without my bride sooner or later stumbling across the truth. And beyond all that, I've always enjoyed the work, playing with other people's money as if it were merely counters in a game, because that's all it is when it's other people's money.

Four lovely months we had of that life,

with Stephanie never suspecting a thing. With neither of us, in fact, ever suspecting a thing. And if I weren't such a workaholic, particularly when topped with my little white friend, I wonder what eventually might have happened. No, I don't wonder; I know what would have happened.

But here's what happened instead. I couldn't keep my hands off Stephanie's financial records. It wasn't prying, it wasn't suspicion, it wasn't for my own advantage, it was merely a continuation of the work ethic on another front. And I wanted to do something nice for Stephanie because my fondness had grown—no, truly, it had. Did I love her? I believe I did. Surely, she was lovable. Surely, I had reason. Every day, I was made happy by her existence; if that isn't love, what is?

And Stephanie's tax records and household accounts were a mess. I first became aware of this when I came home one evening to find Stephanie, furrow-browed, huddled at the dining-room table with Serge Ostogoth, her—our—accountant. It was tax time and the table was a snowdrift of papers in no discernible order. Serge, a harmless drudge with leather elbow patches and a pathetic small mustache, was patiently taking Stephanie through the year just past, trying to match the paperwork to the history, a task that was clearly going to take several days. Serge had been Stephanie's accountant for three years, I later learned, and every year they had to go through this.

So I rolled up my sleeves to pitch in. Serge was grateful for my help. Stephanie, with shining eyes, kept telling me I was her savior, and eventually we managed to make sense of it all.

It was then I decided to put Stephanie's house in order. There was no point mentioning my plan; Stephanie was truly ashamed of her record-keeping inabilities, so why rub her nose in it? Evenings and weekends, if we weren't doing anything else, not flying out to the cottage or off to visit friends or out to theater and dinner, I'd spend half an hour or so working through her fiscal accounts.

Yes, and her previous husband, Robert, had been no help. When I got back that far, there was no improvement at all. In fact, Robert had been at least as bad as Stephanie about keeping records, and much worse when it came to throwing money around. A real wastrel. Outgo exceeded income all through that marriage. His life insurance, at the end, had been a real help.

And so had Frank's.

It was a week or two after I'd finished rationalizing the Robert years—two of them, though in three tax years—that my work brought me to my first encounter with Frank. Another husband, last name Bullock. Frank Bullock died three and a half years before Stephanie's marriage to Robert Morwell. Oh, yes, and he, too, had been well-insured. And with him, too, insurance paid double indemnity for accidental death.

Robert had been drowned at sea while on a cruise with Stephanie. Frank had fallen from the terrace of this very apartment while leaning out too far with his binoculars to observe the passage of an unusual breed of sea gull; Frank had been an amateur ornithologist.

And Leslie Hanford had fallen off a mountain in the Laurentians while on a Canadian ski holiday. Hanford was the husband before Bullock. Apparently, the first husband. Leslie's insurance, in fact, had been the basis for the fortune Stephanie now enjoyed, supplemented when necessary or convenient by the insurance of her later husbands. After each accidental death, Stephanie changed insurance agents and accountants. And each husband had died just over a year after the policy had been taken out.

Just over a year. So that's how long my bride expected to share my company, was it? Well, she was right about that, though not in the way she expected. I, too, could be decisive when called upon.

Whenever the weather was good,

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Stephanie took the sun on our terrace. Although it would be plagiarizing a bit from my bride, I could one day, having established an alibi at the office. . . .

The current insurance agent was named Oliver Swerdluff. I went to see him. "I just wanted to be sure," I said, "that the new policy on my life went through without a hitch. In case anything happened to me, I'd want to be certain Stephanie was cared for."

"An admirable sentiment," Swerdluff said. He was a puffy, sweaty man with tiny eyes, a man who would never let suspicion get between himself and a commission. Stephanie had chosen well.

I said, "Let me see, that was—half a million?"

"Oh, we felt a million would be better," Swerdluff said with a well-fed smile. "Double indemnity."

"Of course!" I exclaimed. "Excuse me, I get confused about these numbers. A million, of course. Double indemnity. And that's exactly the amount we want for the new policy, to insure Stephanie's life. If that's what I'm worth to her, she's certainly that valuable to me."

•

Call me a fool, but I fell in love. Bruce was so different from the others, so confident, so self-reliant. And it was so clear he loved me, loved *me*, not my money, not the advantages I brought him. I tried to be practical, but my heart ruled my head. This was a husband I was going to have to keep.

Many's the afternoon I spent sunbathing and brooding on the terrace while Bruce was downtown at the firm. On one hand, I would have financial security for at least a little while. On the other hand, I would have Bruce.

Ah, what this terrace could be! Duckboarded, with wrought-iron furniture, a few potted hemlocks, a gaily striped awning. . . .

Well, what of it? What was a row of hemlocks in the face of true love? Bruce and I could discuss our future together, our finances. A plan, shared with another person.

We would have to economize, of course, and the first place to do so was with that million-dollar policy. I wouldn't be needing it now, so that was the first expense that could go. I went back to see Mr. Swerdluff. "I want to cancel that policy," I said.

"If you wish," he said. "Will you be canceling both of them?"

"If a politician can't party or screw around, how can we attract good people to public service?"

WOMEN

(continued from page 118)

see men playing the games men play. They see men swallowing the fallacy of self-importance and they want to taste it themselves. Women, of course, find no more meaning in work than men do, so their irritation grows, along with their belief that something is being held back from them, some crazy, rewarding thing that makes sense out of life. They think this thing is hidden around the office somewhere, and the more they fail to find it, the more they hate men for hiding it.

The secret life of women: If women are defined by what they are, men are defined by what they do. This essential meaninglessness for men leads to an affection for diversion, which is why work was invented in the first place. Men know it's just a place where a guy can pleasantly waste his life.

Women looked for the meaning of life at work, and it wasn't there. But what women did find at work was men, and that did not please them because they resented the way men worked. When the vicissitudes of working life went against them, they placed the blame on men—sometimes fairly, sometimes not.

Be nice to your sister: The unfair accusations and resentments of women sparked equal resentments in men, many of whom, after all, spent a childhood of enforced sexual equality playing football with rules altered by mom to make sure their little sisters could play without getting hurt. Which ruined the game. Men quickly discovered that women at work were like sisters on the gridiron: They could be as aggressive and mean as they wanted. They could kick and hit if they got mad, secure that the boys wouldn't hit back for fear of parental wrath and peer dishonor. Women also discovered that they could play victim whenever it suited them. In consequence, the boys would play a little less roughly. This tactical advantage wasn't lost on women, whose continuing denial of its existence is only part of its exasperating charm.

Women will be girls: Girlishness is more than just the cloak of coquetry that envelops women of all ages. It is also the most lethal weapon in a working woman's arsenal. Of course, many girlish traits are worthy of men's admiration. But remember all the unpleasant and unfathomable characteristics girls had when you were in fifth grade?

They're back.

When a woman comes to work, she brings with her all the mysteries of girlhood. The same wild jealousies, the same suspicion of other women, the same tendency to want to play the rough games of boys and the same urge to cry if the game gets too rough. Even the forensics of childhood become familiar

in the office: Where men tease to be friendly, bluster to complain and collect evidence to gain advantage, women ridicule to be friendly, whine to complain and scold to gain advantage. In fact, scolding is the default mechanism that sends women into mom mode whenever misbehavior is suspected.

FIVE JOBS WOMEN CAN DO BETTER THAN MEN, OR COULD DO BETTER THAN MEN IF THEY REALLY WANTED TO

1. Any professional, skilled or semi-skilled job that doesn't involve heavy lifting
2. Selling cars and boats
3. Game-show letter turner
4. Mom
5. Topless go-go dancer in white thigh-high boots, with breasts that defy gravity and a tiny black-lace G string and innocent eyes as blue as the sky smiling right at you

Women are better than men at listening carefully during a conflict, keeping an open mind, understanding divergent points of view and taking revenge.

Men have their strong points, too.

FIVE JOBS WOMEN APPARENTLY CAN'T DO AS WELL AS MEN, NO MATTER WHAT THEY SAY

1. Broncobuster
2. Philosopher
3. Politician or Roto-rooter operator
4. Interior lineman
5. Pope

Also, men are better than women at getting jokes, hanging out, poking fun and working well with women.

HOW TO TELL YOU'RE WORKING WITH WOMEN

Evidence of female co-workers is easy to spot. Watch for these signs:

- Small potted plants, often wrapped in ribbons.
- Silver-foil balloons bearing slogans.
- Coffee cups with cartoons on them.
- Figurines that double as paper-clip holders.
- Plenty of photographs and other personal souvenirs.
- Lots of BREATHING ZONE signs.
- Really personal things stuffed into desk drawers.
- Women also read the fine print on calendars, so holiday and seasonal decor is another sure-fire indicator.

Around an office, men decorate, to abuse the word, either by hiring women to do the job or by a system that might be called random placement of artifacts—a burger wrapper on top of the file cabinet, on the wall a ticket stub from a ball game, maybe an old Air Wick in the corner under the desk. Women, on the other hand, bring little bits of America into their cubicles, which become colorful places decorated with a hint of Hallmark.

The look of a working woman: Until 20 years ago, millions of women dressed for work without thinking about much more than what they would wear. But working women became part of a constituency. What they wore became a personal statement and the morning routine got a lot more complicated.

Until quite recently, they wore the uniform of Working Women, which looked as if somebody had sent the contents of a guy's closet off for a sex-change operation. These women walked down the street like little gray refrigerators on parade, and offices looked like the set of *Honey, I Shrunk Dick Butkus*.

Now, work looks like an oversexed bridge club. Women have gained the confidence to dress like actual women, and, suddenly, working women look lovely, sometimes even sexy—an observation a careful man will keep very much to himself. There's something slightly inebriating about walking into an office where the air is rich with perfume and great-looking women are everywhere. Fat Ottoman Turks must have lived like this once, you think. To yourself.

DEFENSE, DEFENSE, DEFENSE AND DEPORTMENT

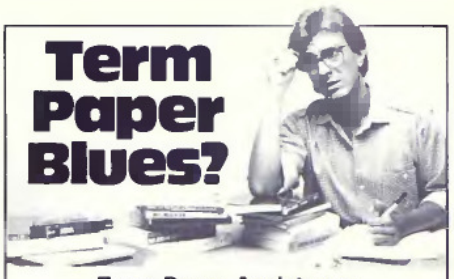
Be careful how you deal with women as co-workers. Good manners never change: You should try your best to maintain a certain amount of polite deference and courtly behavior, even though some traditional gestures may have to be abandoned. Normally, for example, a well-mannered man might be expected to stand when a woman enters his office. If you do that with a working woman, she won't even ask you where you are going. She'll just take your place.

There are a few common-sense rules that should always apply but have special relevance in the workplace:

- Ensure the safety and security of women at work, especially in dark parking lots and passageways.
- Discourage other men in your company from making lewd comments at women or making animal noises in the presence of women. Try not to be an embarrassment to your gender.
- Avoid touching a woman in any way that you wouldn't touch a man.
- Do not allow women to feel slighted, patronized or ignored in the normal course of business.

On the other hand: You can't abandon gender distinctions, either.

- Women take most things personally: If it's nine o'clock and you're reading the paper and sipping coffee, you can't ignore a woman the way you would a male colleague.
- Always, in dealing with women, remember that the emotional factor is close to the surface and that women won't shrug off insensitivity the way men will.
- Men should know they must tailor their conversations, however subtly, to take women into account.
- Finally, do not expect to share an easy camaraderie with most women;



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don't yell, "Yo, momma," across the floor at a woman. She may have to hear it all night at home.

The safest way to treat women at work is politely. Which is, of course, the same way you should treat them elsewhere.

Getting personal: Women often turn conventional disagreements into personal conflicts. One Manhattan D.A., when told about a defense attorney's rather impersonal view of a case she had prosecuted, began her rebuttal by sighing to a reporter, "It's so like Jack."

Personalizing conflict is highly efficacious, as anyone who ever had to argue with an aunt, mom or sister will recall with some pain. Lowering conflict to a personal level allows for no rational response. It creates a sort of instant suspension of the rules and moves the debate to an emotional plane, one that most women find more comfortable. (It must be noted, however, that this feminine conceit wasn't lost on Ronald Reagan, who adopted it in the course of his pivotal debate with Jimmy Carter, when he responded to one of Carter's policy statements by saying, "There you go again," which was the 1979 equivalent of, "You just don't get it.")

Women in positions of authority perceive their positions to be embattled. For them, personalizing conflict doesn't resolve the conflict, but it often does win the debate—and often, that's enough.

THE FEMININE WARRIOR

Office politics is largely a matter of who knows what about whom and how that knowledge can be used. Because many women are geniuses at gathering and trading information, they have a huge advantage in the office game.

So that's another good reason to live your personal life outside the office. Once you start circulating office memos on the end of your dick, you're looking for big trouble.

Trust: Women, however, are as trustworthy as men, with an added dash of loyalty. As a rule of thumb, you're better off trusting a woman co-worker you know well than you are trusting a man. Men play to win. Women often play to tie. Or, to put it another, less savory way: Too many men go to work the same way they go to war. Too many women go to work the same way they go to bed.

CAUTION: SEX AT WORK

The good news is, work is where all the women are. The bad news is, work is where all the women are. If you try to ignore the obvious, you will only fail, since sex-neutral behavior is for automatons. You can pull it off for a while, but as a way of life, being the office eunuch ultimately is unrewarding. People soon grow to distrust and dislike the utterly sexless. Those who try and make sexlessness an office policy only breed complaining *castrati* and dour, sere broads. The result is a hostile work environment, almost as though sexual harassment were the office policy.

Besides, despite all the recently fashionable hysteria about office sex, most people understand that work is the best place to meet a potential lover. The reasons are obvious:

- You get a chance to know someone better than you would in most other circumstances, so you won't have to face any troubling surprises—like an armed boyfriend at the door—when you take her home.
- The conversation for the first few dates comes with a built-in cushion that precludes awkward silences.
- The tension of a secret office liaison is a mighty little aphrodisiac. As one professional noted, there's nothing quite so arousing as sex on the office broadloom.

If you get involved with a co-worker, make sure you understand the boundaries of permitted behavior. This is a highly situational thing, of course. In some offices, interdepartmental intercourse is just part of the big, bad world, while in others, it's grounds for derailing not just one career, but two. You can rely on instinct, but you should double-check with Personnel.

Romances with a subordinate are the junk bonds of office affairs—easy to get into, expensive to get out of. Unless it's love and marriage at first sight, be careful on the first night. When you get involved with your assistant or your secretary or your boss's secretary, you not only take on the high-risk burden of conducting a courtship at work, but you also take on the higher-risk burden of one day having to end it. No matter how hard you try to be aboveboard, when you end an office affair, the shit doesn't just hit the fan, it goes through the whole climate-control system.

One-night stands with co-workers are even worse, because no matter who seduced whom, somebody's feelings are going to be hurt, and it's more likely to be hers than yours. If she dumps you after a one-nighter, tough for you. If you dump her after a one-nighter, the whole apparatus of social policy comes down on you: Imagine how much she'll hate you. Imagine what she'll be thinking when she looks at you. Imagine what she'll say about you to your co-workers. Imagine what she'll say about you to your boss. Imagine she is your boss.

Sleeping with your boss finds many parallels in the real world. It's sort of like, say, walking into a casino with all your children's college money, finding a

"And with us today is Robert Ferguson, creator of the best-selling video 'How to Lose Weight Without Getting Out of Bed,' who will demonstrate his technique for us this morning. We need a volunteer from the audience."

roulette table and putting the whole pile on 16. It's like falling in love with a really beautiful, drop-dead sexy Moonie. It's like stepping forward to catch a baby thrown out of the sixth floor of a burning building. Many men enjoy high-risk activities. Few enjoy looking for a job.

On the road to mayhem: Being on the road with an attractive workmate may lure you into believing that your passions can have a free ride. Forget it. The yawning abyss of self-destruction is just as dangerous on the road as it is in the office. And your danger only increases with other complications.

Calculate your risk: Let's assume that sleeping with the officemate of your daydreams merits 100 on the risk scale, and that any liaison that scores 200 or more points is sure death:

- Add 25 points if the romance starts on the road, since the return to reality can be a rough re-entry.
- Add 55 points if the romance that started on the road wouldn't have started at all if you hadn't been on the road.
- Add 65 points if the romance that started on the road is with an immediate superior or immediate subordinate.
- Add 70 points if she's happily married, or if you're married at all.
- Add 90 points if you fall in love with her but she thinks you're a jerk who took advantage of her.
- Add 101 points and die immediately if she is your boss and if she was drunk when it happened and if she angrily denies it happened when she sobers up.

No frills: There is a practical side to coed travel, as well. Quite rightly, women crave security when they're on the road. Respect your colleague's wishes if she says she wants to spend the evening in her room. For good reasons, most women aren't as adventurous as most men, and the idea of exploring all that Denver has to offer after dark may not be as alluring to her as it is to you.

WHO'S ON TOP

Many men—especially those in service and information industries—can go through a large part of their careers laboring under the supervisory eye of a woman boss. Many of these men know that just as women can make great friends, they can also make great bosses.

But some women can also make bitter enemies, tyrants who wear their insecurity with electric ostentation and who will kill you before they accept the responsibility for a mistake they made. They can be martinets who rule without mercy and play the game of work with a stubborn blindness turned toward concepts of fair play—irrelevant concepts they claim men learned in little league.

There's also a bottom-line inscrutability about many women bosses, some silent acknowledgment that no matter what, you can never go to her and have a buddy-to-buddy chat. It's the same

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

STYLE

Page 28: "Making the Stretch": **Tops** by *Get Wet*, at Macy's South/Bullock's; International Male, 9000 Santa Monica Blvd., W. Hollywood, 213-275-0285; store locations, 213-629-0778. By *STNT*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040; Ultimo, 114 E. Oak St., Chicago, 312-787-0906. By *2(x)ist*, at Amalgamated, 19 Christopher St., N.Y.C., 212-691-8695; Body, 4071 18th St., San Francisco, 415-861-6111; other locations, 212-633-1608. **Jackets, vests, pants and shirts** by *Frank et Gertie*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040; Carol Rollo/Riding High locations, N.Y.C., The Hamptons, Miami; Bigsby & Kruthers locations, 1750 N. Clark St. and Northbrook Court, Chicago. **Sweaters** by *Barnes Storm*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-4000. **Jackets** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. By *Donna Karan*, at Barneys New York locations, N.Y.C., Houston. "Tattoo You": Red Devil Studios (by appointment), 1149 N. LaBrea, W. Hollywood, 213-874-9765. Bob Roberts Spotlight Tattoo, 5859 Melrose Ave., L.A. Sunset Strip Tattoo, 8418 Sunset Blvd., W. Hollywood. **Decals,** at Reminiscense, 74 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.; Unique Clothing Warehouse, 726 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-674-1863. "Hot Spas": Golden Door, P.O. Box 1567, Escondido, CA. The International Health & Beauty Spa at Gurney's Inn, Old Montauk Highway, Montauk, NY. Canyon Ranch, 8600 E. Rockcliff Rd., Tucson, AZ; 91 Kemble St., Lenox, MA. Safety Harbor Spa & Fitness Center, 105 N. Bayshore Dr., Safety Harbor, FL. "Hot Shopping: Seattle": Uno, 206-728-9420; Fast Forward, 206-728-8050; Zebra Club, 206-448-7452; The Forum Menswear, 206-624-4566; Pike Place Market, 206-682-7453. "Viewpoint": **Suits** by *Jean Paul Gaultier*, at Charivari 57, 18 W. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-333-4040; Ralph Davies Mens and Womens, 77 Maiden Lane, San Francisco, 415-397-3200. By *Verri*, at Verri locations, 802 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-737-9200; 431 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 213-275-3476. **Ties** by *Valentino Men*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-2000. **T-shirts** by *Comme des Garçons*, at Comme des Garçons, 116 Wooster St., N.Y.C., 212-219-0660. **Shoes** by *Reebok*, store locations, 800-843-4444.

SECOND TO NONE

Page 80: **Sports coat, trousers, shirt and tie** by *JA II*, at The Fairfield Store, 1499 Post Rd., Fairfield, CT, 203-255-2661; all Mark Shale locations, Atlanta, Chicago, Minneapolis, Dallas. **Loafers** by *Fratelli Rossetti*, at Fratelli Rossetti New York, 601 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-888-5107. Page 81: **Suit** and **shirt** by *V2 by Versace*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. and 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000; Allure, 1509 Walnut St., Philadelphia, 215-561-4242. **Tie** by *V2 by Versace*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-4000; Allure, 1509 Walnut St., Philadelphia, 215-561-4242. **Shoes** by *Fratelli Rossetti*, at Fratelli Rossetti New York, 601 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-888-5107. Page 82: **Jacket, shirt** and **trousers** by *Armani Jeans*, at A/X Armani Exchange, 568 Broadway, N.Y.C. Page 83: **Suit** by *Assets by Andrew Fezza*, at all Hyatt & Co. locations, Baltimore and Columbia, MD; Chockey's, 1641 N. Market Dr., Raleigh, NC, 919-872-3166. **Shirt** by *Andrew Fezza*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-2000. **Tie** by *Andrew Fezza*, at Bloomingdale's; all Bigsby & Kruthers locations, Chicago. Page 84: **Blazer** by *KM by Krizia*, at Pockets Menswear, 9669 N. Central Exp., Dallas, 214-368-1167. **Trousers** by *KM by Krizia*, store locations, Hartmarx, 1290 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-237-1500. **Shirt** by *Baccarat for Van Heusen*, at select department stores nationwide. **Tie** by *Lazo*, at Boyd's for Men, 1818 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, 215-564-9000; all Bernini locations, L.A. and Beverly Hills. **Suit** by *Nino Cerruti Informale*, store locations, Hartmarx, 1290 Sixth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-237-1500. **Shirt** by *Mondo di Marco*, at Bloomingdale's. Page 85: **Jacket** and **sweater** by *Barnes Storm*, at Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-4000. **Jacket** and **trousers** by *Barnes Storm*, at Lee Newman, 1720 E. Route 70, Cherry Hill, NJ, 609-424-8388.

PLAYBOY COLLECTION

Pages 112–115: **Home gym** from *NDL Products*, 800-843-3022, nationwide; 800-843-3022, Florida. **Monopoly game** from *The Franklin Mint*, 800-THE-MINT. **Corkscrew** by *Gadgets*, 117 Lake View Ave., Cambridge, MA 02138, 617-864-6440. **Watch** by *TAG-Heuer*, at Macy's department stores nationwide. **Video game** by *Atari Entertainment*, store locations, 708-629-1FUN. **Racing shoes** by *Sebring Motorsports Accessories*, 800-HOT-SHOES. **Decanter** by *Jim Beam Brands Co.*, at fine liquor stores nationwide. **Chest** by *H. Gerstner & Sons*, 800-888-5269.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

Page 161: **Boots:** By *Andrea Getty exclusively for Jandreani*, at Jandreani, 220 E. 60th St., N.Y.C., 212-753-4666. By *Avirex*, at The Cockpit, 595 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-925-5455; 9609 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills, 213-274-6900. By *Code West*, at Boot Barn, 607 N. Tustin, Orange, CA, 714-538-2668. By *The Frye Company*, 800-826-FRYE. By *J. M. Weston*, at J. M. Weston, 42 E. 57th St., N.Y.C., 212-308-5655.

unreadable quality that helps women excel in office politics. After all, most men avoid getting personal with their bosses—or with anyone else. When, because of some family emergency or some similar catastrophe, men find themselves wailing the blues in the boss's office and the boss is another man, the situation is dealt with expeditiously, with a tacit agreement that the encounter will disappear from the calendar of events almost instantly and will never be a part of permanent memory. Men don't deal in the commerce of emotions, so your slobbering confessional isn't a convertible currency with a man. Not so with a woman.

There's another nuance here as well. During the Seventies and early Eighties, when men were trying to cry their way into women's hearts, women learned that sensitized men were wimps who cried all day and were useless all night. Now, women despise weakness in men, and not just in their lovers, either. If you really want to get a cold shoulder from a woman, any woman, try crying on it.

If you're the boss, you're a lucky chap, since women as subordinates have the clever ability to organize all those troublesome details that men customarily overlook, often with disastrous results. Women, as mentioned above, are more loyal, more likely to afford you protection when you need it. They make better co-conspirators and are less likely to trade your hide for a cheap shot at a promotion. Hence, the women who work for you should be treated in a friendly fashion—yea, in a fraternal fashion.

THE UNSPEAKABLE

There are a number of bizarre aspects to working with women, aspects about which we must never speak.

From time to time, you may walk into a female co-worker's office, say "howdy" and watch in bewilderment as she breaks down in tears. You will be well-advised not to notice this sort of emotional enthusiasm, doubtless a consequence of P.M.S. or some other gender-specific inconvenience. Women will earnestly and repeatedly deny that menstrual stress influences their behavior. Yet P.M.S. is occasionally the basis for defending murderesses, and the women of America support a menstrually related drug industry worth hundreds of millions of dollars. There's a chance that a woman's behavior may be altered by biology. This is not news, of course. It is one of the great unspoken truths that, if uttered, subjects the utterer to ridicule, defamation and possibly sudden loss of income.

Flirtation: Women often use flirtation, innuendo, coyness—sexual harassment, if you will—to accomplish goals and achieve aims at work. Eventually, this may become part of the hideous public debate over sex at work, but smart men will wait until somebody else brings up the subject.

Intuition: This is an absolutely irrefutable feminine manipulation of logic. If it's your subordinate who is suddenly overcome with intuition, ask her to put her case on more verifiable grounds. If it's your boss who has the sudden stroke of intuition, say "Go with it, chief."

TWO PROBLEMS

First of all, apparently nobody is keeping busy enough. While the Japanese nip at our right leg and the Europeans go for our left, America's businesses, sucked into the distraction of what the rest of the world sees, quite rightly, as a pubescent issue, are obsessed with solving girl problems and boy troubles while trying to make sure nobody's feelings get hurt. Soon we'll be a nation of florists.

And second, reasonable men recognize that there will never be a perfect truce between working men and working women. The sexes will never be indistinguishable at work. And that's probably good. Sex is the Mrs. Dash of office life. In even its most subtle shadings, sex makes quarterly plans and client lunches a little more interesting.

No generalizations: Any judgment of women—as co-workers or as anything else—tends to be overly generalized. Most women will argue vehemently that none of this pertains to them, that women are not different from men, that the only problem with men and women working together is men. Women say men are jerks. Men say women just aren't good guys.

But maybe women are right to a certain extent, at least about making sweeping claims. Generalizations are unfair.

There are some women to whom this handy guide does not apply:

- Margaret Thatcher
- Jeanne Kirkpatrick
- Mother Teresa

"Hey-y-y—where did you spend your vacation?"

PLAYBOY
ON·THE·SCENE
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GETTING THE BOOT

Just as functional as black-rubber galoshes but infinitely more stylish, the season's hottest new boots are making tracks everywhere else. Ankle-high models such as jodhpurs and rubber-soled suede pull-ons stand up to the snow and cold and can be worn dressed up with a suit or a sports coat and trousers as well as with sweaters and jeans. More-casual styles include the classic cowboy boots (this season's top look is brown leather with pointed toes) and cap-toed combat or paratrooper boots. If you're hell-bent for leather, pick up a pair of motorcycle boots in black or brown decorated with brass rings and rivets. They come in various lengths, from ankle to midcalf to just below the knee. And, in all cases, the toes are square but the boots are anything but.

STEVE CONWAY

Given the selection pictured below, this is no time to kick the boot habit. Left to right: Suede pull-on ankle boot with side gore and rubber sole, designed by Andrea Getty exclusively for Jandreani, $119. Leather lace-up combat boot with cap toe and leather strap, by Avirex, $150. Calfskin cowboy boot with shaft stitching and leather sole, by Code West's Seville, $195. Leather motorcycle boot with brass rings and rivets on harness, by The Frye Company, $240. Leather jodhpur with side buckle and leather sole, by J. M. Weston, about $600.

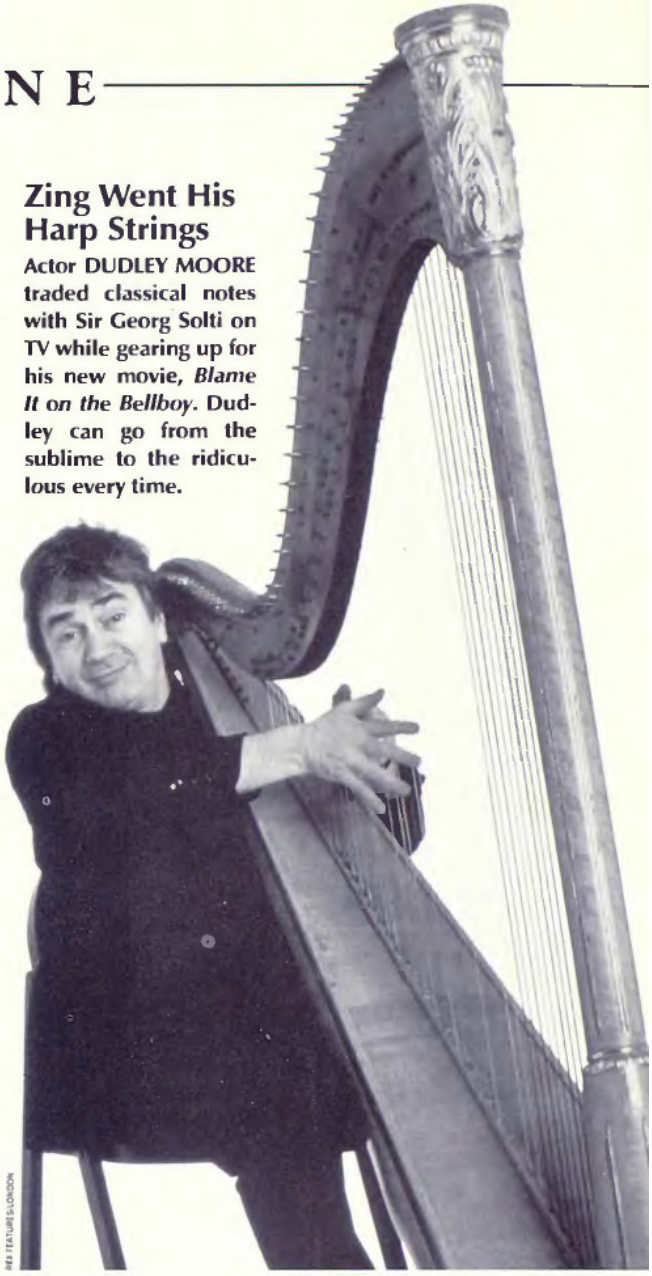
Where & How to Buy on page 159.

Sugar and Spice

Actress JOANNE VANCIO is our valentine. From the popular TV show *90210* in Beverly Hills to the movie *House Party II* to an accomplice on *Totally Hidden Video*, Joanne's one from the heart.

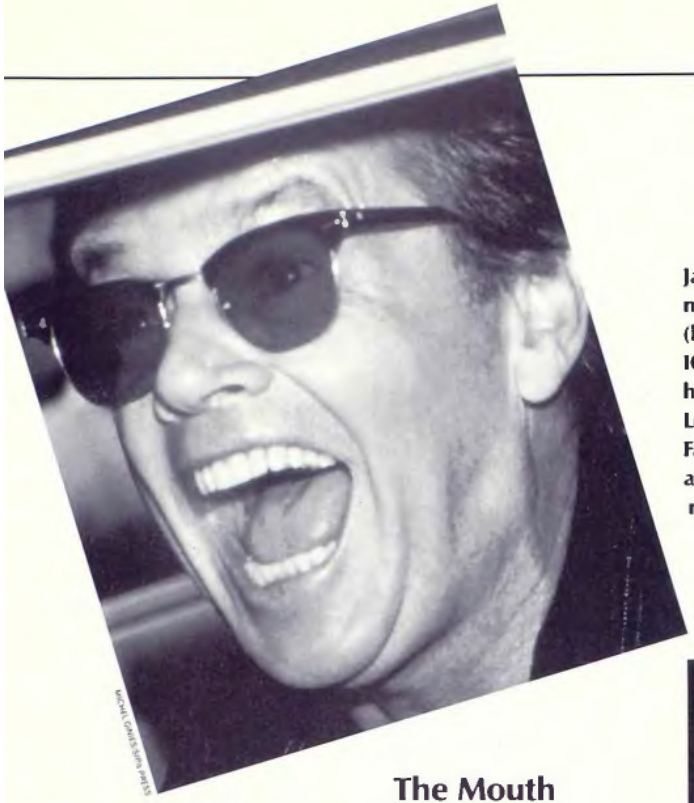
Zing Went His Harp Strings

Actor DUDLEY MOORE traded classical notes with Sir Georg Solti on TV while gearing up for his new movie, *Blame It on the Bellboy*. Dudley can go from the sublime to the ridiculous every time.



Color Them Hot

COLOR ME BADD owned the AM radio airwaves with *I Want to Sex You Up* and *I Adore Mi Amor*. The LP *C.M.B.* went double platinum. The U.S. tour is set to kick off. Badd is good.



The Mouth That Roared

In the heat of basketball season, just about any camera can catch JACK NICHOLSON with his mouth around a yell. You can catch Jack in *A Few Good Men* with Tom Cruise. Go Lakers.

Two of the Hottest Bills in Rock

Jane's Addiction lead muse PERRY FARRELL (left) and actor/rapper ICE-T went head to head on the successful Lollapalooza tour. See Farrell's video, *Gift*, and Ice-T's recent movie, *Ricochet*.

© ROBERT MATHEU

Terri's Gone Hollywood

You won't be surprised that former Miss Nude Seattle TERRI MCCARTY has moved to L.A. to try her luck. We're not.

© MICHAEL LYNNE

More Is Less for Miss Hess

You can't go wrong in basic black. Starlet MICHELE HESS proves our point. You caught a glimpse of her in *Buckaroo Banzai*. Take a longer look now.

© ANDY HEADMAN

GETTING A HEART-ON

The next time you visit Santa Monica and are in a loving mood, drop by Only Hearts, a "shop for the shameless romantic" at 1407 Montana Avenue where everything is heart-shaped or adorned with hearts. Sexy lingerie such as teddies, camisoles and chemises cost from $22 to $200. And there's everything else your heart could desire, from bracelets and bustiers to watches and waffle irons. (They even sell cups and saucers with hearts on them.) Good news, too, for mellow New Yorkers with a heart-on for romance. Only Hearts' East Coast boutique at 386 Columbus Avenue in Manhattan stocks the same merchandise. It's where Madonna, Cher, Springsteen and other superstars occasionally drop by to shop. Phone number in Santa Monica: 213-393-3088; in New York: 212-724-5608.

JOHN SCHMELZER

TRADE SECRETS

Want to know how to do a pratfall like Chevy Chase does, shoot a sky hook like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar or tie a bow tie with the flair of Gene Shalit? Pick up a copy of *Tricks of the Trade*, a how-to treasure-trove edited by Jerry Dunn, in which "Over 79 Experts Reveal the Secrets Behind What They Do Best." Chapters in the book are broken down into four major categories: social skills (e.g., "How to Win a Debate," by William F. Buckley, Jr.); master of the universe ("How to Cook the Perfect Egg," by Julia Child); for men and women only ("How to Decipher a Wine Label," by Robert Mondavi); and new tricks for old dogs ("How to Improvise Humor," by Jonathan Winters). Price: $9.95. And if you've ever wanted to know how a carnival age-and-weight guesser gets them right, somebody named Bill "Willy the Jester" Stewart reveals the secret.

BEEPER *CHUTZPAH*

Back in January 1991, *Potpourri* featured The Final Word, an electronic beeper-type device that spewed insults at the push of a button. Now comes the Yiddish version, Jackie Mason's Final Word. Only this time, you hear "Oy! Is this a *putz*?" "You're a schmuck . . . the biggest!" and "Screw you and your friend, too!" all in a Jackie Mason dialect. It's available at department and novelty stores for $20. Not interested? Are you always this stupid?

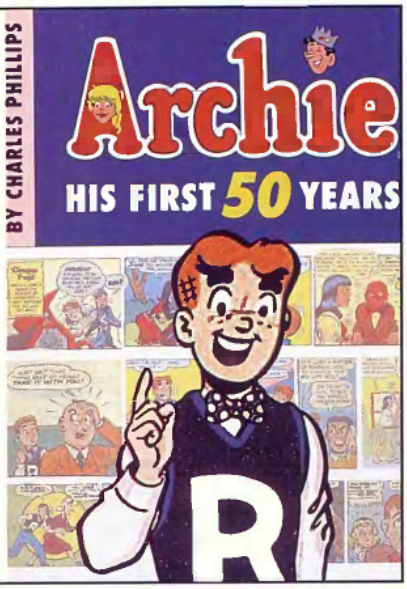
COME ON, GORBY, LET'S RIDE

You know *perestroika* is working when the symbol of socialism, the hammer and sickle, shows up on Harley-Davidson motorcycles. Yes, comrades, it's true, and you can sport a Harley Russian T-shirt for $14.50 or a sweat shirt for $24 by sending a check to Jordan's Art Studio, 229 North Curley Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21224. (Sizes range from small to XX-large.) Or call 301-563-0021.

DARREN THOMPSON

BACK TO THE CHOCKLIT SHOPPE

To commemorate the 50th anniversary of the creation of America's favorite teenager, Archie Andrews, Abbeville Press has just published *Archie: His First 50 Years.* It's a 128-page, $29.95 hardcover collection of the best *Archie* stories from 1941 to today, along with a history of the comic strip. Yes, Betty, Veronica, Jughead, Reggie, Mr. Weatherbee, Miss Grundy, Pop Tate and the rest of the ageless gang from Riverdale are all there.



DAN CLYNE

BED, BREAKFAST AND BLUE HAWAII

Hawaii-bound and want to skip the tourist traps at Waikiki? We've discovered the Kailua Plantation House in Kona, on Hawaii (the big island). Kailua is a tropical haven "for travelers seeking luxurious accommodations with the coziness of an ocean-front bed-and-breakfast inn." Each suite in the Plantation House has a private lanai (balcony, porch or deck). Rates are from $120 to $175 per night. Call 808-329-3727 for more information.

WE'LL TRADE YOU ONE CHARLES KEATING. . . .

Want to know where the billions of dollars went in the savings-and-loan scandal? Pick up a set of 36 S&L Trading Cards that Eclipse Comics is selling for $9.95, postpaid. Junk-bond king Michael Milken is depicted amid garbage cans. Charles Keating manipulates Senatorial finger puppets. And Neil Bush peeks from the pocket of his dad's shirt. The flip sides give details about each individual's, er, involvement. To order: 800-468-6828.

THE KEATING FIVE

MILLER'S TALE

Everybody knows that Henry Miller is the author of *Tropic of Cancer* and *Tropic of Capricorn*, among other classics, but his water-color paintings have gone largely overlooked. Now, Coast Publishing in Carmel, California, has just released *Henry Miller: The Paintings, A Centennial Retrospective* that's available for $30. The 30" x 24" Miller poster shown here is available for $35, postpaid. To order, call 800-84-COAST.

WE'LL TAKE ROMANCE

With Valentine's Day just around the corner, it's time to place a call to Unique Baskets by Rebecca and order its Naughty but Nice $50 to $200 selection. That's a wicker container filled with whatever your horny heart desires—maybe a pair of satin lips, some boob lollipops, a pair of handcuffs, glow-in-the-dark condoms, a few *Kama Sutra* novelties and, hey, some candy panties in case you have a sweet tooth. Call 800-826-2322 for a list and prices.

MICHAEL MCGOVERN

NEXT MONTH

FLORIDA HEAT

LET'S SWING

WINTER BEERS

LOVELY LISA

"THE DRUG WAR: VOICES FROM THE STREET"—WHILE THE NATION O.D.S ON WASHINGTON'S MINDLESS DRUG-WAR BLATHER, LISTEN TO SOME STRONG STUFF FROM THE BATTLEFIELD—A GRITTY BOOK EXCERPT BY **WILLIAM TRIPLETT** AND **TIM WELLS**

WE SHOWCASE EIGHT SEXY DEBUTANTES IN *PLAYBOY*'S VERSION OF COMING OUT—PHOTOS BY **GEORGE CARROLL WHIPPLE III,** WITH TEXT BY **LANG PHIPPS**

FOREST WHITAKER, THE BIGGEST YOUNG ACTOR IN AMERICA, TELLS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE ALL THE RAGE IN CANNES AND REVEALS SOME AROUSING DETAILS ABOUT PLAYING **ROBIN GIVENS'** SEX PARTNER IN *A RAGE IN HARLEM* IN A STIMULATING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

PLAYBOY TOASTS THE ARTISTIC VISION OF PHOTOGRAPHER **BRUCE WEBER** AS HE EXPLORES THE OUTDOORS WITH FREE-SPIRITED ACTRESS/MODEL **LISA MARIE**

"VENGEANCE FROM SPACE AND THE TEXAS TOMATO"—WHEN A HACKER ACCIDENTALLY TIES INTO A MILITARY SPY BIRD, HE CAN'T HELP BUT ZOOM IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK AT HIS WIFE . . . AND HER LOVER—FICTION BY **MICHAEL BERES**

LORNE MICHAELS, *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE* PRODUCER AND THE GODFATHER OF HIP TV COMEDY, REMEMBERS THE EARLY DAYS WITH **GILDA, JOHN, CHEVY** AND **DAN,** AND WHY HE BUMPED **STEVE MARTIN.** AN EXCLUSIVE PEEK AT THE SHOW AND CASTS THAT CHANGED TV IN A LIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"BONEHEAD QUOTES OF THE YEAR"—YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE INCREDIBLE THINGS MOUTHED BY **PRESIDENT BUSH, DON KING, JULIA ROBERTS** AND OTHERS

"VOX"—A MAN AND A WOMAN CONNECT, CARNALLY, OVER THE PHONE—FICTION BY **NICHOLSON BAKER**

"THE CREEP, THE COP, HIS WIFE AND HER LOVERS"—RIGHT-WING HYPOCRITES, A DEPUTY IN THE CLOSET, A HOUSEWIFE TURNING TRICKS—JUST ANOTHER DAY IN FORT LAUDERDALE—BY **PAT JORDAN**

PLUS: **"PLAYBOY'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF JAZZ AND ROCK, PART IV,"** THE EXCITING ADVENT OF BIG BANDS AND SWING, BY **DAVID STANDISH; "FIFTEEN WAYS TO WEAR KHAKI,"** FASHION BY **HOLLIS WAYNE;** A TASTE OF WINTER BEERS, BY **MICHAEL JACKSON;** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

Advertisement

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J&B

J&B with a splash.

like any other dinner party.

There were people I didn't know. People I didn't want to know. And people I knew that I wish I didn't know.

It just doesn't get any better than that.

Rebecca, the hostess, spotted me from the far end of the living room. A smile landed on her face, and she started to zoom toward me like a vacuum cleaner.

"Thanks for coming Gary let me take your coat," she recited.

"I wouldn't miss it for the world," I said.

In all honesty, though, I would have.

If Rebecca's dinner party were just flying through space somewhere, and the world happened to be passing by, make no mistake, I would jump onto it.

The living room was well-appointed. On one wall, there were bookshelves. All the books looked the same. I wondered if I pulled out the right one, whether it would swing the bookcase and myself into a completely different room.

In an effort to mingle, I walked over to a couple that looked like they could use some company. I introduced myself. We talked about what I did. What they did.

And it was over.

A clean break.

Next came the young woman I met on the subway last week. She was an old friend from college, and I was hoping she wouldn't see me. Just like I had hoped on the subway. But before I could do anything about it, we were engaged in a conversation about the good old days. I actually didn't mind it.

But it was identical to the conversation we had previously.

It was a rerun.

After it was over, she smiled, and said "It was nice running into you Gary, maybe I'll see you on the subway again."

I told her I wasn't ready to make that kind of commitment.

Perhaps what bothered me most about Rebecca's dinner party, though, was Burt's nose.

It wasn't that it was the size of an atrium.

I could live with the fact that it swooped up most of the air conditioning in the room.

The part that really got to me was that all the guests had to duck every time Burt turned his head.

Like the boom on a sail boat was coming around.

It was especially inconvenient for the hired waiters serving hors d'oeuvres.

They thought it would be an easy way to make a buck, not a hazardous one.

All the couch seating was taken. It always is at these dinner parties. The people sitting on the couch looked like they arrived extra early, and slept outside in hopes of getting the very best tickets.

To say they weren't about to get up goes without saying.

One guy was sitting between two women. Bobbing his head in an I'm-the-most-handsome-gameshow-host-that-ever-lived kind of way.

He was the kind of man that you'd expect to see walking through heaven someday with a floozy on each arm.

But for now, he was occupying a spot I wouldn't mind being in.

It would be great, if all of a sudden, he put his arms around the women, and slid right off the plastic that was covering the couch and onto the floor.

Or if someone pressed a button that hoisted him up toward the ceiling in a net. To see him flapping around like a caught fish would be nothing less than splendid.

It was time for dinner to be served.

The time when the hostess, Rebecca, proudly parted the doors to her dining room, so that everyone could pass through.

As though it were the Red Sea.

While everyone filtered into the room, someone tugged my hand from behind.

It was Penelope Parker.

An art director I used to work with at an advertising agency. She looked very attractive. Long flowing dark hair, a tall slender body.

Only one thing bothered me about her brilliant green eyes. There was nothing behind them.

Penelope could do anything she put her writer's mind to.

That's how she made it anywhere.

"Gary, fancy meeting you here," she said opportunistically.

"Well, if it isn't Penelope Parker," I stated, wishing it weren't.

From that moment on, I knew who I'd be spending the rest of the dinner party with. She always had a thing for me.

We sat next to each other at the table.

She was capable of going on about nothing in particular quite well.

According to her, I would imagine,

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